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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

JIVE WIRE CASSETTE OFFER
SUBWAY SECT · GANG OF 4
SF SPECIAL · NICK LOWE
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
LESTER BANGS

Fresh roots in forgotten places

One guy and his dolls: Kid Creole and three Coconuts. Photo by Adrian Boot.

TROUBLE AT COCONUT GROVE ~ TROPICAL STORMS INSIDE

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	7	**I WON'T LET YOU DOWN**	**Phd (WEA)**	3	1
2	5	**THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)**	**The England World Cup Squad (England ER)**	5	2
3	1	**EBONY AND IVORY**	**Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)**	5	1
4	28	**A LITTLE PEACE**	**Nicole (CBS)**	2	4
5	11	**I LOVE ROCK'N'ROLL**	**Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Epic)**	3	5
6	16	**WE HAVE A DREAM**	**Scottish World Cup Squad (WEA)**	3	6
7	6	**REALLY SAYING SOMETHING**	**Bananarama And The Fun Boy Three (Deram)**	5	6
8	4	**PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG**	**Pigbag (Y)**	6	3
9	(—)	**ONLY YOU**	**Yazoo (Mute)**	1	9
10	3	**ONE STEP FURTHER**	**Bardo (Epic)**	5	3
11	13	**EVER SO LONELY**	**Monsoon (Mobile Suit Corp/Phonogram)**	4	11
12	8	**I CAN MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD**	**Shalamar (Solar)**	4	8
13	9	**FANTASTIC DAY**	**Haircut 100 (Arista)**	5	9
14	14	**VIEW FROM A BRIDGE**	**Kim Wilde (RAK)**	3	14
15	19	**GIRL CRAZY**	**Hot Chocolate (RAK)**	2	15
16	23	**SHOUT! SHOUT!**	**Rocky Sharpe & The Replays (Chiswick)**	2	16
17	2	**SHIRLEY**	**Shakin' Stevens (Epic)**	3	2
18	26	**INSTINCTION**	**Spandau Ballet (Reformation/Chrystalis)**	2	18
19	18	**PROMISED YOU A MIRACLE**	**Simple Minds (Virgin)**	3	18
20	(—)	**FORGET ME NOT**	**Patrice Rushen (Electra)**	1	20
21	22	**BODY LANGUAGE**	**Queen (EMI)**	2	21
22	(—)	**THE MEANING OF LOVE**	**Depeche Mode (Mute)**	1	22
22	(—)	**ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**	**Blondie (Chrysalis)**	1	23
24	12	**BLUE EYES**	**Elton John (Rocket)**	5	5
25	24	**STAY**	**Barry Manilow (Arista)**	2	24
26	(—)	**TOTTENHAM TOTTENHAM**	**Tottenham Hotspur FA Cup Squad (Shelf)**	2	26
27	27	**FANTASY ISLAND**	**Tight Fit (Jive)**	2	27
28	21	**NIGHT BIRDS**	**Shakatak (Polydor)**	6	8
29	10	**GIVE ME BACK MY HEART**	**Dollar (WEA)**	7	4
30	20	**MORE THAN THIS**	**Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)**	6	4

Blondie in at No. 23 *Debby Harry pic: Brian Aris*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	11	**TUG OF WAR**	**Paul McCartney (EMI)**	2	1
2	1	**LIVE IN BRITAIN**	**Barry Manilow (Arista)**	3	1
3	2	**COMPLETE MADNESS**	**Madness (Stiff)**	3	2
4	3	**1982**	**Status Quo (Vertigo)**	4	3
5	4	**PELICAN WEST**	**Haircut 100 (Arista)**	11	1
6	7	**DISCO UK & DISCO USA**	**Various (Ronco)**	2	6
7	8	**CHARIOTS OF FIRE**	**Various/Soundtrack (Polydor)**	19	6
8	6	**LOVE SONGS**	**Barbra Streisand (CBS)**	17	1
9	(—)	**ARE YOU READY**	**Bucks Fizz (RCA)**	1	9
10	5	**THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST**	**Iron Maiden (EMI)**	5	1
11	(—)	**DIAMOND**	**Spandau Ballet (Reformation)**	6	10
12	19	**SHAPE UP AND DANCE VOL 2**	**Angela Rippon (Lifestyle)**	2	12
13	18	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	**Meatloaf (Epic)**	28	9
14	9	**JUMP UP**	**Elton John (Rocket)**	4	9
15	10	**STRAIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES**	**Rainbow (Polydor)**	3	5
16	(—)	**REVELATIONS**	**Killing Joke (Malicious Damage/Polydor)**	1	16
17	12	**SKY 4 — FORTHCOMING**	**Sky (Ariola)**	6	9
18	21	**ALL FOR A SONG**	**Barbara Dickson (Epic)**	14	3
19	14	**TIN DRUM**	**Japan (Virgin)**	18	5
20	17	**PEARLS**	**Elkie Brooks (A&M)**	24	3
21	(—)	**FUN BOY THREE**	**Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)**	6	6
22	30	**THE GIFT**	**Jam (Polydor)**	9	1
23	13	**ASIA**	**Asia (Geffen)**	5	13
24	27	**FIVE MILES OUT**	**Mike Oldfield (Virgin)**	7	10
25	20	**JAMES BOND GREATEST HITS**	**Various (Liberty)**	7	6
26	24	**DR HECKLE AND MR JIVE**	**Pigbag (Y)**	8	21
27	25	**IRON FIST**	**Motorhead (Bronze)**	5	3
29	16	**MUSTN'T GRUMBLE**	**Chas & Dave (Rockney)**	2	16
30	26	**TIME PIECES**	**Eric Clapton (RSO)**	2	26

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag 12"**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(2)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(6)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	(3)	**Look Now**	The Fall (Kamera)
5	(5)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
6	(4)	**Attack/Alternatives**	Exploited (Exploited)
7	(7)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
8	(10)	**This Time We'll Get It Right**	England World Cup Team (England)
9	(9)	**The Winner**	Infa Riot (Secret)
10	(14)	**Gangland**	Violators (No Future)
11	(12)	**I Hate People**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
12	(15)	**The Missionary**	Josef K (Crepuscule)
13	(8)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
14	(13)	**Big City Peroxide**	Subhuman (Spider Leg)
15	(16)	**Smash The Discos**	The Business (Secret)
16	(30)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
17	(11)	**Conspiracy**	Higsons (Waap)
18	(22)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
19	(18)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
20	(19)	**King of the Flies**	Fad Gadget (Mute)
21	(—)	**East To West**	Anti Pasti (Rondolet)
22	(24)	**Lest We Forget**	Blitzkreig (No Future)
23	(21)	**Long Live The Past (EP)**	The Pack (Cyclops)
24	(26)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap 3)
25	(17)	**War Across The Nation**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
26	(—)	**Love Is All — Is Alright**	UB40 (Dep Int)
27	(27)	**In Rhythm**	Scream & Dance (Recreational)
28	(—)	**Police State**	Special Duties (Rondolet)
29	(—)	**Pure Punk For Row People (EP)**	Gonads (Secret)
30	(29)	**New Church**	Lords Of The New Church (Illegal)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
2	(2)	**4th Draw Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
3	(7)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
4	(5)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
5	(3)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
6	(10)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
7	(9)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
8	(6)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
9	(4)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
10	(13)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
11	(8)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
12	(17)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
13	(—)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
14	(11)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard and Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
15	(14)	**Friends & Relations**	Hawkwind (Flicknife)
16	(12)	**Endangered Species**	UK Subs (NEMS)
17	(20)	**Swing To The Right**	Utopia (Bearsville)
18	(19)	**Live At The Jacquard**	Higsons (Chaos)
19	(22)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
20	(24)	**Collision Time**	Swell Maps (R. Trade)
21	(18)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
22	(23)	**Drunk On The Pope's Blood**	Birthday Party/Lydia Lunch (4AD)
23	(16)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
24	(15)	**To The Shores Of**	Various (Zoo)
25	(28)	**Pedigree Charm**	Lora Logic (R. Trade)
26	(21)	**Live At 100 Club**	GBH (Chaos Tape)
27	(—)	**Present Arms**	UB40 (Dep Int)
28	(25)	**Best Of The Damned**	Damned (Big Beat)
29	(27)	**Spizz History**	Spizz Energi 2 (R. Trade)
30	(—)	**Inflammable Material**	Stiff Little Fingers (R Trade)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Key To The World**	Rudi Thomas (Hawkeye)
2	**Smiling In The Morning**	Carol Thompson (PRT)
3	**You've Got A Gift**	Chanel (Mass Media Music)
4	**Miss Attractive**	Victor Evans (Epic)
5	**Daughter Of Zion**	Winston Reddey (S&G)
6	**A Promise Is A Comfort To A Fool**	Barry Biggs (Afrik)
7	**Cool Down Amina**	Keith Douglas (Fashion)
8	**Stop Lying**	Black Harmony (Blue Inc)
9	**Roots Man Skanking**	Freddie McGregor (Greensleeves)
10	**Love Don't Strike Twice**	Richie D.J. (Challenge)
11	**Why Do You Make Me Wait**	The Squad (Sparkside)
12	**Bushmaster Connection**	Billy Boyo & Little John (Greensleeves)
13	**Cos I Love You Baby**	Karen Dickson (NK)
14	**Fool For Your Love**	Legato (Ital)
15	**If Leaving Me Is Easy**	Lloyd Chalmers (KR)

REGGAE LPs

1	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
2	**Capricorn Woman**	Janet Kay (Solid Groove)
3	**New Chapter Of Dub**	Aswad (Island)
4	**King Of Dub Rock**	Sir Coxone (Regal)
5	**Dance Hall Stylee**	Nicodemus (Black Joy)

Bluebird Records, 155 Church Street, London W2.

US SINGLES

1	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
2	**Ebony And Ivory**	Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
3	**I Love Rock 'n' Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
4	**Don't Talk To Strangers**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
5	**Freeze-Frame**	J. Geils Band (EMI America)
6	**867-5309/Jenny**	Tommy Tutone (Columbia)
7	**We Got The Beat**	The Go-Go's (A&M)
8	**'65 Love Affair**	Paul Davis (Arista)
9	**I've Never Been To Me**	Charlene (Motown)
10	**Did It In A Minute**	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)

US LPs

1	**Chariots Of Fire**	Vangelis (Polydor)
2	**Asia**	Asia (Warner Bros)
3	**Beauty And The Beat**	The Go-Go's (A & M)
4	**Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet**	Rick Springfield (RCA)
5	**I Love Rock 'n' Roll**	Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
6	**Freeze-Frame**	The J. Geils Band (EMI America)
7	**Get Lucky**	Loverboy (Columbia)
8	**Escape**	Journey (Columbia)
9	**Always On My Mind**	Willie Nelson (Columbia)
10	**Aldo Nova**	Aldo Nova (Epic)

US DISCO

1	**Murphy's Law**	Cheri (Venture)
2	**I Specialise In Love**	Sharon Brown (Profile)
3	**Forget Me Nots**	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)
4	**Don't Come Crying To Me/Let It Ride**	Linda Clifford (Capitol)
5	**(The Best Part Of) Breakin' Up**	Roni Griffiths (Vanguard)
6	**Don't You Want Me/Open Your Heart**	Human League (A & M)
7	**In The Name Of Love**	Thompson Twins (Arista)
8	**You Got The Power**	War (RCA)
9	**Jump Shout**	Lisa (Moby Dick)
10	**Circles**	Atlantic Starr (A & M)

Courtesy Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1	**Free**	Deniece Williams (CBS)
2	**I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest**	Rod Stewart (Riva)
3	**Ain't Gonna Bump No More**	Joe Tex (Epic)
4	**The Shuffle**	Van McCoy (H & L)
5	**Good Morning Judge**	10cc (Philips)
6	**Hotel California**	Eagles (Asylum)
7	**A Star Is Born (Evergreen)**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)
8	**Sir Duke**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
9	**Mah Na Man Na**	Piero Umiliani (EMI Int.)
10	**Lucille**	Kenny Rogers (UA)

TEN YEARS AGO

1	**Metal Guru**	T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
2	**Rocket Man**	Elton John (DJM)
3	**Amazing Grace**	Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (RCA)
4	**A Thing Called Love**	Johnny Cash (CBS)
5	**Could It Be Forever**	David Cassidy (Bell)
6	**Come What May**	Vicky Leandros (Philips)
7	**Tumbling Dice**	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
8	**Radancer**	Marmalade (Decca)
9	**Oh Baby What Would You Say?**	Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
10	**At The Club/Saturday Night At The Movies**	Drifters (Atlantic)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

1	**Silence Is Golden**	Tremeloes (CBS)
2	**Dedicated To The One I Love**	Mamas And Papas (RCA)
3	**Puppet On A String**	Sandie Shaw (Pye)
4	**Pictures Of Lily**	Who (Track)
5	**Somethin' Stupid**	Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
6	**The Boat That I Row**	Lulu (Columbia)
7	**Waterloo Sunset**	Kinks (Pye)
8	**Seven Drunken Nights**	Dubliners (Major-Minor)
9	**Funny Familiar Forgotten Feelings**	Tom Jones (Decca)
10	**Purple Haze**	Jimi Hendrix (Track)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1	**Good Luck Charm**	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	**I'm Looking Out The Window**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3	**Nut Rocker**	B. Bumble (Top Rank)
4	**Love Letters**	Ketty Lester (London)
5	**Wonderful Land**	Shadows (Columbia)
6	**Speak To Me Pretty**	Brenda Lee (Brunswick)
7	**As You Like It**	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
8	**Hey Little Girl**	Del Shannon (London)
9	**When My Little Girl Is Smiling**	Jimmy Justice (Pye)
10	**Hey! Baby**	Bruce Chanel (Mercury)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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Banshees — no Rushent fireworks. Clockwise: Sioux, Severin, John McGeogh, Budgie

Banshees top West Country fayre — plus single with string section

Siouxsie in the Casbah!

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES are to star in this year's Elephant Fayre in Cornwall on Saturday, July 31.

It's the second year this multi-media event has been staged — it runs several days and embraces such diverse attractions as jugglers, flea market, fun fair, Wild West saloon and a Morocco casbah! And it will culminate in the band's appearance in a 4000-seater marquee — ticket prices and coach details have yet to be announced. The site of the Fayre is the estate of Lord Eliot at St Germans, ten miles from Plymouth.

Although the Banshees have stated that they don't intend to tour in future, they will continue to play selected shows — and they're now looking at sites in the London area in order to stage a similar event. At the same time, they're recording tracks for their next album.

Meanwhile, their new single 'Fireworks' — featuring a string section — is released by Polydor on May 21. It was produced by the band themselves because Martin Rushent, the producer originally chosen, was "unable to meet his commitments due to an exhausting schedule of TV and radio appearances". There's a limited edition in a gatefold sleeve, and the B-side is 'Coal Mind', with an extra track titled 'We Fall' on the 12-inch version — and all songs were penned by the Banshees.

Shepton Mallet bill — full details

Bath spa-ing partners

MOST OF the details have now been finalised for the three-day World of Music Arts and Dance Festival (July 16-18) at the Royal Bath & West Showground, near Shepton Mallet in Somerset, initial plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* in January. And among the many acts involved are Echo & The Bunnymen, The Beat, Peter Gabriel, Simple Minds, Pigbag, Robert Fripp and Rip Rig & Panic.

But this is just the rock element of the event, which brings together musicians and artists and dancers from the world over, the object being to promote understanding of their different musical genres.

Highlight of each day is an evening concert in a 4000-capacity hall. The Friday show (16) features **Peter Gabriel, Simple Minds,** dance troupe **Ekome** and a Chinese song and dance act called **Tian Jin.** The Saturday bill comprises **Echo & The Bunnymen, The Beat** and **The Burundi Drummers.** And Sunday (18) will be a party night with various special guests, to be announced shortly, backed up by Central American group **Salsa De Hoy.**

During the day (10 am-7 pm), numerous artists will be performing in the two outdoor arenas, as well as in the two marquees on the site — and there will always be a choice of concurrent entertainments. These acts include **Pigbag, Rip Rig & Panic, The Beat, The Chieftains, Annette Peacock, Robert Fripp, The Electric Guitars, Condona** (featuring **Don Cherry**) and **Ravi Shankar,** with many more still to be confirmed.

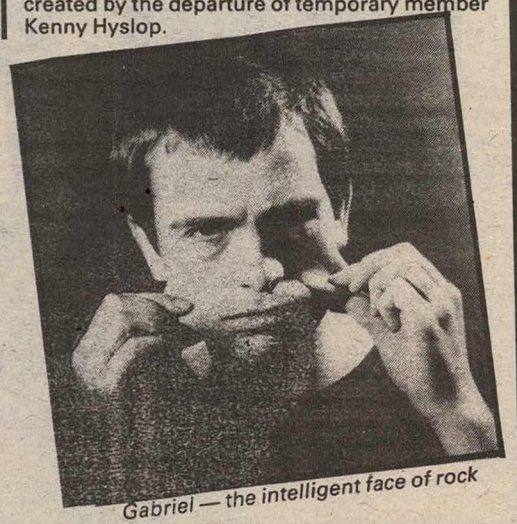
There will also be many fringe and multi-media activities, exhibitions, films, fairground and children's amusements. The site is said to be well equipped with toilet, bar and restaurant facilities, plus parking and camping space.

BBC-2 will be covering the festival extensively through its *Arena* unit, with 30 minutes live transmission on the Friday, and a further three hours over the rest of the weekend — plus a special documentary later in the year. There's also to be a benefit double album, featuring many of the performers involved.

Evening concert tickets are £5, which includes daytime admission to outdoor events on that day. Daytime tickets alone are £2 (Friday) and £3 (Saturday and Sunday). Campsite tickets are £2 per head, covering from one to three nights, and only available in advance.

Tickets are only available by post at present — from Music Arts and Dance Expo Ltd (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), PO Box 247, Bristol BS99 7RS, enclosing SAE. Ticket outlets for personal applicants will be announced shortly.

□ **SIMPLE MINDS** will be playing a few other selected dates around June-July, though they won't be undertaking a full-scale tour until their new Virgin album is released in August. The LP, the follow-up to the successful 'Sons And Fascination', is being recorded this month — and it's the first to feature their permanent new drummer Mike Ogletree, formerly with Scottish band Cafe Jacques, who fills the vacancy created by the departure of temporary member Kenny Hyslop.



Gabriel — the intelligent face of rock

Clash postpone five more dates

Still no Joe show

THE CLASH have now postponed a further five dates in the UK 'Know Your Rights' tour, due to the continued absence of Joe Strummer — and the only original dates now remaining in their schedule are London Brixton Fair Deal (May 22 and 23) and Leeds University (24), though even these must remain in doubt until Strummer shows up.

There have now been no sightings of him for nearly two weeks, and drummer Topper Headon said on Monday: "We've tried everything to find him, but it now looks like we'll just have to wait for Joe to get in touch. We'll make it up to everyone when we do the shows in July."

After re-arranging 11 gigs last week, the latest batch of date revisions are Poole Arts Centre (July 27), Portsmouth Guildhall (28) and Bristol Locarno (August 2 and 3) — existing tickets remain valid, though cash refunds may be obtained if desired, providing application is made by May 22. The Brighton Centre show on May 19 is also postponed, but a revised date hadn't been set at press-time.

Mystery man Strummer

Pic: Charlotte Wylie

Fashion parade

FASHION set out next week on their first major tour, culminating in a prestige London concert. They play Brighton Top Rank (May 19), Portsmouth Guildhall (20), Bradford University (22), Sheffield Polytechnic (23), Manchester Ritz Ballroom (24), Bristol Locarno (25), Keele University (26), Birmingham Odeon (27) and London Tottenham-Court Rd Dominion (28).

FESTIVALS

Jam, Stones latest.....P5

AGGRO

Meteors disintegrate, Atilla assaulted P4

TOUR NEWS

Motorhead & Saxon for Hackney, Quo cancel, Joan Jett joins Queen, Uhuru tour.....P41

Break the sound barrier.

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Yes it's true — poetry *can* hurt tiny brains

Attila gig wrecked by right-wing prats

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER was attacked by right-wing thugs on Saturday during a set he played in a North London pub.

Attila received minor injuries but said afterwards, "I had to play the gig — I'm not going to let Nazis stop me performing."

Harlow poet Attila — who wrote *NME's* recent feature on new towns — was headlining at Skunx, a punk venue situated at the Blue Coat Boy pub in Islington. He was supported by the Newtown Neurotics (also from Harlow) and Sub-Active (from Henley).

Prior to the gig there'd been a lot of talk as to the likelihood of serious trouble, given that for some time a number of fascists (too many) have been using the pub and there have already been organised fascist interventions at gigs there. Attila said he wanted to play it because he wanted to help Skunx (who had asked him to do it) and wanted to work with an audience of punks and skins, however hostile, in one of the few clubs in London that opens its doors to them and promotes punk/skin bands.

He was still determined to play after a phone call on Saturday morning from Garry Bushell (features editor of *Sounds* and a writer who's already been on the receiving end of Nazi violence) warning him of the risk and passing on reliable information that the fascists were planning on trashing the gig.

This was later confirmed by a group of Nazis in their late twenties/early thirties, on their way to the Angel Underground in the same carriage as me, discussing how they would carry out the attack. When I arrived at Skunx there were already a number of fascists there, including people I recognised as British Movement organisers, plus the bands and a handful of followers.

A group of fascists had been collecting at one side of the stage while the Neurotics played and about three or four numbers into Attila's set, when he started doing poems after a couple of numbers on mandolin, one fascist (*not* a skin) started shouting "Commie!" at him. Attila tried to shut him up but a group started threatening him and, when he asked them if they wanted him to keep going, the original heckler threw a beer glass at him, jumped onstage and tried to smash the mandolin over Attila's head. A group of twenty or so stormed the stage to attack Attila but were stopped. Attila was escorted to the dressing room at which point the mob attacked one of the bouncers. They were cleared from the pub by the rest of the bouncers and a group of band followers, though they later tried to break in again.

Attila went to hospital to get his jaw looked at but is OK and grinning, shaken more by the injection than by the fascists. The police were nowhere.

Steve Drewett of The Newtown Neurotics was adamant that Attila was right to play the gig even though he had been under a lot of pressure to pull out. "No pub is a Nazi pub — we were right to do it."

The attack was obviously orchestrated and several 'faces' on the Nazi scene were present. In the event, thanks to luck, bottle and bouncers, it narrowly avoided being a massacre.

I suppose it says something that the fascists deem Attila, a poet, enough of a threat to attack; it also shows that they are as blind, stupid and divisive as ever. They're still fighting their own kind.

— BOLSHIE VIC

Attila pic: Tony Mottram

Meteors fall to Earth

THE METEORS, doyens of psychobilly rock, have splintered, according to astronomers.

The crunch came about three weeks ago.

Paul Fenech and recently acquired drummer Woodie have decided to carry on as The Meteors — even though founder member Nigel Lewis has parted. Lewis has decided to form a new band called The Escalators — a name once used by The Meteors to get around release pressures.

Fenech is in an optimistic mood about the future. He is using a new singer and a new bassist, and plans are afoot to release a new single. He claims, rather apathetically, that "I'm happier now about the band — Nigel wanted to play more psychedelic stuff — I don't really care about him leaving at all. As for our manager Nick Garrard, he wasn't doing enough work, he just wasn't good enough so we sacked him."

A claim which is contrary to that made by Garrard himself, that he left (before they sacked him).

Nigel Lewis was unhappy about the group and when I spoke to him he had little to say except that "I hope to be on the road in about a month's time, as soon as I've found a new bassist — I'm gonna play the guitar."

It should be interesting to see what line Nigel takes — and whether Garrard, who will manage his new band, has been making any plans for him.

— DAVID DORRELL

Original Meteors in friendlier days L—R: Nigel Lewis, Paul Fenech, Mark Robertson. Pic: David Travis

CRISIS

They say the sun, shines for all
but in some people world, it never shine at all
they say love is a stream, that will
find its course
some people think life is a dream
so they making matters worse

But no matter what the crisis is (repeat)
doing it, doing it, doing your thing
give JAH all the thanks and praises
giving it, giving it, giving it
give JAH all the thanks and praises

So much have been said, so little been done
they still killing, killing the people
and they having, having, having lots of fun
killing the people, having their fun
they just want to be the leader
in the house of the rising sun

But no matter what the crisis is (repeat)
do your, live it up, live it up, live it up
give JAH all the thanks and praises
live it up, live it up, live it up, live it up
give JAH all the thanks and praises

They say the sun, shines for all
but in some peoples world, it never shine at all
they say, love is a stream, that will
find its course, and every river runs to sea
some people still think life is a dream
so they making matters worse

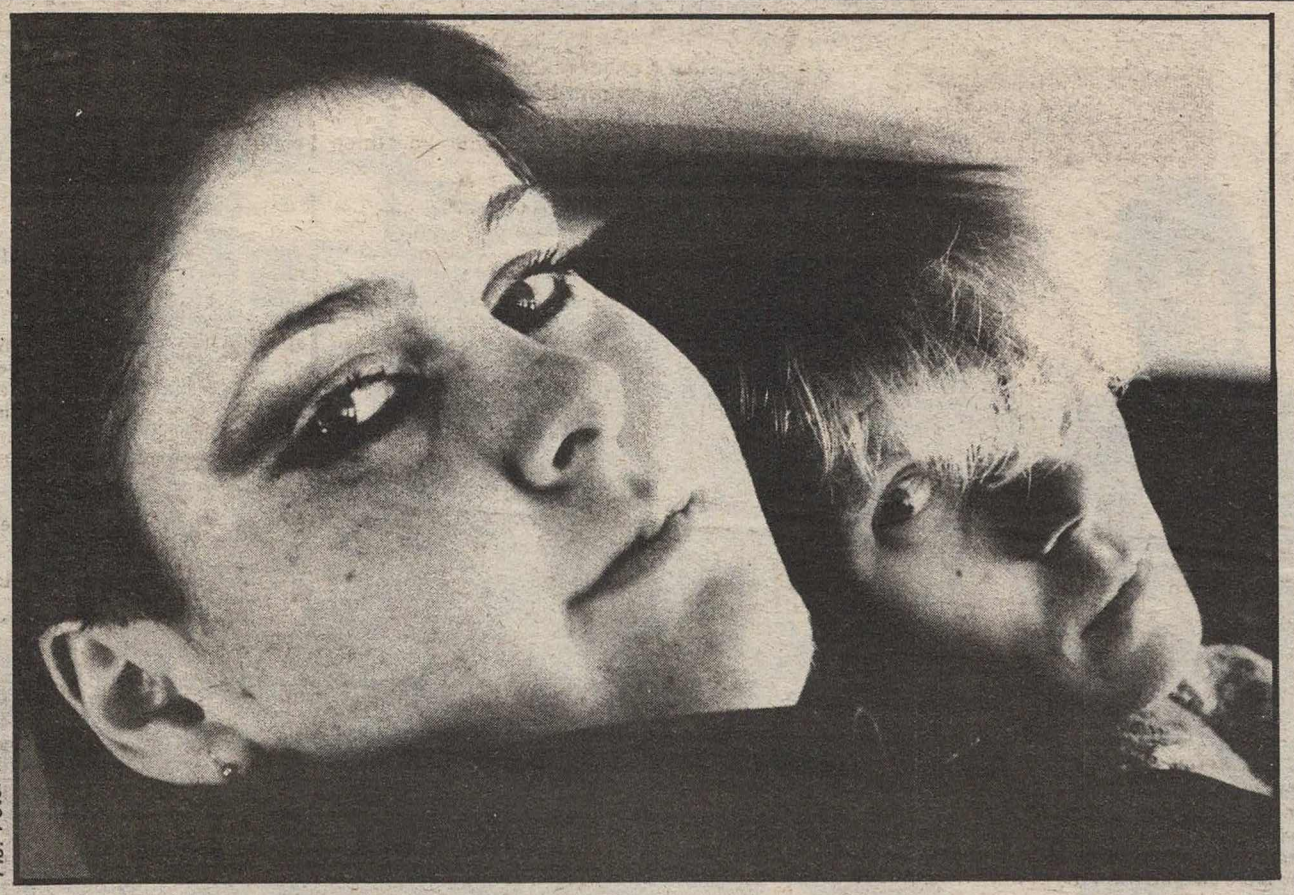
No matter what the crisis is (repeat)
do it, live it up, live it up, live it up
give JAH all the thanks and praises
live it up, live it up, live it up, live it up
give JAH all the thanks and praises (repeat)
his mercies endureth for ever yeah
give JAH all the thanks and praises

oh children, come on and give JAH
give JAH all the thanks and praises (repeat)

— BOB MARLEY

6 April 1945 — 11 May 1981

Pic: Dennis Morris



Pic: Peter Anderson

ALISON MOYET (ALF)

ALBUMS
Back In The Early Days..... Muddy Waters
The Exciting Years ..... Ray Charles
Butt Rocking..... The Fabulous Thunderbirds
Sonny Boy Williamson .....Sonny Boy Williamson
Girls Go Wild ..... The Fabulous Thunderbirds
Incontinent..... Fad Gadget

SINGLES
Don't Know What I'm Gonna Do
Jimmy James And The Vagabonds
The Memphis Train.....Rufus Thomas
Dimples..... John Lee Hooker
I Hear You Knocking ..... Dave Edmunds

TV
Monkey (The Japanese influence)
The Water Margin
Last Of The Summer Wine
Maverick

I don't read, though I do occasionally enjoy traditional folk stories and great big long epics. I don't go to the pictures either, but I did like *The Graduate*.

LIKES
Compo (from *Last Of The Summer Wine*)
Sleeping
Chas and Dave
Dr Feelgood's attitude
Comfortable conversation
Green Ford Anglias
Old motorbikes with sidecars
The fabulous Eric Radcliffe (Yazoo's engineer)
Gladiolas
My friends

HATES
Bad time keeping
Trouble makers
Meeting people
Dramas, uncomfortable shoes, insomnia

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

YAZOO

VINCE CLARKE

45s
The Only Living Boy In New York
Simon And Garfunkel
I've Seen The Word.....Blancmange
Requiem ..... Killing Joke
I Wish We'd All Been Ready ..... Larry Norman

33s
Bookends..... Simon And Garfunkel
Animals..... Pink Floyd

FILMS
The Graduate (1967)
Chariots Of Fire (1981)
Midnight Express (1978)
One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest (1975)
Alien (1979)

BOOKS
Damnation Alley (Roger Zelazny)
The Hooker (Xaviera Hollander)
The Happy Hooker! (Xaviera Hollander)
Plus any sci fi short stories

TV
Minder
Cartoon Time
Weekend World

LIKES
Veal
Eric our engineer
MacDonalds

DISLIKES
Ignorance
Cheese
Apathy
Cold weather

Stones: Ninian now? Jam: QPR delay

FESTIVAL UPDATES

THE ROLLING STONES now seem unlikely to play their open-air concert in Wales at Cardiff Arms Park, even though a licence has been granted for them to perform at the rugby ground on June 27. Apparently the ground is undergoing various structural alterations, and the promoters are worried in case they are not completed in time, resulting in a last-minute cancellation.

***NME* understands that an alternative site in Cardiff is now being sought for the same date, and it looks as though the choice is between Ninian Park football stadium and the Castle grounds — with Ninian Park the favourite.**

With Wembley Stadium on June 25 and 26 as the Stones' only officially confirmed shows at present, details of other dates by the band are expected in a few days. These are expected to include at least two concerts at smaller venues in the North — and one of them could well prove to be Newcastle City Hall.

THE JAM are still pressing ahead with plans to stage a CND benefit at the Queen's Park Rangers football ground in West London on July 10, forecast exclusively by *NME* six weeks ago. Public notices have been posted, and licence application made to the Greater London Council — but no official announcement can be made until the GLC makes up its mind.

A Jam spokesperson told *NME*: "I get the impression that the GLC are a bit annoyed about news of the project leaking out so far in advance. But at the end of the day, we hope they'll come good, bearing in mind their close affinity with the CND movement." There's even speculation that, if the council approves the event, they may also sponsor it.

Certainly The Jam have arranged their schedule to enable them to play this date — they left this week for dates in America, followed by a visit to Japan, but they'll be back in London at the end of June. And according to Polydor, there will be a new single from the band in the summer, with a good chance that it will be a live track.

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This week's recommended budget system is another very special deal from Hi Fi Surplus, London's specialist dealer for ex demonstration and ex service hi-fi.
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STOP PRESS
TENSAI CONTEST RESULTS — PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 61

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Price £62 — leaves morning 4th June, returns evening 6th June, Price includes Tickets for the concert ● Luxury coach travel ● Cross-channel ferry ● Accom in good hotel. Box 2.

Rock Spectacular
28th May
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STATUS QUO
SCORPIANS
JUDAS PRIEST
ZZ TOP ● POINT BLANC
live in concert Dortmund.
£60 — details as above with accommodation. Box 3
£44 — Skipper shuttle Details as above but no accom. Box 4.

DIANA ROSS
Live in concert 14th June
at Vorst Nationale, Brussels £60
Depart 13th June, return 15th June ● Good tickets, hotel, etc. ● £20 deposit secures a place. Box 5.

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL
Open Air Concert
Rotterdam, Holland, 12th June
Depart morning 11th June, return evening 13th June. Price £58 includes Ticket for the concert ● Return luxury coach trip ● Cross-channel ferry ● Accom in good hotel. Box 6.

A deposit of £20 per person will secure a place please tick box for trip reqd. ☐1 ☐2 ☐3 ☐4 ☐5 ☐6
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Spot the dummy . . . Defects L-R: Gary, Dukie, Elvis, Buck, Glenn. Pic: Alwyn Greer

Carry out punk...on a stretcher?

ADRIAN MADDOX sees The Defects tool up for the big break

CLICK.

(Tape fade in of extraneous bus station cafeteria noises. A voice.)

Do you remember what life was like before you became famous?

"Yeah, same as it's like now, except we played more football then and we were more fit."

And where do your interests lie now?

"In drinking carry outs."

THE DEFECTS are a Belfast Benny Hill punky caricature band with hearts of gold and a childlike faith in the all-pervading beneficence of the rock and roll Jerusalem. It's a faith that's most clearly observed being touted in the recent crop of colour poster mags like *Punk Lives* and The Defects want in on it. For them new punk is one way out and they want to use it.

After the release of their own independent 'Dance Until You Drop' EP, Straight Music smartly signed them up and super troupered them, and round our table Buck, Gary, Glenn and Dukie's conversation centres on fevered considerations of contracts, careers, capital and *the* capital.

What's it like being pop stars?

Buck: "Pop stars! Urghh, no way. Not yet. Anyway what is a pop star? I don't know if we *could* be pop stars — we're not pop music so how can we be? I'd like to do *Top Of The Pops* though; there's really good money in it, £86 an appearance plus it gets more people seeing you and sells more records. And that's our job now fulltime, the more stuff we sell the more money we get."

Are you interested in quality? Do you think you *can* be any more now that you're a money-making ploy?

Buck: "I don't think it's like that. We've been doing this for three years and it's only in the last six months really that all this has happened."

'This' is the big UK tour with Anti-Nowhere League, Chelsea and Chron Gen currently being promoted by their London backers as the first of its kind since the 'Anarchy' days — the four-band chainsnarl that's supposed to be the big break. Who's being broken and who the breakers are is a fine point. What's being offered to the fans this time round?

Buck: "Same as what we offered before, good powerful strong music. No stagey stuff. Just straight there, and no stupid videos of swinging through windows on chandeliers — people don't want to see you doing that, holding up buses and things."

What's punk mean to you, in what way are you punks?

Glenn: "I wouldn't really class us as punk, it's up to others."

But you fit in so easily.

Buck: "What can we do? We've been dressing this way for ages, before we were in a band or anything. We went to concerts and listened to records like everyone else, we still do. Just cos we've got singles out doesn't mean anything, we're nothing special — how does it make us different from any other punks in the street?"

Glenn: "Lots of people seem to think that if you've got a single out you're going out every night, having to make appearances, but every night we're drinking at the back of Buck's house."

So how do you respond to the sex and drugs and rock and roll lifestyle you seem to be embarking on?

Buck: "Sex and rock and roll yes, forget the drugs. You do what you want to do but if one of us starts taking drugs the others'll tell him to stop — it spoils our fun and if it affects us it'll ruin everyone else's time as well. Malcolm's dead, Sid's dead, and that's enough for me.

"What else is there for us? All we've got's the band — we've got no jobs, there is no jobs around and there never will be. We all get enjoyment out of playing. In the end it's better than sitting behind a sewing machine or something."

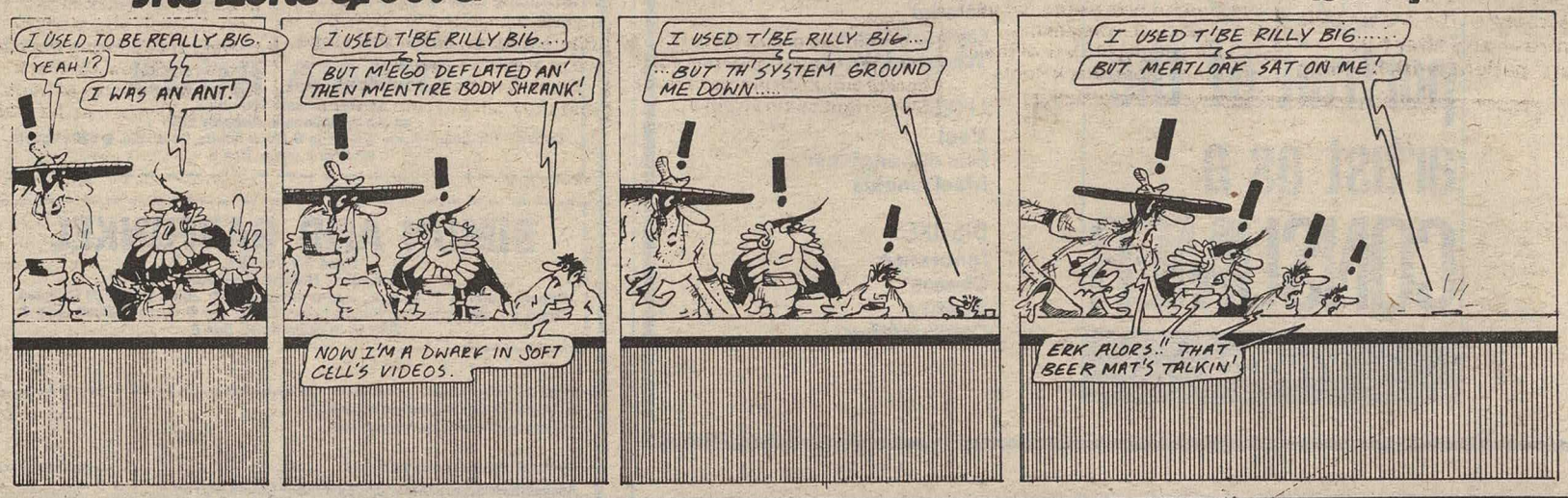
Unfortunately he's right. What else is there? But I still think it's disgraceful the way that such meagre talents can be beckoned and abused. How long can they go on like this as part of some punk fad?

Buck: "We'll keep on as long as we can. Punk won't die, it just can't die. People don't go round saying ska's dead or reggae's dead. Punk wasn't a phase. It mightn't be front page in the media but it'll always be there."

But what's so alive about it?

Buck: "There's still bands going and there's more young bands growing up and there's more people everyday downtown with spikey hair and

The Lone Groover — Benyon


I USED TO BE REALLY BIG...
YEAH!?
I WAS AN ANT!
I USED T'BE RILLY BIG....
BUT M'EGO DEFLATED AN' THEN M'ENTIRE BODY SHRANK!
NOW I'M A DWARF IN SOFT CELL'S VIDEOS.
I USED T'BE RILLY BIG...
...BUT TH'SYSTEM GROUND ME DOWN.....
I USED T'BE RILLY BIG.....
BUT MEATLOAF SAT ON ME!
ERK ALORS.." THAT BEER MAT'S TALKIN'

DERRY FIGHTS BACK

In Adrian Maddox's piece on Derry (May 1), the second paragraph — in which Adrian described black flags hanging from telegraph poles and an explosion in the bus station toilet — should have been prefixed with the words "The first visit I made", as this took place last year during the hunger strikes. Apologies for any confusion caused.

sex & sweat & blood

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

BEGGARS BANQUET bega34 begc34

leather jackets."

That's all there is?

Buck: "Well I don't know what punk is, what's a teddy boy even, except a grease back with a drape?"

Gary: "It's about protest, distinct protest, and there's more of it now than ever. It's a far worse situation in Great Britain now than it was in '77 and that's what's sparked the whole thing off again."

You're social commentators?

Glenn: "We just sing about things that happen to us."

Gary: "Coming from Belfast you can't really be a political band cos everyone says you're just another group making a fortune out of the troubles. Anyway we don't want to be another Stiff Little Fingers."

I don't think you've any choice in the matter, but could someone sing good songs about the situation in Ulster?

Buck: "Yes, but it'll always be a form of exploitation."

Glenn: "It'll always be cashing in, there's no use in singing about it. You know the way the English are anyway all, 'Christ it must be wild over there, all the bombs and all, I feel really sorry for them'.

"Did you hear Strummer on the radio the other night, slabbering about 'I think bands should go and play the Far East, they're dying for bands out there.' For fuck's sake, this is part of the UK and no one comes over here. Bands here deserve a lot more than what they're getting, even smaller ones like Stalag 17 and Rebel. When we do make it we'll start our own label and give all these wee bands a chance."

What was London like — were you well received?

Buck: "It was really good. I was surprised. The Drones went on first and it's funny cos I've got a Drones LP in the house and before the tour I'd thought they were brilliant, would love to have seen them live and then it ends up with them going on before us. We were told not to expect much at the time but everyone got dancing, all these punks doing the tango. It went down really well. Like, Gene October was saying, 'Fuckin' great band, don't give a shit what anyone else says'. In fact now we've seen Chelsea, Chron Gen, and Anti Nowhere League 24 times."

Glenn: "It's great experience. At the end of it all you're really good, you know your songs backwards, never forget 'em."

What does being a 'good band' mean?

Buck: "Knowing your songs. Being good on stage. If you go and see a band and they just stand there it's useless, it's . . .

Gary: "Hold on, the red light on your tape's just gone off."

What? Ah . . .

Click.

I LEAVE the band hunched around the cafeteria space invader — the perfect microcosm: spending all that effort, will and cash on a pretty, bleeping game you can never win anything from. Pure rock and roll.

So what are The Defects?

Really nice people. But more importantly they're Belfast's, Ulster's, the UK's very best punk band. That's really saying something.

Black Roots wait for the team coach L-R: Barry, Errol, Cordell, Trevor, Charlie, Arol, Mikey, Derrick. Pic: Julio Etchart

Epistles from St Pauls...Bristol 8

DAVE MASSEY sees Black Roots preparing to branch out

THE ALBERT Villa Advice Centre stands at the Ashley Road end of Grosvenor Road in the heart of the St Pauls district of Bristol. At the other end are the Social Security offices, and half-way along the run-down street, set amongst the terraced houses, is the Black And White Cafe — the flashpoint for the riots two years ago when it was raided by the police.

Black Roots rehearse two nights a week in the basement of the Albert Villa Centre — and after two years' patient work building up an enthusiastic following they are one of the best new Brit-reggae outfits.

From their debut 'Bristol Rock' EP last year, to the 'Chanting For Freedom' / 'Confusion' single released at the beginning of this year, they have never deviated from an uncompromising, direct, and at times uncomfortably militant approach in what they say and play — and for some of the record companies that expressed interest in the group, the content was a little too near the knuckle for their liking.

Surprisingly, in view of their growing status, Black Roots have done few press interviews. In contrast to their musical articulacy, most of them seem bemused or guarded when answering questions. It's the older members like lead guitarist Cordell 'Frenchie' Francis and bassist Derrick King who are the most forthcoming — but as a group of what their manager Alfredo Vasquez describes as "everyday people" it seems they ascribe to the Sly And The Family Stone song of that name: *"my own beliefs are in my song"*.

Within the group there is a fair span of ages and musical backgrounds. Drummer Trevor Seivwright comes from a talented musical family — one of his brothers was bassie for Newport reggae rockers The Beat Roots. Frenchie is the most experienced musician, having been classically trained; like most of the others, before joining Black Roots he played in soul bands.

Rock and roll bands were the bulk of Derrick King's background; his most notable association was with the Radicals, a local outfit whose main claim to fame was a single 'Bristol Riots', which commented on those events in St Pauls.

With him in that group was Donald Decordora, who now drums for Talisman — a Bristol unit whose hybrid approach stands in direct contrast to Black Roots' more traditional JA style. Could the group foresee those kind of influences filtering through into their music in the future?

Frenchie: "Right now we've got our own sound like other bands have theirs — it's hard to compare, I think. Of course later on as we go along we'd try out different ideas, but at this stage we're staying as we are."

Black Roots are confident that they can develop at their own pace using their colourful and vibrant live performances as a firm base to work upon. The aim is to get across the familiar themes of equal rights, love and unity and nuclear disarmament — even if within the group can be detected a certain amount of ambivalence between stage statements and personal outlook. None of the group are members of CND.

Frenchie: "I don't think all the people who shout about the nuclear bomb are members of CND. What we do at the gigs is to make people feel more aware about it."

So could the group ever envisage writing a song about equal rights for women?

"No, not really," says lead vocalist Charlie Bryan, after an embarrassed silence.

"I don't think a woman having an abortion is right at all," adds King. "There's ways of not getting pregnant and if they don't want a kid they should use them."

On these issues I reserve further comment, but as far as the group are concerned it's what happens nearer to home that counts in their personal lives. Most of them live in or near St Pauls and many of their friends are suffering the effects of the recession. Do Black Roots offer a focus of hope for the (black) youth in the area?

King: "I think they want us to make it, you know. But there's some people who think just because we've been on radio and TV that we're rolling with money. That's far from true, as all the money we earn goes back into the group."

Frenchie: "We're quite confident of making it compared to most of the other reggae bands that are around, because we've been getting across to people from all over the nation . . . regardless of what colour they are."

Hi Northampton!

Spring into action.
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Who said "a much more suitable occupation"? Mia-o-oow . . .

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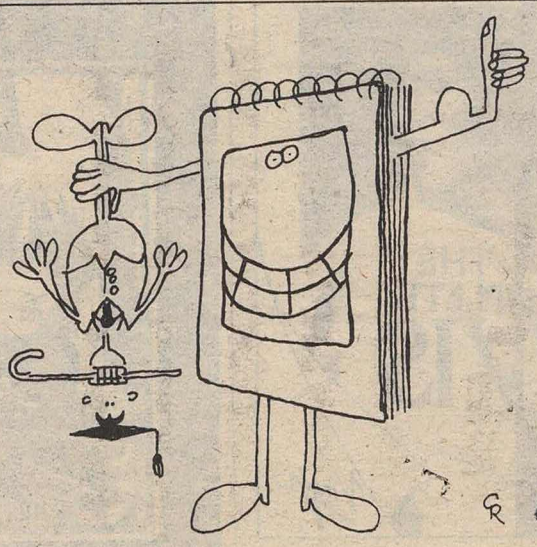

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JUST FANCY THAT!

Left: Almost 'Almost Blue'? Naah, pure coincidence. What we have here in fact is the Stax LP 'Blue Monday' — released just two years before Elvis Costello's C&W epic. Courtesy of eagle-eyed Godlis of NYC, from the pages of NME 8.12.79.

Strange days and odder coincidences. Above: Soft Cell in NME last week. Below: Doors 1968.

THE LEXICON OF LOVE

From the forthcoming long player "THE LEXICON OF LOVE" LP
NTRS 1 ⊡ NTRSC 1

Mr Fry gets fried again. Above: An NME headline for an ABC review last October. Left: ABC, our Andy Gill wants a cheque from you . . .

PLUTONIUM BLONDES

Gang hit peace camp

ANOTHER PEACE CAMP — the eighth such protest to evolve in the last six months — modelled on Greenham Common opened up two weeks ago. It was pitched outside the Royal Ordnance Factory at Burghfield near Reading in Berkshire, in objection to the factory's contributions toward nuclear weapons, "particularly Trident".

In Wales the same week, a Peace Camp outside the US Army base at Caerwent — near Chepstow — suffered a bizarre attack during the night by a dozen men, three of whom were later 'detained'. One mid-Glamorgan councillor who happened to be paying the protestors a call got knocked senseless in the melee (which followed hard on the heels of the arson attack which sent the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace archives up in smoke).

A SCRAM spokesperson promised *NME* that "campaigning will continue undeterred" and added that "although we have no idea who did this, there must be many groups who would like to see SCRAM immobilised, as our case against nuclear power is now so strong". Despite the attack, SCRAM did manage to mount a picket of the public enquiry into the Torness nuclear project. (If Torness is completed, Scotland will be capable of generating 120% *more* electricity than it needs).

A company called The Remould Theatre from Hull, have put together a new satirical rock musical they're calling 'The Nuclear Cabaret' and will be playing it on their first all-UK tour. A sort of 'How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying' featuring a bomb-shelter salesman in the Robert Morse role, it aims "to work through comedy and rock and *not* preaching" and features a four-piece Hull band with songs composed by Hull's Dave Whatt. This apoco-pornocopia will be at Battersea Arts Centre on May 28 and 29; tickets £2.

No Nukes Music have another gig scheduled at the Goldsmiths Tavern, New Cross, on Saturday May 8, featuring Crown of Thorns and Test Department No 6. Doors open at 8pm, admission is £1 and if you're one of many lumbered with a UB40 it will at least save you 25p here.

The latest issue (no 6) of the Youth CND paper, *2nd Generation*, with its 'Tomorrow's Conscience Today' motto, is also out now. It features an evaluation of YCND a year on for those who might be debating how effective potential membership could be — as well as book and film reviews (including the news that 'War Game' director Peter Watkin is embarking on a new anti-nuclear celluloid endeavour). The issue costs 20p and a large sae from YCND, c/o 11 Goodwin St, London N4 3HQ. It can also be bought in the new CND shop but please note that the telephone number of said shop is now changed to 263 5773. A mis-print in the April May CND mag *Sanity* has led to numerous phone calls devolving on the helpless inhabitants of a house further down the road and CND would like to stop this.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

THE GREAT DEBATE RAGES...
MY POST-WAR ECONOMIC BOOM WAS MUCH BETTER THAN YOUR POST-APOCALYPSE, POST-POLITICAL RECESSIONETTE AND MINI-WAR SITUATION!!
NME (DECEASED)
OH, ALLRIGHT THEN- THIS IS THE GOLDEN AGE OF NEW POP!!! (SMIRK...)
FANTAAASTIC DAYYYYY!!!!
MILLIONS OF DEAD ARGIES!!! READ ALL ABART IT!!
SOCK IT TO 'EM
NEWS
..AND THE RECEEDING ONE IS THE BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF ALL THE NOUVEAU POP SUPER-HEROES...
AD
AM
ADAM POSTERS
ADAM TEATOWELS
ADAM PENCILS
THOSE BORING OLD FARTS OF THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES NEVER ACHIEVED MEDIA-SATURATION OF THIS ORDER...
NEW!! ADAM FLY KILLER
ADAM KILTS!!
ADAM AFTER SHAVE
ADAM CHEESE SPREAD
UH..OH.. LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY'S FIVE MINUTES ARE UP!!!..
NEW! ADAM TOILET ROLL! WIPE IT UP WITH THE MEGABORE!!
IF ANYONE ELSE ACCUSES ME OF HAVING BEEN ERROL ... I'LL THROW MY HANDBAG AT THEM.. R.LOWRY (DECEASED)

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Put out more flags!

"Clever sods . . ."

JUBILEE celebrations — as practically everyone who entered *NME's* Videosyncrasy competition based around Derek Jarman's seminal punk movie *Jubilee* came up with an all-correct score card, it was eventually all down to the tie-breaker to select the outright winners.

Just to recap, the answers to the three questions set are:

1). Jordan was one of the cast of *Jubilee* who once managed Adam Ant.

2). Wayne County was the act canned-off by the audience at the Reading Festival.

3). Toyah also acted in *Jubilee* director Derek Jarman's adaptation of the Bard's *The Tempest*.

So the 20 quick-witted *NME* readers who came up with the most amusing tie-breakers will each receive a VCL video cassette of *Jubilee* which features Adam Ant, Toyah, Siouxsie & The Banshees. Amongst many others, we've singled out five for special mention for suggesting the title for a possible follow-up movie (again) starring Adam and Toyah.

Tom Crossley from Isleworth, Middlesex, offered: **Whatever Happened To The Likely Fads.**

S. Andrews of Norwich suggested: **Don't Jubilieve It!**

J. Monti who dwells in Brighton came up with: **Thum Day My Pwinth Will Come.**

G. Bracken who can be found in Walthamstow wrote: **Prince Charming In Barnet.**

Mark Paytress who comes from Bournemouth scribbled: **They Died With Their Warpaint On.**

The other *Jubilee* winners were: Bryan Smith, Paisley; R. A. Savage, Bristol; Chris Godbold, Lowestoft; Steve Birnie, Batley; Graham Dey, Edinburgh; Beverley King, Bromley; Pete Cousins, Swindon; Paul Read, Chingford; Billy Taylor, Bishop Auckland; C. Stokes. St. Albans; Gerry Molyneaux, Dublin; Derek Hinshelwood, Aberdeen; Mark Field, Acton; Ken Hilton, Ashton-U-Lyne, Manchester; S. D. Fuller, London E14.

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MUCKY LASS MAKES GOOD

Jewelled, tattooed and radged up . . . Joolz bites. X. Moore gets bitten.

"I'm not an 'I' poet . . . I don't stand up and say this is a poem about my defective sex life."

Photo: Kevin Cummins

GIVE US yer ear'ole schmearole — grab a pew. Take a trip on a train from York to Bradford and savour the view; don't stare out of the window, stare into the psyche. Saturday afternoons are classic, Leeds fans getting on at York, lads with token lass, father with kids, gobs shut, eyes sad, like they were going to some sort of punishment. Elland Road is Death Row these days.

The boys 'n girls get off at Leeds, the half-way stop, and are replaced with another crew, different scarves, Bradford Northern instead of LUFC, lads with token lasses, fathers of kids, no one says a word, all the way to Bradford and the next set of terraces . . . The Ritual Observed. The sort of robotic sadness captured by Joolz Denby.

Joolz comes from Portsmouth but spent most of her early days in Harrogate, a bit of Yorkshire that is forever Surrey, before running off at the age of 18 to marry a Satan's Slave. These boys Hells Angels or just Bradford Bikers?

"You'd call them Hells Angels. They'd call themselves an outlaw bike club, which is what they are."

What are they doing these days? Still riding round with no helmets on and spraying naughty things on their leathers?

"No. They're grown-up men. They keep themselves to themselves — they're nice lads, decent lads . . . me husband was! They let other people get on with what they're doing cos they've got their own interests."

Pissing on cats?

"Aw, kids do that, kids who read them stupid books . . ."

Chopper! I remember him.

Joolz splutters a laugh, tries to backtrack and ends up admitting to having read them herself. We swap titles and gab about 'mamas' and Harley Ds . . .

Out of place, Joolz upsets the hardcore poetry scheme of things; she doesn't slot conveniently into a gap between the verbal clever-clevers and the 'laff? I could've kickedyer headin!' bootboy gags of the pet-poodle poetry circle. She traps the thrilling boredom of youth, captures The Ritual in all its acidic mundanity but she's . . . a bit too serious, a bit too *female*.

For someone who doesn't wear 14-hole steelie DMs she's mighty aggressive when she needs to be. Onstage she swings between swaggering bottle and a quieter bitterness, mixing offhand putdowns with clinical analysis of the shit side of life: bad Sex, bad Drugs and Bradford.

". . . money can't relieve the stink of
a town / dying on its feet
can't get the taste of corruption /
out of your mouth
can't stop you thinking that
somehow, somewhere / you've
been had.
So don't think, drink / or damp
down the fire with barbs
. . . Second best and second rate /
the never quite made it town . . ."

Joolz writes a lot about Bradford, about its estates and its youth clubs, a town "where even the prostitutes are miserable". If you look up in between popping pills and sinking pints you find a lot of crap staring back at you.

"Bradford's the Shitest town on God's earth!"

Everywhere's the Shitest town but let's take this municipal hole for starters.

"Bradford always *has* been an immensely apathetic town. Even back in the days when there *were* mills and there *was* work it was immensely apathetic in the trade unions. It's a funny place. It grew up from being very small to being very big very quickly and it kept its small town/village mentality. Leeds is only just down the road but everyone thinks it's, like, the Big Metropolis, sin city, y'know.

"When there was all the posters up for the Bradford 12 *(twelve Asians banged up on conspiracy charges after last year's riots)* benefit gigs all the kids in the youth clubs were going round asking people if they'd seen this new Bradford group. They thought the Bradford 12 were a band! It's a funny place."

If you don't like the youth clubs in Bradford, try the Champagne A Go-Go, if you can get in, and pretend you're in a more exclusive nightclub in a less oppressive city. The Champagne A Go-Go is now called 'Slaggers' by those in the know. Bradford is 157 — *"wool city deadbeat"*.

Joolz captures the stench of a night on the town, ten pints too many and a handful of pills or the stink of the cheap perfume that mothers buy their pre-teen daughters. 'Teens' traps the tragedy of the white-masked dolls, *"hair bleached perfect, nail varnish unchipped, mind fresh as unused Kotex"* while 'Barnsley' maps out the youth club drug kick that ends in *"death, the ultimate discipline"*. It's a sad reality.

Joolz' famous arrival in *Gasbag* last year gave the impression that she was 'anti-drugs'.

"I'm not anti-drugs, I'm anti-ignorance and I'm anti-romanticism. I don't say to anyone, 'You mustn't do that' but I do say to them, 'If you're going to do that then for fuck's sake find out what it's going to do to you first'. And don't let somebody come up to you in a discotheque and give you a handful, literally a *handful* of tablets and just knock them back without even knowing what they are. Because that is immensely stupid and it's not romantic.

"It's like romanticising bikes: 'Live fast, die young! Smash your bike up into a motorway flyover and go in a blaze of glory!', y'know, "He Died Of *Drugs*!", "I'm A *Junkie*!" and all this crap . . . I hate romanticising things. It's just stupid. Bike crashes *aren't* fun, I've been in so many — my knees don't exist anymore — and I don't think drugs are either. I've seen so many people die; somebody died in the room next to where I was watching television once from choking on their own vomit and I don't find anythink romantic in that."

It's easy to call for moral responsibility, social responsibility, towards drugs (whether it's smack or Tetleys) but when you've got a system that's *so* oppressive and that *slams* working people all the time, they're *forced* to go out and get pissed every Friday night or take Tuinol or Valium or whatever simply to make it through the next week at work.

"What you *can* do is provide information saying exactly what drugs can do to you. When I was 16 we were bombarded continually with literature because the abuse of drugs was the 'big thing' in the late '60s and early '70s — there was a great deal of information about. But then after that fashion passed the journalists moved on to something else, VD or something . . . Haircut 100 . . . So there's kids I know that say: 'What's the difference between heroin and that stuff you smoke?' The information flow's stopped . . ."

But the flow of drugs hasn't.

MIDST all the *"babies, sticky and yelling"*, the *"patronising councillors and their smug wives"*, is a rough, jarring humour. Joolz, as performer and artist, is a spiky proposition. Onstage she delivers, performs, acts out the grubby characters and takes five to let the audience in on what's happening. Joolz talks through the gags, finds her audience's weakspots, sounds more like a drag artist at a hen party in Wetwang than a poet (Gossip: she keeps being mistaken for SWells in drag. Jewel! All the queens whisper: Is she *real*?).

There is a fair smattering of bitter pain in her set but she's no Roger McGough.

"There's a lot of things that piss me off but I don't write: *'I* am so pissed off about . . .' I'm not an *I* poet. I don't stand up and say "this is a poem about my defective sex life" like Horovitz's crowd. I've never written like them — 'Darling, you are the most important thing in the whole universe!' I despise the wanking *I* did this, *I* see seagull . . .", the me generation."

"I could try and sit down and work out a calm, reasonable approach to things but I'm a violent person. Things get me in *there* and I feel sick! Every woman I know has had some kind of sexual assault, ranging from really *horrible* to mildly unpleasant and I don't think, well, we must quietly get together and work out the possibilities . . . it makes me feel *sick* and I write something like 'Bedtime Story'. I have a thousand people in a hall and I read that and you can hear a fucking pin drop. The fear hits you in the stomach. And then, hopefully, you can make one chemical engineer think, "Well, p'raps that joke I heard last night wasn't so funny after all'."

Joolz is no soggy seperatist — she doesn't even know what 'patriarchy' means (who does, ferchrissake, apart from people who have studied it?). She doesn't deal like Leeds' guilty man, Tony Harrison, in political blind alleys, ideological self-congratulation. Her poems, like Rhoda's 'The Boiler', are nowhere near so indulgent and, anyroad, I need only have listened to 'Men Against Women Against Men Against . . .' to find out what she thinks of guilty liberal men. Patriarchy? Matriarchy? Tell me another lie.

Joolz loves Pam Ayres. 'Struth! Joolz is a tattoed, jewelled marvel. She works as a life model, smokes Sobranie and used to be a biker (first Heavy Metal poet?). She's a mean opponent. "Yer radged, miss!" as the youth clubbers 'd say.

Joolz is a great lass. Luv her.

Mucky Lasses
A Scurrying covey
A coven of women
A trio made vulgar
By make-up and drink
One is a bleach blonde
With lifeless hair lint white
Throws back her head
And laughs at the sky
Prostitutes harlots
Whores slags or scrubbers
These are the names that you give
When you've bought what they sell
What drives you to buy
What you can't bribe your wife for
What makes you despise what you
Lay out hard cash for
Immoral disgusting illegal obscene
You get what you pay for
Just hope it's not POX
Joolz

Illustration and poem by Joolz

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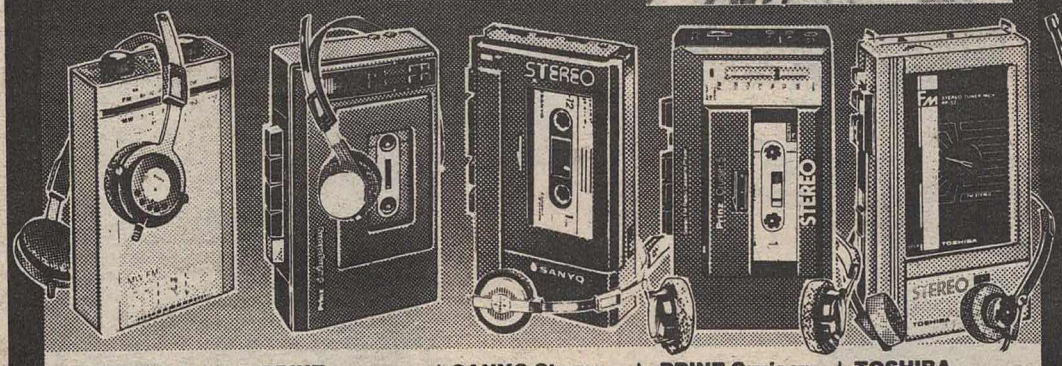

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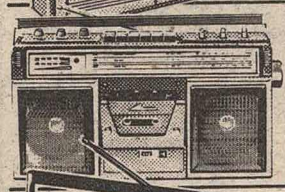

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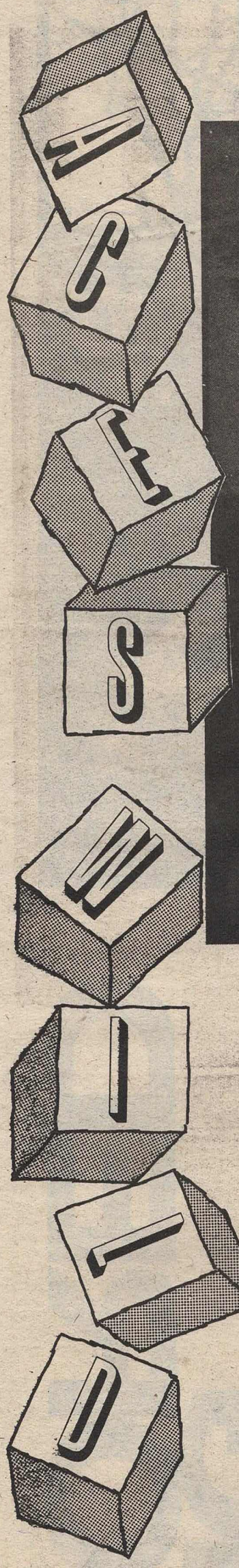

When the chips are down, the steaks overdone and the ketchup curdled, four desperate young men hustle a living amid the sleaze of the soho underworld

SECT l. to r., Dave, Sean, Robert, Chris.

Mugshots: Peter Anderson

Adrian Thrills shuffles along to Club Left and deals a winning hand to Subway Sect, cool kings of bop and swing

THE COOL BLUE BEAT is pumping through the heart of Soho. It is something a little bit different, a little bit *left*, a deft diversion that drew its first breath last summer, faded fast towards the end of last year but is now poised to pulse into life once more.

A return is scheduled for Sunday June 6 when Club Left re-opens on a weekly basis downstairs at Ronnie Scott's in Frith Street, London W1, the trial run of a few weeks ago having been a remarkable success, despite the expected first night nerves and technical hitches.

Although it took some time to knife out its distinctive niche on the capital's crowded clubland calendar, Club Left eventually established a worthy reputation for smokey bop and swing in an atmosphere of warm, convivial creativity. The tenor on a Thursday evening at the Whisky A Go-Go in Wardour Street — where Club Left was based until February — was pleasant and progressive, a mood that the move to Ronnie's will surely only enhance.

"Why are the people who come to the club always so nice?" asks Subway Sect guitarist Robert Marche. "We never seem to get any real bastards down there!"

As the combo who add the musical muscle to crooner Vic Godard's beguiling love songs, Subway Sect were the house band at Club Left last year and are well placed to give their insights into how the consortium works. The band — guitarist Marche, drummer Sean McLusky, keyboard player Dave Collard and bassist Chris Bostock — are at the core of a loose team of musicians, disc-jockeys, artists and managers responsible for running the club.

"At first the club was a bit dodgy," continues Robert. "There was too much rubbing shoulders with the stars. But that phase soon went and it became really good. By the time we finished at the Whisky, there were a lot of different people going down there, some of them coming a long way. It was very healthy."

"We want all sorts of people to come," says Sean. "That's why there are no dress restrictions. The club is somewhere that is conducive to being social. A lot of clubs that claim to do that are actually quite anti-social because the music dominates everything. Our club is an alternative to that disco situation, all that volume and that obligation to dance. We're trying to do a club where the music is secondary to the social aspects."

"We're trying to portray a lifestyle as opposed to the cosmetic glamour of a pop thing," adds Dave. "It's not just a band and their audience. We wanted a place where people could come and talk, a genuine scene as opposed to a fake one. The crowd at the Whisky met a lot of new people and that is quite constructive whereas a lot of gigs are destructive in that they put up a lot of needless barriers."

As with other London clubs like Le Beat Route and Dial Nine, the sexual mix at Club Left was always a lot healthier than in your average male-dominated rock audience.

"In a lot of clubs you might single out a girl and go and dance at her," says Rob. "At Club Left, boys and girls would actually talk to each other and get to know one another. It was never one of those clubs where you got all the men standing around looking at the girls on the dance floor. That sort of thing can be really unpleasant. Our place was more like a good party."

ROBERT, SEAN, DAVE and Chris all hail from Bristol but began working as a unit only on moving into London and meeting Vic's manager Bernie Rhodes last year. They were given a couple of Godard's songs and soon struck up a musical style that suited his material perfectly, harking back to the swing era for inspiration but infusing their sound with the stark, unfussy economy of modern pop.

Until then the very name Subway Sect had been synonymous with the constantly shifting series of faceless, loose-fitting young session musicians who had been backing Vic Godard since his live debut at the 100 Club punk festival in September 1976. The current quartet, however, have made the name their own, stamping it with their own discerning musical identity. In addition to their work with Vic, they also play with Club Left regulars Dig Wayne and Stephanie (aka Lady Blue) and last year backed both Bananarama and the mysterious Tom Cat.

There is an understated seriousness about the Sect, a determination and dynamism at odds with the vague meanderings of their vocalist Vic. There is also a lazy, dry humour in the way they go about their work, although their utilization of the swing beat is more than just a flirtatious fancy.

"When we were in Bristol all of us were loosely into jazz," says Dave. "Now the sound is orientated a lot more towards swing, which is not quite as complex as jazz. We look on it as pop music, but with a persistent skip beat."

The obvious criticism, and one which has already been loudly voiced, is that the Sect are revivalists, although they are at pains to deny any notion of nostalgia.

"I don't think it is revivalist," says Sean. "We use a swing beat because it feels right for Vic's material. It is a beat that enhances his lyrics. It might have originated a long time ago, but it is still a beat that is worth using. Whatever people say about being original, there are always influences. Just because we take our ideas from further back shouldn't really make any difference.

"It's really dangerous for people to think of it as being a '40's thing. We certainly don't. When you start trying to re-create an era, you can just get stuck in a certain fad or fashion and there's no way we want to do that. We want to try and put on something that's different."

Bernie Rhodes, who books the club as well as casting a creative eye over proceedings, sees it differently, in his view the club offers young British musicians a chance to rediscover their musical roots by going back to '40s bop and swing in much the same way as young blacks have gone back to investigate the roots — Africa — of their culture.

"I don't see it as going back musically though," says Chris. "It is more a revival of the frame of mind that was around then, the feel and the subtleties that existed in the music. We have taken that and put it into a modern context. The songs are very poppy and the lyrics are modern. We're using modern instruments and the arrangements are all pretty simple."

The Subway Sect's invigorating approach to their music is only now starting to show results on vinyl in the two recent Vic Godard singles 'Stamp Of A Vamp' (Club Left/Island) and 'Hey Now I'm In Love' (London) and an album 'Songs For Sale', recorded last June with producer Alex Sadkin but released only this week, again on the London label. The partnership between the band and Sadkin — renowned for his work with Bob Marley, Grace Jones, Hi-Tension and Third World — is one rich in potential.

"We did that album virtually live, just knocking out the basic tracks really quickly to get a good feel," says Rob. "But Sadkin was really keen to do it because it was a real departure from all the dance stuff that he had been doing. It's on the cards that we'll be working again pretty shortly."

TO THEIR CREDIT, Subway Sect and Vic Godard are far from precious about their club and their music. They want as many people as possible to enjoy it and combine their club appearances with support slots on conventional rock tours, their 'punishment' as Bernie Rhodes reportedly describes it. To date they have played with bands as diverse as Bauhaus, The Pretenders and Altered Images, who they are currently supporting on a nationwide tour.

"It's good to be able to do both club dates and big hall," says Dave. "It's great to go on tour with bands but you have to approach it in a different way, shifting the emphasis to putting on a show rather than the more intimate requirements of a club.

"But when we play with, say, Altered Images we pick up a lot of really young fans who would never normally go into a nightclub. You have to do those tours to be reasonable to your public. Sometimes it means we have to play against the odds, like when we had Bauhaus fans bottling us offstage. But we enjoy trying to handle an audience who would normally hate us. When we are tested like that it sometimes results in a better performance. A tough audience is sometimes the most pleasing to play to."

The Sect, sadly, are currently far less convincing on the big stage, as their recent appearance with Altered Images at the Hammersmith Palais showed, and Club Left may yet prove the most fruitful direction for them to channel their creative energies. It is certainly a venture worth supporting with its various offshoots of a record label and a forthcoming magazine giving it a depth that many other clubs lack.

"The whole idea of calling the place Club Left is that it has so many connotations," concludes Sean. "It doesn't necessarily mean left-wing. It could mean left-handed or left-field just as easily. It might soon be the only Club Left worth going to . . . it's just different."

Club Left credibility tip: wrap your chips in this page . . .

"Here Hugo, I've stepped in some ontological dilemma." "Shut up and smile at the camera."

GANG OF FOUR

Charles Shaar Murray untangles the Gang Of Four's ideological yarns and yawns loudly. Pennie Smith provides framework.

EFFORTLESSLY, they dominate the staircase, their giant countenances alternately thoughtful, ebullient, seductive, aggressive, charming, impassive. Here they come, on and on. There are scores of them.

Kim Wilde! The Rolling Stones! Duran Duran! Cliff Richard! Kate Bush! Kraftwerk! The Beatles! Sheena Easton! Shirley Bassey! The Stranglers! Iron Maiden! Suzi Quatro! Whitesnake! Hot Chocolate! Paul McCartney! Thomas Dolby! Pink Floyd! Queen!

As they ascend the stairs, two musicians survey this gallery with a hint of displeasure. The word 'rueful' might even be said to apply. Like the celebrities on the wall, the pair on whom we shall now focus our attention are recording artistes contracted to EMI Records, but unlike those named above, they have not been favoured with the honour of adorning the staircase.

They are two of the Gang Of Four. The lean blond one with the deadpan face and voice, the grey suit and the touch of asthma is Andrew 'Andy' Gill. His responsibility within the group is to write songs (in conjunction with vocalist Jon King), to play the guitar and to deliver monologues. The barrel-chested one with the curly hair is Hugo 'Hugo' Burnham. He plays drums and takes a certain amount of responsibility for the band's economic affairs.

Not unjustifiably, Burnham and Gill are feeling somewhat slighted by their group's omission from EMI's hall of heroes.

"Even fucking *Dolby's* up there! We sell more than him, don't we?"

"He sells more in Europe, though."

"Mm."

EMI is, of course, a Great British Insitution. It seems wholly natural to regard it as something akin to the BBC or the Houses of Parliament, and there is something grave and portly and terribly, terribly Responsible about it. If ever a record company represented the traditional idea of Britain, it would be EMI. Not one of those cheeky upwardly mobile indies or those gross, brash American conglomerates, but EMI, avuncular old EMI, the record business' answer to the British Empire. EMI gave the world The Beatles, and has eagerly sought for lucrative national assets ever since. It had The Sex Pistols before it thought better of the project, and now it has Gang Of Four, but doesn't brag about it too much.

Also on the roster — but not on the wall — are such disparate entities as Burning Spear and The Angelic Upstarts, both of whom have — like the Gang — loyal and distinct coteries of admirers who are considered neither numerically impressive nor singularly representative of Punterhood At Large. However, this could be drastically changed by the right record, which could — theoretically, anyway — emerge at any time. When it does, it will bring the following:

- Success!
- Mass Popularity!
- Serious Quantities of Money!

And they'll get their pictures on the wall. Welcome to The Family! We always knew you could do it . . .

ANY MOMENT now, Gang Of Four release their third album, 'Songs Of The Free' and prepare to set out on a nationwide trek supported by the vastly more fashionable King Trigger. The album and tour serve to introduce a new Gang member, bassist Sara Lee, who replaces Dave Allen, the latter having quit the band under fairly hideous circumstances during a US tour last year. Ms Lee — the only bass player known to this writer who happens to possess the same name as a popular brand of frozen cheesecake — has transformed the Gang's line-up into what Hugo now describes as "one woman and three token men."

Ask Burnham and Gill how they consider others see Gang Of Four these days and they reply with cynical accuracy "Used to be pretty good a couple of years ago" AND "they were the future of rock and roll, weren't they?"

A little over three years have passed since they released the 'Damaged Goods' EP on Bob Last's Fast Products label, signed with EMI and set about creating an international rep with their first album 'Entertainment!' The world they moved in then was the one where the action was: the world of Rock Against Racism, the Militant Entertainment tour, the first stirrings of Rock Against Sexism, of alcohol, sulphate, hard dialectic and hard rock, armbands, scuffles, *Temporary Hoarding*, Tom Robinson and a sharper, more articulate political sophistication growing out of the protest cliches of post-Clash punk rock.

Gang Of Four music in its Mk 1 phase was declamatory, blurting vocals (Jon King singing, Andy Gill bleakly rapping) over, under and around a guitar sound loosely derived from the pitiless, flinty rhythm style introduced by Wilko Johnson in his Feelgood days and a bass and drum sound derived more or less equally from hard funk and the Stones. Even the way the music was organised was based on ideological considerations: instruments would drop out dub-style to create what Gang members would describe as 'non-solos'.

The excitement that they could create with the resulting tension and release — and with physical stillness and motion in performance — was quite remarkable: jagged, urgent and declamatory as the punk that preceded them, they still eschewed the conventional rebel myth-making and the whole New York Dolls most-wasted-boy-alive lumber.

In a sense, they replaced Tom Robinson as Most Prominent Rock Ideologue. Tom was seen off after succumbing to charges of stodgy ideology and stodgy music, and the Gang provided both a sharper and more trenchant analysis (albeit a far more bookish one) and far more interesting, innovative and challenging music.

However, last week *they* stood accused of The Robinson Crimes in the Singles page of this very periodical (Judge Martin presiding). As an ideological rock band the Gang are by definition in trouble — rock and ideology both being more than a little out of favour at the moment — and the retreat from their original musical position which commenced with last year's 'Solid Gold' album has produced some exceedingly dodgy vinyl. Their new album contains a few tracks which mark off some new territories which could repay exploration, though, so let us acknowledge that history is in fact bunk and join Messrs Burnham and Gill in the here and now, where we're discussing the changes that have taken place in the bass department.

HB: When Dave first fled and we got with Busta (Cherry Jones, who filled in for a few US dates), it was really nerve-wracking, because I'd never played with anybody other than Dave. Reaiiy! I'd always got on really well with Dave, we had a good relationship and we were a good rhythm section. Being flung into something completely different was a real charge. Those last four gigs with Busta, I actually started listening to what I was playing

What was the actual cause of Dave Allen leaving?

AG: Dave leaving was, in the end, a good thing, because writing material had become — around the time of 'Solid Gold' — a painful process and nobody seemed to know why. It was a combined . . .

HB: It was like the lowest common denominator of everything was forcing us into a corner.

AG: I think Dave is prone to depression, and if anything didn't happen just right immediately he had to go through a vast soul-searching about it. To write successfully, you have to get a momentum going and to feel an excitement. You can't sit about and stare at each other and wait for some kind of magic.

Tell me about Sara and her entry into your lives.

HB: We knew her many years ago in Leeds when she was with bands such as Agony Column . . . after she joined us, we discovered that Dave had gone to audition for Agony Column about three months after *he'd* joined us and we didn't know it at the time. Then more recently when she was with (Robert Fripp's) League Of Gentlemen, we hooked up with them when they came to play Leeds because we vaguely knew Robert, so we all went and had tea. We were all in the car going to Bellevue Road and Robert said (incredible repro of Fripp's Wimbourne tonalities) "Ah! Bellevue Road! I came here in 1968 with King Crimson and we had an orgy here!"

Sara was actually the first person who came to mind. The afternoon in New York when it all happened, we were at our lowest point in five years. Jon and I were discussing what we were going to do and Sara Lee was just the first name that occurred. When we got back to England it took ages to get hold of her. We kept hearing messages that she was quite interested . . . we knew that she was a good bass player, we knew *her*, we thought . . . I don't want this to sound wrong, but it would be good to have a woman in the band. It just seemed appropriate, and we didn't have the energy or the nerve to go through auditions, because at the time we were also parting company from our management and we didn't really know what was going on. Finally, we got hold of her and she came, she met and she conquered. She was in. We'd actually been quite tentative, because there was still the possibility of Busta Jones coming over and joining us.

AG: That went on for *months* . . .

HB: His manager just kept hustling, because she probably thought that we had far more money and resources than we actually had. He had this band in New York with Chris Spedding, so she was saying that if he came over to do the Futurama thing or any other work it puts the others out of work so we've got to cover *their* expenses, and he's got to live in one of these service apartments . . . it would've cost the earth. I don't think Busta was aware of how much she was hustling. He was very keen. He'd been very keen in New York as well. The afternoon Dave left was really depressing . . . we had four sold-out dates on the West Coast, two in New York and one in Long Island, which had to be cancelled and which were highly-paid gigs. We really lost our arses on that tour in a big way. We were looking for bass players and Bill Laswell from Material almost did it, except that his management were asking for lots of money and Warner Brothers (the Gang's US label) were saying, "Don't worry, we'll do it, anything to keep it going." Then he turned round and said, "I can't learn this stuff, it's too difficult" and it's *twelve o'clock* on Tuesday. Thursday night we're due to fly out to the West Coast and Seattle. Tuesday night we go round and see Busta. He says, "I am the *man!* You are lookin' at *the man!*" We have one day's rehearsal, noon 'til four in the morning and he learned all the songs. It was such a lift because we really were *so low* . . .

AG: That gig in Seattle, I'd never been so nervous in my life . . .

HB: We all come on to this great cheer and start playing, and then as the gig goes on the audience get warmer and we figure we might just get through it and then Andrew and Jon start their charging around and Busta is standing there playing away and suddenly he looks up and sees them and he turns around to me and shouts, "What's *hap'nin'?* What's *hap'nin'?*" and then he realised and suddenly he was charging around like a crazed elephant, all over the stage and then he took it to the limit and went down to the front, legs open . . .

I hope you had a few sharp words with him about sexist posturing and phallic narcissism . . .

AG: We pulled him up sharp on that, I can tell you.

HB: Andrew had a very long chat with him in the hotel room about all of that, how he really shouldn't adopt these postures . . . mind you, it meant a bit of press for us at the time because everybody thought that he was going to join The Rolling Stones . . . and if he did I was going to make damn sure that I got *my* backstage pass.

Give me a Gang Of Four-eye-view of how music has changed in the last two years.

AG: I think there's been the rise of the independents. They've been completely accessible to the new ideas, which is the whole reason for their existence. They've threatened the majors, which has been the main difference, but you've also got bands like Scritti Politti who've championed independence, but who are now desperately seeking a deal with a major and giving reasons which are very much akin to the ones that we had to give when we signed to EMI.

HB: At the same time, you've got bands like Depeche Mode who are having success while remaining totally independent, which is great.

AG: It's an old point, but there aren't *that* many independent independents. They're either massive independents — which means they're really a major — like Virgin Records — or else they're independents in the sense that they're a particular shop window for a major. Those that are really independent are too small to give you the kind of money that a group needs to maintain its operation: tour backing, advances, wages, maintaining your equipment, all the expenses that you have . . .

Don't you think that, on the one hand, the synthesiser bands and, on the other, the horn-and-percussion oriented bands have done more to break away from traditional rock language and assumptions than guitar-and-drum bands whatever their ideology?

AG: I think that's a non-question because we've never attempted to get away *per se* from traditional music boundaries. That's basically a definition of avant-gardism, which was never really our concern, which was from the first to find an exciting and useful format for us to operate in. Frankly, we were inspired by some of the most . . .

HB: Rockist!

AG: . . . traditional influences. I mean, Dr Feelgood were a major source, and the reason for that was their very basic, very minimalist adherence to their format. Our intention was to have a restricted format, keep it simple and manageable and not prettify it, create its excitement and dynamic out of itself, use the interaction of basic elements to create drama. I think it's down to whatever connotations one puts on what one does. I mean, Haircut 100 are a guitar band, but no-one would call them rockist . . .

There are guitars in Haircut 100, but it's not a predominant element within their sound. The horns and percussion are, comparatively, far more prominent. They use them far more.

HB: Who doesn't? Jesus, who *doesn't?* We must have the only album out this year without Beggar & Company's horn section on it!

AG: Personally, I don't like horn playing. I don't like great banks of brass instruments on records. Doesn't do anything for me at all. Turns me right off.

HB: A muted trumpet or a single saxophone used occasionally in the Bobby Keyes mode is very acceptable. Beyond that . . .

AG: I don't really see it unless you were doing a totally different thing, but not in the structure of pop music and soul music . . .

But horns are paramount in soul music! Nearly every great soul record in the last twenty years has had horns on it!

AG: Hm. Well, it's a personal problem I have with horns. I prefer guitar.

On this album, the guitar is not — for us — particularly predominant.

HB: What!?

AG: It's not! On this album?

So who do you like these days apart from Spandau Ballet?

HB: I *only* like Spandau Ballet.

AG: I'm listening to all this classical music stuff. It's really embarrassing. I like Faure — French geezer, contemporary of Satie. Ah . . . Meatloaf. The Fall are quite an entertaining little band in a limited area, they're quite good at what they're doing. There's a lot of bands around — I was thinking last night — Thompson Twins, Simple Minds and Was (Not Was), they've all got records out at the moment which are a bit like us.

HB: These days the number of people who say that they always used to go down to Wigan Casino is almost as great as the number of people who saw the Pistols at the 100 Club, which is enough for them to have sold out Wembley. But I don't want to sit around criticising other bands.

How do you think the Gang Of Four have been influential?

AG: I think we've been fairly influential in terms of discussion of ideology. It was something that was peculiar to us and a couple of other bands. Paul Weller seems to be interested in areas of social welfare, but we're not in the same category at all. A display of conscience is not in the same bag as discussing ideology.

How do you think you and the band have altered things? What do you think your effect has been?

AG: In every area in which we've operated.

HB: Nowadays, nearly every band feels it necessary to state that they're not political or that they're just into the music, the birds and the booze, to make a point of saying we're not into being political and discussing ideology, we don't care.

But that discussion started in the late '60s, and The Clash — who in a sense operated in parallel to you — reintroduced ideology in '76–'77, though on a far less sophisticated level than you.

HB: That's something brought up far more often by *American* journalists than British journalists.

AG: I've never actually been that clear about what The Clash were *doing*, apart from raising a kind of rock and roll bravado flag. I can't quite see what they're on about in the songs apart from a sort of rabble-rousing discontent.

HB: Rebels with a cause: the 'rebel' bit being far more imporant that the 'cause'.

AG: I think I've got a bit of a hangover from lunch . . .

SO IN THE END we went down the pub, where we discussed Jon King's recent surrender to the bourgeois institution of marriage — which, due to a protracted honeymoon in an utterly inaccessible area of Crete, resulted in him not being around to record a *Whistle Test* — and discovered that it is incredibly easy to wind Hugo up about the contradiction between his stated rejection of 'juvenile male power fantasies' and his collection of Clint Eastwood videos.

It is Andrew's contention that the Gang are discussing their old topics with considerably more subtlety than before, and it's undeniable that the noise with which they accompany said topics has gone through considerable changes also. They are about to put a new sound, a new line-up and a new approach to the test and the question is: do they get their photos on the wall or their backs against it? After all, as Hugo Burnham puts it: "I'm a university graduate, I've had the same job for five years and I'm only making £70 a week."

Ry Cooder

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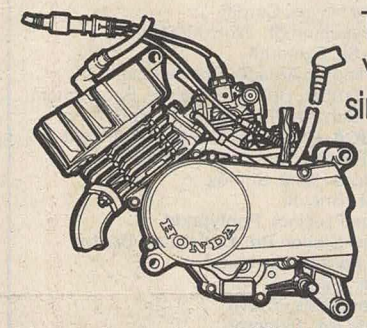

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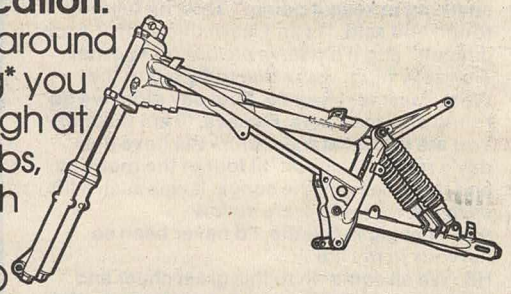

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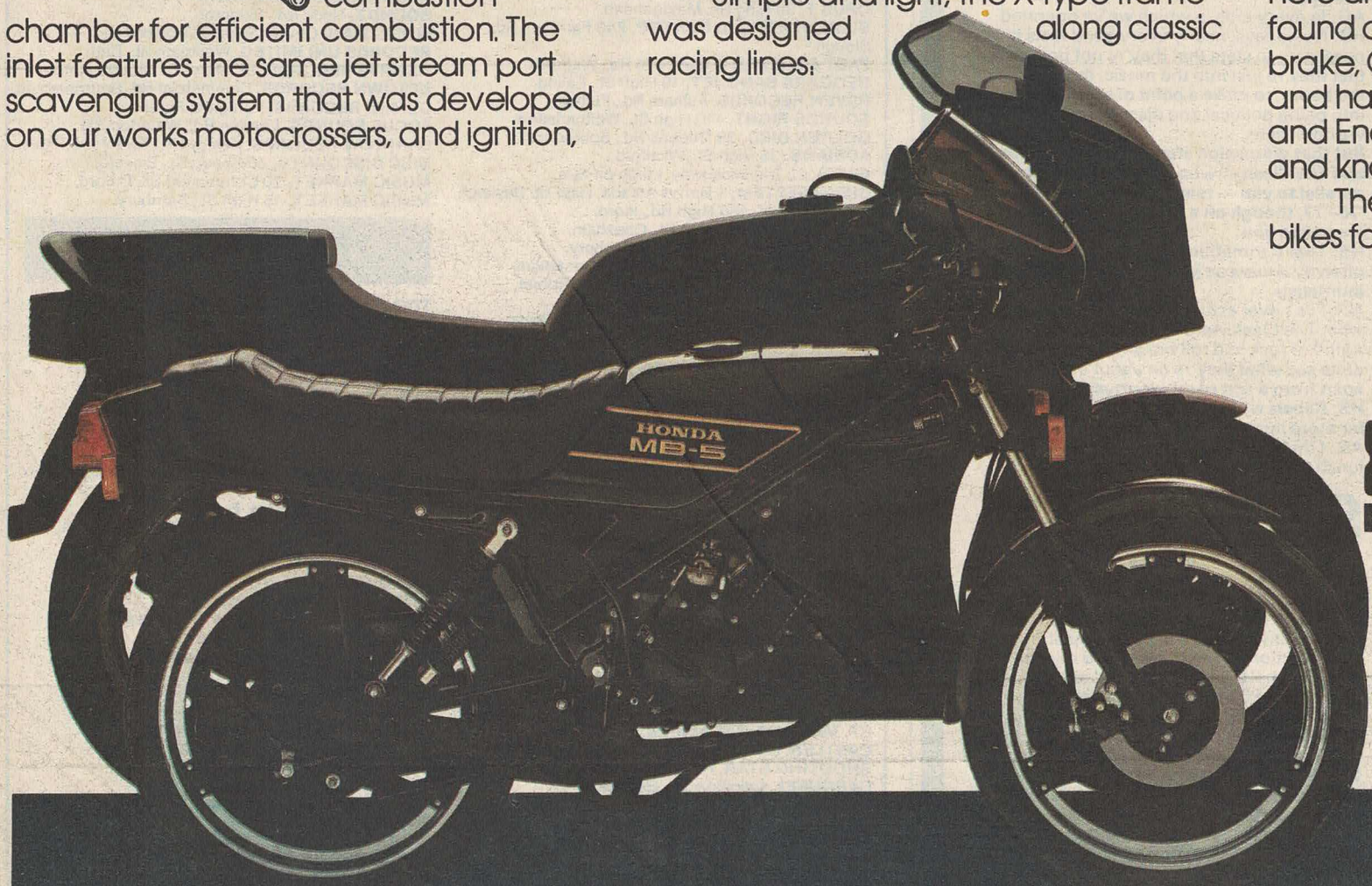

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Silver Screen

Arthur and the Accordian Man singing in the rain

FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD

Pennies From Heaven

Directed by Herbert Ross Starring Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, Christopher Walken and Jessica Harper (UIP)

"Why is it the goddam world has changed every time you come out the movies . . ?"

Ian Penman sees the Americanisation of Potter's Parker

THE AMERICANISATION of Arthur and his fatal desires . . .

Pennies From Heaven, you may recall, was six parts of Dennis Potter scripted for BBC TV in the late '70s. It broke the serial mould, hearts everywhere, and Bob Hoskins as a name actor. A soft, sweet Brechtian chorus of '20s and '30s popular lyrics stratified along acidic dialogue and background metaphysical frenzy . . . *Pennies* did all that was subsequently claimed, and more.

The viewing public warmed to the mesh of style and sensibility, format and ferment, despite it being every bit as tetchy as previous Potter plays. He was taking TV drama into risky psychological pastures, far away over the usual retentive foothills, the dimestore-Freud delineation of character we're often *lucky* to get.

It was no news in 'schizo-analysis circles, but the fact that Potter presented even likeable characters as contradictory — full of good *and* bad; i.e., no dualism at all — sure put the Oedipal shakes into soap opera.

Arthur Parker — *Pennies'* small time Ulysses — wrecks lives, is just as ready to take advantage as lend a Samaritan hand, and has a truly devillish sexuality (seducing the nice Miss Everson away from the good life teaching children to a low-life walking the street). But he's still the lovable rogue — perhaps luckier still to have had Hoskins, and now Steve Martin, to help him along our way.

Potter has rescripted *Pennies* for an hour and 47 minutes of Hollywood. It reveres but secretly reverses the Musical ethic — when his characters steal into the beauty of a nostalgic image repertoire the ultimate echo is tragic, for it is a refuge from speaking their *own* piece. Arthur pins too much on the redemption of fantastic daydreams, and you only have to consider the possible ironies embedded in the title alone — one word grounded in cheap social order, the other in paradise — to get somewhere near Potter's blue distended vision. It is one from which all sentimentality has been scoured.

THE MUSICAL consists of the meeting of Tin Pan Alley and The Street Where We Live; our dull dramas and fond hopes . . . their metred articulation. Traditionally — that is, what most of us can vaguely recall about the handful of musicals we've seen on BBC2 afternoons — the genre may be based in grubby reality, but its plots work towards great escapes. The boring or unsuccessful job is transcended, riches and true love take over.

This MGM musical for the '80s has everything but the transcedence — something Dennis obviously wouldn't allow — and Herbert Ross has translated Potter with cool craft and sure sumptuousness. The finished movie is best defined by the things it *isn't:* it isn't, strictly speaking, about Chicago in the Depression year of 1924; it isn't purely escapist fantastic cinema; it isn't even (just) a celebratory recreation, for ideas are as much explicit encounters as symbolic hints.

Pennies From Heaven therefore has little in common with something like Scorsese's idyllic *New York, New York* or Coppola's Las Vegas based *One From The Heart.*

The opening shot of a panoramic sky has a perfectly natural hue, but when it rains it pours down drops that are thin splints of perspex lit with a shock of neon lightning. Within minutes — the time it takes for Arthur to wake up and wife Joan to say "no" — Steve Martin has opened his mouth and Connie Boswell has stepped out singing 'I'll Never Have To Dream Again'. This was disconcerting — it seemed to come too suddenly; even old time musicals let the plot amble along the sidewalk an expository while before shifting into sassier gear.

I was expecting a longer poignancy — and this premature conception lent the moment a slightly too-comical aspect. But — a hint of his sterling performance to come — Martin holds it steady in a nice touch which has the dejected lover singing, his reflection in the bathroom mirror completely blank.

Martin's 'straight' acting is a revelation. If you don't know him (and you really oughta) his American reputation is built on a speedy spin of wild farce and dry wit — and seeing him come on strong in *Pennies* brought back memories of Robin Williams in *Popeye;* I guess it's down to their thorough training in timing and inflexion — these guys (oh, and add Richard Pryor) sure can act up a storm.

Bernadette Peters compliments Martin with subtle power as the wooed and wronged Eileen, using her eyes to trace a fall from grace, babyish and trusting before seduction, shellshocked and predatory thereafter. (She had already endured a leading lady role opposite Martin in his own less, erm, ontological *The Jerk.)*

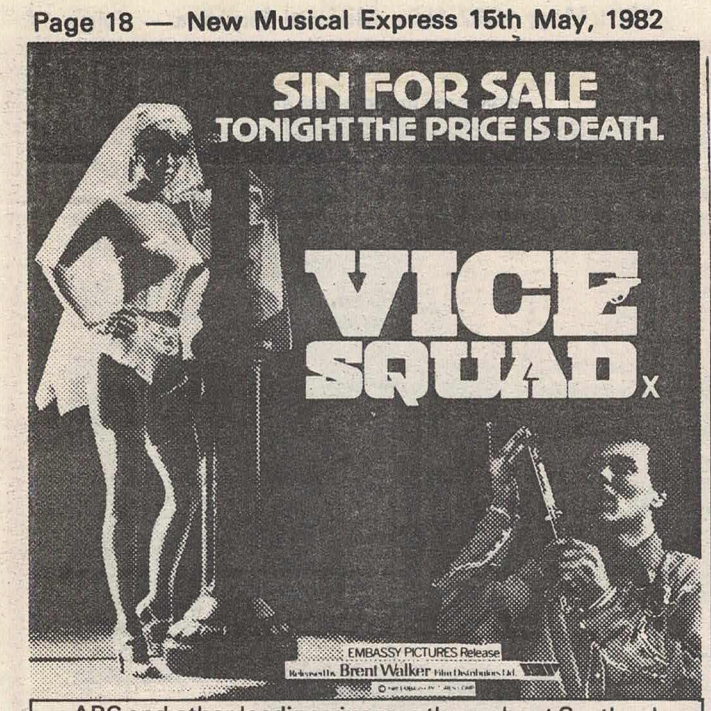
Christopher Walken steals the screen for an all too brief and incongruous cameo as Tom, the pimp who helps

■ *continues over*

Arthur

Busby babes

Eileen



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PENNIES

● *from previous page*

Eileen get on her feet again, so to speak. His song and dance sequence edges out into ragtime hallucination, possessed of a cartoon gaudiness of colour and speed of stretching limb.

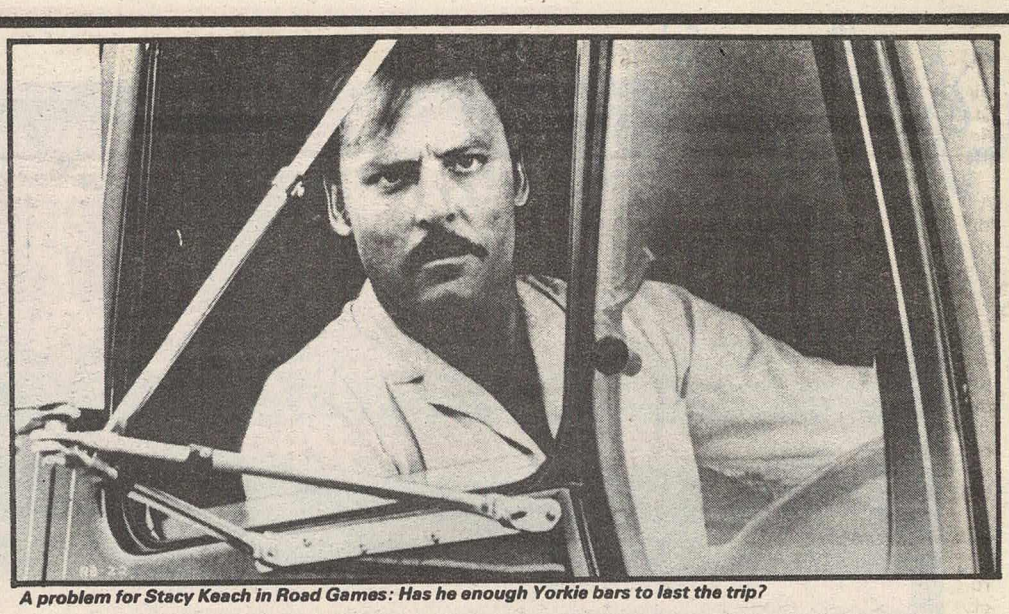
But the best dancing by far comes from Varnel Bagneris as The Accordian Man in possibly the film's most adventurously set and choreographed scene... transformed by Arthur's dime of compassion, he dreams with movement; the Edward Hopper diner splits in deference and puddles turn to gold.

I CAN NUMBER several such heavenly moments, and the only problem with the movie as a whole is that we Brits come to it with a precedent, and might find the compression disoncerting.

Critical eyes often talk of getting at the important issue "under the surface" of a movie, when the surface is an idea in itself, One such touch: in the final, fake, Happy Ending there are bills and boards and HOTEL(s) that have hung in the street-sky throughout, but one has more definition, is bolder behind the madly dancing, dreaming couple — D. ZITO'S SANITARY SURG*(ery* obscured) is a sign both funny-funny and funny-curious in its rude kind of ordinariness. It is precisely such little dabs of poisoned banality that makes for allusive magic. *Pennies From Heaven* is a zippety-doo good musical with a backdrop wheeled from an irrascible social-realist novel.

You have to give the devil his due. Whether you end up feeling it as affirmative or fatalistic, Dennis Potter's acuity is always somewhere better than the authorised version.

Ian Penman



A problem for Stacy Keach in Road Games: Has he enough Yorkie bars to last the trip?

A DOWN UNDER DUEL

Road Games

Directed by Richard Franklin
Starring Stacy Keach and Jamie Lee Curtis
(Barber International)

MAKING A Hitchcockian thriller is a difficult enough brief in post-Peckinpah cinema (as the master himself discovered in his valedictory *Family Plot).* Making one that also functions as Australian road movie and pivots on a figure as idiosyncratic as Stacy Keach stacks the odds severely against the director willing to take it on.

Richard Franklin nearly makes it, although the deficiencies in Everett de Roche's screenplay rattle the conceptual caboose of *Road Games* close to derailment on more than one occasion.

The necessary touches are there — the darkly shaded humour, the double red herrings that point audience and hero in two wrong directions, a deepening pit of trouble for the good guy to mire himself into — but the script tends to hurry through the twists clumsily enough to squander the suspense on coincidence and implausibility.

Keach is Pat Quid, the lone trucker who comes to suspect the mysterious driver of the green van that keeps turning up on his highway (a reverse echo of Dennis Weaver's opponent in *Duel)* of the spate of ugly murders of road hikers he hears about on the radio; Jamie Lee Curtis is the hitcher suss enough to agree his theories and assist in the pursuit.

Though less happy with the intellectual side of Quid's character — an improbable recourse to Keats and Bronte to while away the grey ribbon hours — Keach's dissolution into a deep pool of cold sweat is spot-on, as the obsessive chase threatens self-annihilation on circumstantial evidence; and Franklin's dry evocation of a strange hostile road peopled seemingly by the same handful of suspicious drivers is an ideal feed for the paranoia. But Curtis is wasted in her part — some hint of Hawksian fellowship is winked at in their exchanges and left in the bud by the abrupt rush to an unsatisfactory resolution.

Maybe, as suggested, the problem is that old-fashioned values like creeping tension and menace prefigured by an innocent reflection in a rear-view mirror need real whiplash style to be carried off in an age where bludgeoning shock is the norm.

Franklin is rather too busy with his homage for that, though at its best the film has an icy grip to hand: watch Quid's fearful torchlight examination of the interior of his truck, pork carcasses the cargo (what else?), only to discover . . .

I'm not telling. Nor the hilarious visual punchline which Hitch would have loved. All reservations aside, another fine Australian picture.

Richard Cook

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Monty Smith sorts out circuit releases

The Boat (Directed by Wolfgang Petersen). Lugubrious U-boat drama, ludicrously dubbed into English, which shows — at great length — the German seamen at work, the German officers at play. **(Columbia)**

The Border (Tony Richardson). A chaste love story set against a depressing backdrop of wetback trafficking and cop corruption on the Tex-Mex border. Lots of cheap shots at Yankee consumerism and, despite Jack Nicholson's sturdy central performance, it doesn't hang together at all. **(UIP)**

Buddy Buddy (Billy Wilder). Cantankerous comedy vehicle for Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon, based on characters originally played by Lino Ventura and Jacques Brel in *L'Emmerdeur.* Reviewed next week. **(UIP)**

Chariots Of Fire (Hugh Hudson)/Gregory's Girl (Bill Forsyth). Best of British double bill in the wake of BAFTA and the Oscars. Both films are unbelievably cheerful and immensely likeable. **(20th Century Fox/ITC)**

Clean Slate (Bertrand Tavernier). One of the year's best, an explosively funny rant against colonialism and corruption, Jim Thompson's original Deep South novel *Pop 1280* being re-located in the French West Africa of 1938. Reviewed next week, when *Silver Screen* also talks to Tavernier. **(Curzon)**

Evil Under The Sun (Terence Young). Peter Ustinov repeats his Poirot impersonation in a damn silly but undeniably entertaining adaptation of Dame Agatha's wordy tome. **(EMI)**

Mad Max 2 (George Miller). Blood'n'guts'n'gore in a sharply-made sequel to *For Whom Max Bell Toils,* an Australian box office success in which absolutely no one wore nursery curtains. This is the sort of film that gives violence a good name. **(Warner Bros)**

Quadrophenia (Franc Roddam)/Southern Comfort (Walter Hill). A ridiculous double bill: Roddam's low-life study of '60s mods works well enough on its own terms but pales into insignificance next to Hill's masterly handling of an allegorical military muck-up in the Louisiana Everglades. **(Brent Walker/EMI)**

Carradine in Southern Comfort

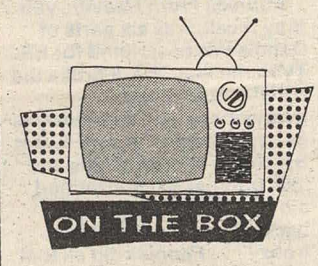
Quest For Fire (Jean-Jacques Annaud). Primates on parade in a dawn of man epic that manages to be both excitingly ingenious and humorously ingenious. **(20th Century Fox)**

Scum (Alan Clark)/The Long Good Friday (John MacKenzie). A brilliant double bill: Ray Winstone leads the Borstal boys in Clark's exciting dissection of institutionalised violence, Bob Hoskins is the leader of the gang in MacKenzie's dazzling thriller, pitting South London villains against the genuine article in the most authentic depiction of organised crime in Britain since Nicolas Roeg's *Performance.* **(Rank/HandMade)**

Stripes (Ivan Reitman)/Private Benjamin (Howard Zieff). Flabby double dose of military highjinks, the pair of them coming across like pilots for sitcoms. **(Columbia/Warner Bros)**

Visiting Hours (Jean Claude Lord)/Escape From New York (John Carpenter). One of the great adventure films of last year, incongrously twinned with *Visiting Hours,* another unpleasant knife flick from Canada. **(20th Century Fox/Barber International)**

The Warriors (Walter Hill)/Dogs Of War (John Irvin). Hill's neatly choreographed tale of tribal warfare among New York streetgangs will seem all the more attractive next to Irvin's tedious moralising about the dirty business of mercenaries. **(UIP)**



Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde (Directed by John S. Robertson 1920). Thanks to John Barrymore's demented central performance(s) this silent version of Stevenson's pocket book almost holds its own with the Fredric March (1931) and Spencer Tracy (1941) outings. The definitive version remains *The Nutty Professor.* **(BBC2 Friday May 14)**

Touch Of Evil (Orson Welles 1958). Rumblings in Los Robles as Charlton Heston's Mexican narc comes up against one of the great anti-heroes in American cinema, Orson Welles' reptilian police chief Hank Quinlan. An extremely dark and sinister thriller, brilliantly made (right from the colossally complex, seven-minute continuous opening take, undiminished even by Universal's stupid decision to plonk the credits over it). One of the very few films worthy of the description 'masterpiece'. **(BBC2 Saturday May 15)**

F For Fake (Orson Welles 1973). The last film — so far — made by the big man, a playful semi-documentary about frauds and charlatans (among whom Welles is happy to count himself). A two-hour *Arena* interview with the enormously gifted old faker is scheduled for Tuesday May 18. **(BBC2 Sunday May 16)**

Monty Smith

An Eye For An Eye

Directed by Steve Carver
Staring Chuck Norris, Richard Roundtree and Christoper Lee
(Barber International)

A FLYWEIGHT farrago of high kicks and low IQs, *An Eye For An Eye* collapses as surely as the potato-sack dummies who serve as the opposition to Chuck Norris' flailing feet ("He doesn't need a weapon . . . He *is* a weapon!" rave the posters) by refusing to be played for laughs.

Those practiced in the art of barracking the martial men from the stalls will be aware that the finest entrees from the chopping block skip the emoting quotient for the purity of action, rumpling rules of plot and characterisation: Confucius he say "Man who make kung fu film must first observe HYEE-AH! things before higher things."

This one tries laughably to concoct surroundings of some substance to buttress the usual jaw-cracking. The unsmiling Norris is Sean Kane, a cop who's been to too many Eastwood pictures and turns in his badge after the unpleasant death of his partner in a narcotics trap. All precinct cap'n Richard *(Shaft)* Roundtree can do is purse his moustache in exasperation as the chivalrous muscleman sorts out a gigantic heroin ring masterminded by a thoroughly embarrassed Chris Lee.

Spellbinding stuff? Unfortunately, Norris is as compelling as a well-groomed scarecrow when it comes to holding down a line and most of the physicality is oddly perfunctory; even the climatic confrontation between our hero and Lee's giant clubfooted henchman The Professor (I'll wager he didn't go to no art school) is cursorily disposed with.

Only the slaughterhouse porportions of the liberating SWAT raid on Lee's fortress are truly comic, and in this portentious context it works against the film.

Baloney — and not even good baloney at that. It should do the sagging careers of Norris *(Enter The Dragon)* and Roundtree no good at all. Cheap chop phooey.

Richard Cook

Private Lessons

Directed by Alan Myerson
Starring Sylvia Kristel, Howard Hesseman and Eric Brown (Sunn Classic)

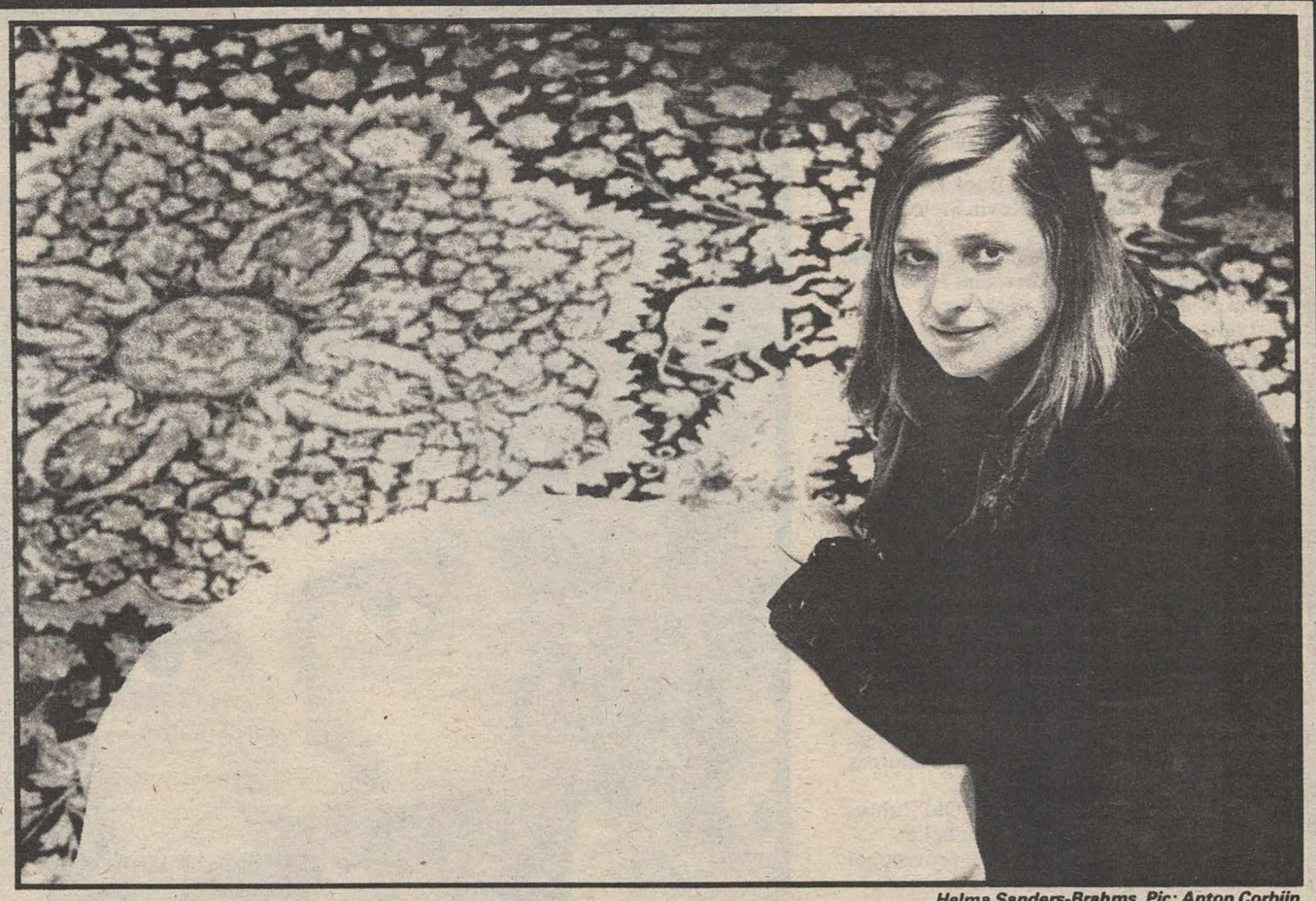
THIS ONE'LL be *easy* for you, Sylvie, really. Yeah, the dialogue's not so tough — I mean, who ever heard of a French maid yammering out *Shakespeare?*

They've got this guy, uh, Dan Greenberg to do the script . . . oh, it's from some novel he wrote. Smart guy, doubles his cheque.

What else has he done? You gettin' smart or sump'n? Lessee . . . *Kiss My Firm But Pliant Lips? Scoring: A Sexual Memoir? How To Be A Jewish Mother?!* Jeez . . . no sweat, it'll be a cinch. All you gotta do is smile sweet, look kinda . . . soft — no, *moist,* that's it . . . and drop the clothes. The usual. No more'n six weeks shooting, I'd put my ass on it.

Uh? It's about some 15-year-old kid. His old man goes away and leaves him with the chauffeur and the maid — that's you. He flips when you get hot for him but doesn't realise it's all part of some heist you two've thought up — sorta complicated. Black comedy, I guess you'd call it. (Thinks: *Shee-it!* And you, sweetpants, are about as funny as a morticians' convention!)

And . . .yeah, yeah, here it is, page twenny-seven. You get to have a bubble bath with the kid. Oh QUIT THAT BAWLING FOR CHRISSAKES! You got your goddam analyst this afternoon aintcha?



Helma Sanders-Brahms. Pic: Anton Corbijn

GERMANY'S PALE DAUGHTER

Chris Bohn talks to Helma Sanders-Brahms about No Mercy, No Future, the diary of a schizophrenic. Ian Penman (below) sees the film and wonders if his other half will like it.

"BERLIN," says Helma Sanders-Brahms — at 41 one of the youngest and most audacious of Germany's new directors — "is like a hot house. Everything grows faster inside its walls. It's not like other towns where people leave each other alone, live in their own quarters. Here people with religious/ideological or political differences live right next to each other, rub up against each other."

Which is why Berlin is often taken as a microcosm of Modern Germany. A divided city isolated deep inside puritanical East Germany, West Berlin was once the glittering show window of the Wirtschaftswunder. Now its slide into urban decay mirrors the miracle's decline.

It's an ideal re-location — from the French/German frontier — for Helma Sanders-Brahms' new film *No Mercy, No Future,* a harrowing biography of a schizophrenic girl, who sifts the city's derelicts, its immigrant workers, discarded cripples and old folk for a Christ figure to whom she offers her body and love.

"The people who live in Berlin seem to think of it as a psychiatric asylum with a wall all around it," says Helma. "In fact, it has the highest rate of suicides, and of people in asylums, of any city in the world."

Because Helma's heroine is mad, so to speak, she is neither hindered by German reserve — especially towards its misnomered guest workers — nor its taboos: those same workers, communism, openness. Consequently her behaviour shocks "the lower middle class, the biggest class in Germany."

"It's not at all decent what she does," continues Helma. "But in a way it is very understanding and loving. And in my view she has really touched on a lack in this society. She" (and consequently the film) "poses the question: how can you live in a society where love is put aside, where whenever you talk about the needs of the poor, the ugly and the derelicts, you always talk about their need for money?

"But I don't think love is about tea and soup, sausages for poor people. The real true idea of love has been totally changed to sympathetic behaviour, which doesn't help at all. Sympathy just costs money. That's all."

Helma pauses, smiling: "I don't say everyone should go out and make love with old men and guest workers, but the fact is that the girl is taking the Christian demand for love very seriously. And in that she is not wrong."

No Mercy forces the viewer to see the world through the schizophrenic's fractured vision. It is subjectively filmed from inside the girl's mind. No explanations of her condition are given — this is not a case study.

"I didn't want the clinical view to be taken," asserts Helma. "I wanted her to be taken seriously and if it were recounted as just another case of madness, the sort of religious discussion behind the film wouldn't have come out."

The girl's exposure of the spiritual impoverishment that is the sombre side of the economic miracle continues a theme begun in Helma's previous film *Germany, Pale Mother.* Though she has established a regular pattern of a picture a year during the last decade, *Germany* was the first to expand her reputation outside her native boundaries.

Another intensely personal film, Helma drew it from the memory of her mother's lone survival of the war and the fierce independence it bred in her while her husband was at the front. For them, the post-war period was anything but happiness and reconciliation. Germany grew fatter, Helma's family fell apart. "It was also about the war in the kitchen and the bedroom," remarks Helma.

The lonesome child of *No Mercy* in effect picks up where *Germany Pale Mother* left off; she was born into the emotional vacuum that followed the period of reconstruction.

"*Germany* is the mother, and *No Mercy* is the daughter," concurs Helma. "For me she represents the generation of today, though her behaviour is not at all representative or exemplary. She's not an example — she's unique."

No Mercy, No Future takes its English title from a piece of punk graffiti on the Berlin Wall. Perhaps either of DAF's two contributions to wall scrawling would've been more appropriate: *"We're the Turks of Tomorrow"* or *"Germany, Germany, It's All Over!"*

Elisabeth Stepanek in No Mercy, No Future

"Now look me in the eyes and say that . . ." Sylvia Kristel and Eric Brown take Private Lessons

The director's Alan Majorson — no, Myerson. I got to get these glasses fixed. Ummm . . . his second picture. Last one was *Steelyard Blues* — Jesus, that was *years* ago. And that one looked pretty cheap — great performances, yeah, I remember that guy Boyle was real funny in it — says here he wants this one to have a European feel to it. Boyoboy, an *artist.*

Listen, kid, don't look at me like that. You wanna know the other script I got today? *Green Emmanuelle.* Yeah, the seasick version. You wanna take this one or not?

Richard Cook

No Mercy, No Future

Directed by Helma Sanders-Brahms
Starring Elisabeth Stepanek
(Mainline)

SHE LIVES her life underwater, receiving muted and unreal echoes of the world above. Buttoned in by an intolerable psychological numbness, drifting her location, she transmits a deceptive tranquility. Perception is a river. Ideas, feelings, have no edges — and rarely meet . . .

Helma Sanders-Brahms' depiction of schizophrenia's clutching insistence is not for cinema-goers brought up on Jekyll and Hyde. *No Mercy, No Future* began with a letter to the director from a young German girl under schizophrenia's reign, and it is not a film that steps lightly or without troubled conscience through the kingdom of madness.

It was filmed scriptless, straight from the subject's open-heart diary, and veers from stressful farce to humble tragedy. It is a sympathetic portrait of a completely amoral state where the lack of personal control is risible, grotesque or tender — and impossible to criticise.

Sanders-Brahms is best known here for 1980s' *Germany, Pale Mother,* but has ten years' experience in TV and film behind her. *No Mercy* is that risky enterprise, drama-documentary, and — a few blushes of awkward symbolic crystalisation aside — is both involving and casually informative. Tone is not sacrificed to Message, politics not assuaged by style. Elisabeth Stepanek as the girl, Veronika, has more to manoeuvre than most actresses go through in a career; if nothing else her performance should make a few think twice about Meryl Streep or Diane Keaton as epitomes of female suffering.

It's really a film that raises sociological (in the broadest sense) rather than aesthetic questions, and transfering its unnerving imagery into print would only make it seem inaccessibly extreme.

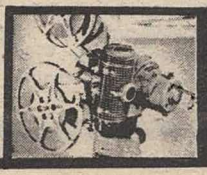
It *is* extremely explicit, but it's not this fact alone that makes *No Mercy* as "harrowing" as the posters suggest — more that the jolts are anchored in our own everyday and not directorial fantasy. But be prepared — what viewing pleasure is here is the edge of a razor blade, poised against fingertips and ready to slice longitudinally.

There are reminders of the early cruel abandonment of Fassbinder, and of Makavejev's more recent *Montenegro.* The implicit criticism of social 'care' and the subject's pale state can also be found in the current literature of writers like Saul Bellow and Gunter Grass — from different origins a mutual perplexity over the problem of society's "under class", all the difficult minorities bound up as . . . one majority.

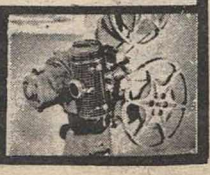
The moment in *No Mercy* which figured strongest for me was the nomadic Veronika traipsing into the ever-diminishing walkabout of a coterie of Berlin prostitutes — to the schizoid vision, figures doing nothing but strolling around lost, just like herself.

Then again, it could become a cult 'rock' movie for the scene where, wandering along the Wall, Veronika pauses under a graffito of enthusiastic North London origin. An arrow points over to the Other side: MADNESS HAVE GONE!

Ian Penman



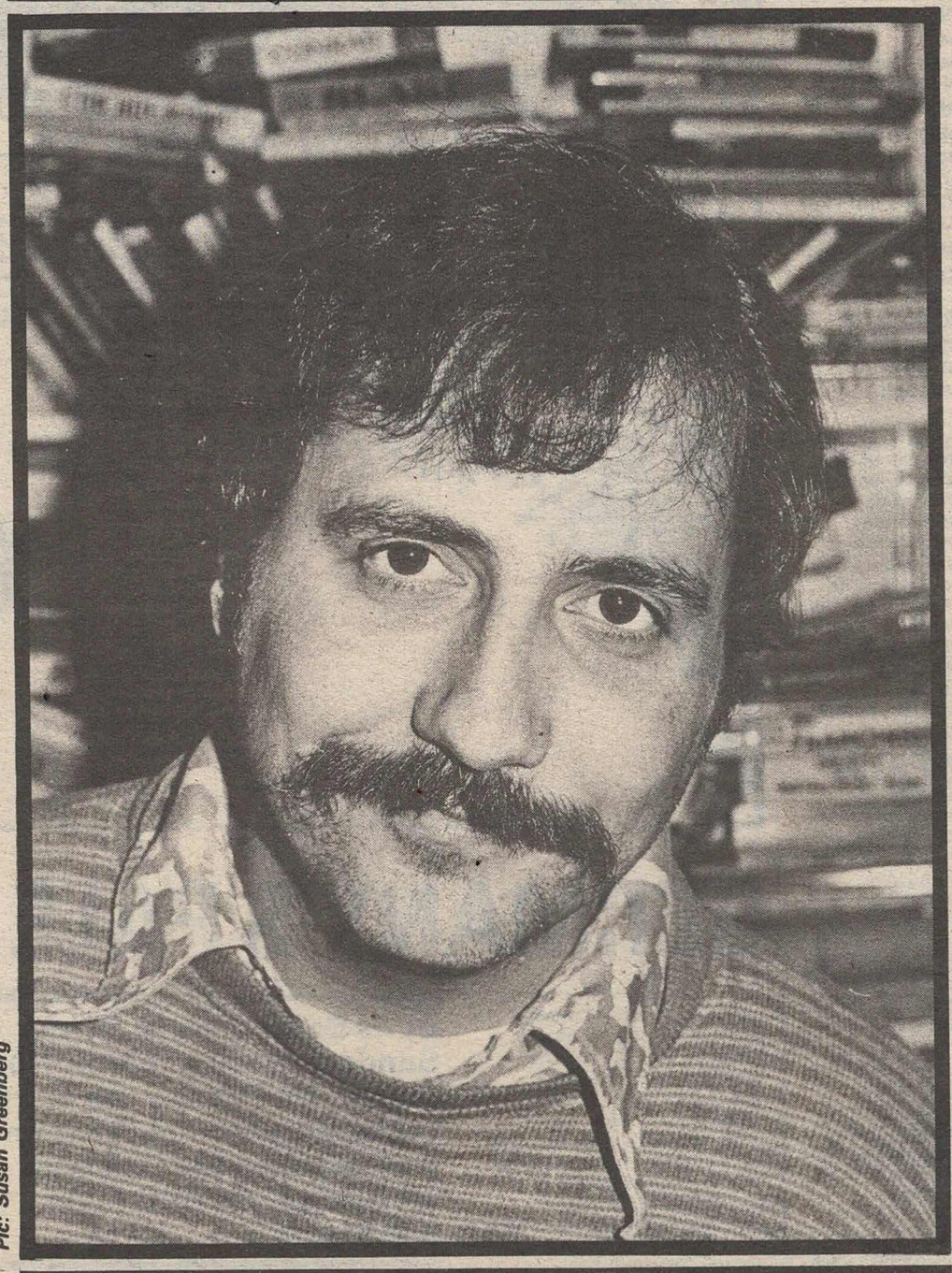
NEXT WEEK IN SILVER SCREEN
CLEAN SLATE
THE BIZARRE BLACK COMEDY REVIEWED
THE FRANKLY ODD DIRECTOR INTERVIEWED



OBITUARY

"Lester Bangs is the rock critic's rock critic, a man gifted verbally in much the same way that James Brown is gifted as a dancer. As an editor of Creem, *and as contributor to all manner of publications from the sublime to the sordid, Bangs is not merely notorious but absolutely legendary."*
— From 'The Rolling Stone Book Of Rock Lists' by Dave Marsh and Kevin Stein.

"I'm talking about people like Lester Bangs. They've got a lot of pose in them. He's one of the great upholders of all that crap. They just turn around when it becomes fashionable or unfashionable or whichever way and take another pose. Bangs is just an independent journalist and you can see it even in him, that he's doing it only to try and keep his price per word up."
— Mick Jagger in an interview with Paul Morley, NME 28.6.80.



Pic: Susan Greenberg

LESTER BANGS 1948-1982

Ballad Of A Loudhearted Man

BY NICK KENT

TWO BRASH STATEMENTS, you must agree, suspended above to provide a potentially neat little piece of literary juxtaposition and as good a preface as any I can truss together to traipse into the matter at hand.

Mind you, both the first-quoted, boasting an adamant veneer of authoritatitve allure is just one man's opinion, as is the wrong-headed spleen-venting of Old Rubber Lips. *Opinion* as in judgement or belief based on grounds short of proof; provisional conviction, a four-syllable word encompassing every nuance of meaning betwixt 'professional statement of belief' and 'dirt-dishing pea-brained conjecture'. Not like fact. Horse of a completely different kick. Fact spits on the very concept of conjecture for 'fact' is absolute, undeniable, unshakeable in its omnipotence.

So let's get with the fact, OK. Big time.

LESTER BANGS — christened Leslie Bangs by his Jehovah Witness parents in the Sand Diego precinct of Southern California in 1948 — dies in his downtown Manhattan apartment on the evening of Friday April 30th, 1982. He was found by a friend lying fully-clothed on the living room sofa, surrounded by a number of less-than-pristine items from the habitual debris of a sprawling record collection which invariably took up most of the floor space in his apartment.

Foul play was immediately ruled out by routine police investigations and no indication of criminal intent has issued from the office of Dr Joyce Leffers — Deputy Chief Medical Examiner for the City of New York — who is carrying out the post mortem. A post-mortem is carried out whenever there is suspicion from any source (the police, family or doctor who handles the death certificate) that death may not have occured from natural causes.

At press time Dr Leffers would say only that any talk of a verdict was "incorrect, as we have not completed all the studies. As of now there is no establishec cause of death, so the case is still under investigation." To determine a 'probable' cause might be "a matter of several weeks' work."

Meanwhile rumours of Bangs' untimely demise have circulated, pinpointing myriad possibilities: heart seizure, a severe bout of influenza or some relatively minor ailment conspiring to score a fatal blow on a system considerably impaired through an excess of substandard living conditions. Lester's was a somewhat fickle and disgruntled metabolism often at odds with his natural exuberance and the sceptre of one too many health-strafing excursions into that state of fevered illumination from whence Bangs' ebullient visions of the perennial blowhard had once found their source.

However, suicide has resolutely been deemed unlikely, not merely by overprotective acquaintances, but also by all circumstances relating to Bangs' spiritual well-being at the time of his death.

Lester's spirits were clearly in a high-bound ascendant throughout April. He was financially solvent for the first time in ages — to a point where his maverick vocation had now drawn him to the threshold of a bankable credibility. He was currently enjoying a stable romantic liaison whilst in the throes of an eighteen month-old pact with temperance that had afforded him the aspect of physical well-being (clear eyes, an absence of unsightly flab, a natural exuberance attained without recourse to stimulants that had on prior occasion preyed upon his physical and mental well-being).

Only a day or so prior to Black Friday he had handed in the finished manuscript of *Rock Gomorrah*, his third book for Delilah press. A joint collaboration with arch-archivist and brother of Phil, Michael Ochs, and boasting such chapter headings as "How I Gave Up Meat Packing and Decided to Enter the Rock'n'Roll Business by Sonny Bono", *Rock Gomorrah* was unanimously lauded by all who were privy to its first draft as being "Lester's real masterpiece" and Bangs, for his part, was clearly elated by both his accomplishment and the reception thus far.

Indeed, this marriage of spiritual exuberance and financial well-being had finally afforded him the vocational coup necessary to tackle his first major non-rock project, his much mulled-over study of relationships between men and women in our age. The novel — tentatively entitled *All My Friends Are Hermits* — was to have been completed in Mexico, the chosen location for an up-coming extended working vacation. A ticket was in the process of being purchased, and arrangements made for the long-awaited sojurn.

Bangs hadn't written out a will to coincide with his untimely passing. He was witnessed approximately one half hour before his death conversing with a neighbour who later observed that he (Bangs) was talking coherently and seemed in reasonable spirits. The friend who discovered his corpse has remarked that his face-in death possessed a serenity that bore evidence to a peaceful exit.

SO THERE are some facts for us all to ponder o'er. Every italicised phonetic scrawled in the spirit of detached objectivity. Now some would say that the objective stance is hardly the corrent posture to assume when writing about Lester. A few will doubtless mutter "blasphemy" at the word's very appearance in an obituary to this man. Well fuck 'em, say I, though Christ knows, Lester Bangs could be guilty of hopeless subjectivity in his attitude to extrapolating real value, sense, nonsense, the dank smell of corruption or whatever else lurked behind the veneer of his chosen subject.

He instinctually believed that to get to the heart of the matter he had to wear his heart quite brazenly on his sleeve. Lester always thrust himself heart-first into the fray of whatever concern — however lukewarm its outward aspect might at first appear, however tawdry the charade — and he would grapple with his gut-reaction, binding himself to the crucial honesty of 'feeling'.

His approach, however mercurial the hailstorms of verbiage might blurrily seem, was always loud-heartedly methodical. Questions needing answers: "Does this move me? if so, why? If not, why not?" And if the reply to that querelous "why not" happened to cast an unsightly shadow of doubt over his critical faculties, well then so be it.

Lester craved illumination absolutely as much as he craved that miraculous sense of grand sensory elevation — of transcendence — that the music he loved so passionately gave him. As a critic he understood the essence of his trade. This music which had given him so much and through which he could achieve a state of blissful surrender, for this cleansing tonic to be saved from the harridan cadence of 'dirge' demanded a covenant as tireless to uphold as his zealot inquisitiveness needed constantly slaking.

Lester as rock writer — stop, make that Lester Bangs as writer, thinker, wit, blowhard, as loud-hearted zealot — was one of those extraordinary figures — the man alone (alone not for enigmatic self-gratification but because circumstances simply placed him out on the side) who blustered and shouted in a meticulous cadence of immaculate insobreity, who cared about living life to the rambunctious hilt whilst always heeding its lessons.

Here was a man who basked in the impetuous heat of the music he loved so much that if need be, he would demean himself knowingly to a state of rampant buffoonery if only to attempt facing off the soul-slaking forces of corruption and dread mediocrity that fester in this sorry market place, which is always ready to put a price on the invaluable, always there with a slick label for the latest product, always conspiring some new clique-ridden friend for us sheep to suckle up against. Always taking a predatory stance, ready to pounce and debase the 'essence', to turn values into cliches, to turn human beings into sheep, to turn survivors into 'casualties'.

A MITE TOO subjective, you say? Well I'm game for a more objective assessment. Lester Bangs: His Career & Legacy.

1969: L. Bangs, 21, living at home with his mother (also recently deceased), gravely concerned after witnessing her son destroy a cupboard to the aural delirium of Velvet Underground's 'Sister Ray', seeks alternative from work as shoesalesman in El Macon by submitting album reviews to *Rolling Stone*. Reviews editor John Landau prints the submitted prose and Bangs' lugubrious moniker is sited often at the foot of prose that exalts loudly at the left-field talents of Velvet Underground, Captain Beefheart (Bangs' rave of 'Trout Mask Replica' saves album from an abrupt extinction), Miles Davis, Rolling Stones, Cecil Taylor and Tony Williams' Lifetime, whilst berating the bland-on-bland produce of burgeoning F.M. easy-listening.

1971: Emancipated from a life spent staring at feet, Bangs leaves West Coast to join Detroit-based *Creem* magazine, believing that the Motor City is still burning. It isn't, but Bangs' nascent excursions into the 'gonzo' *ouevre* help *Creem's* transformation from ersatz fanzine to the most incisive and challenging rock periodical of the early '70s. Whilst at *Creem's* Birmingham office, Lester single-handedly creates 'the trash aesthetic' in order to re-evaluate and debunk rock's rich tapesty of self-deluding pomposity.

1973: Having been ostracized by most of the U.S. music business for not selling out, his scabrous insights incur hostility from the self-appointed fecklessly academic rock critic mafia, who conspire to bar him from the reviews section of *Rolling Stone* using the "irreverent" downgrading of a Canned Heat album as the reason. He tells them to go fuck themselves and continues the invention of 'punk rock' as truest challenger to the null-noded tones of corporate 'dirge'. He also plans a 10,000 word tribute to the Troggs for a fanzine, followed by a 20,000 word 'appreciation' of the Dave Clarke Five.

1974: Finds kindred spirits in Great Britain (aka 'Limeyland' — a Bangseian appellation) centred in *New Musical Express*. One callow youth — not unconnected to 'Yours Truly' — had spent much of previous year zealously studying the Bangs' approach and had been press-ganging cohorts to join the gonzo shift whilst basing his stylistic thrust-and-parry on The Master. *Creem* undergoes radical transformation from thinking slob's Bible of good humoured survival in time of cultural blight and uncertainty, to glossy tabloid riddled with an uneasy compromise to the taxing constraints of commercial potential. 'Blowhard' Bangs holds hard and enjoys *NME* patronage. A hearty trashing of Emerson, Lake and Palmer prefaces a subsequent bonanza of scabrous insights.

1976: Lester, antlers locked with the *Creem* publishing hierarchy, decides to eschew editorship of same and move to New York. All ties cut with the Detroit mag, by this time diluted to a state of Kiss-Ted Nugent fanzine. There follows a hefty self re-appraisal of the Bangseian lifestyle, vision and ambition. Bangs' indefatigable questing spirit collides head-on with the brute edge of "who-gives-a-fuck" nitilism. Clowntime is over. Still, he composes the most perceptive obituary on Presley's death.

1977: Having invented the punk rock aesthetic back in 1971, Lester lives to see the term he pioneered sprout horns and run amok in Babylon's china shop some six years on. Like many others over twenty-five, he wants to be involved but is only cautiously invited. A scabrous piece on the Pistols *(NME May 28, 1977)* is the first consummation replete with cheap shots. Lester sees the light on tour with The Clash in the autumn. Unfortunately his ardour curdles in print when stretched out to a three-part marathon that represents his nadir.

1978: The death of close friend-and-wreckless-debauchee Peter Laughner provokes Bangs' most compassionate and moving exercise in inspirational prose. *"And if I have run out of feeling for the dead I can also truly say that from here on out I am only interested in true feeling, and the pursuit of some ultimate escape from that was what killed Peter, which is all I truly knew of his life, except that the hardest thing in this living world is to confront your own pain and go through it, but somehow life is not a paltry thing after all next to this child's inheritance of eternal black. So don't anyone try to wave goodbye."*

1980: Bangs' *NME* 'Letter From America' teeters to a halt. A single, 'Let It Blurt', is released with Bangs playing live with a band (inc. the great Robert Quine) around N.Y.C. clubs. Girlfriend Karen Muloon passes on a quick biog. on subject of Blondie. Lester takes on the assignment to pay the rent and created the first *subversive* exploitation rock book.

1981: "This book writing gig is OK," remarks Lester, having received 5,000 dollars from German sales of *Blondie*. A second tome of inspired hackdom on *Rod Stewart* and co-authored by the vastly inferior Paul Nelson is dashed off to follow. Meanwhile Bangs' wit hits new peaks in *Village Voice* principally with a review of reggae artist Big Youth — 'Big Youth Go Home' and some wickedly funny debunking of rock's pious strain — 'John Lennon is Alive And Well And Living In Richard Hell'.

1982: "Almost all current music is worthless. It has no soul. It is fraudulent and so are the mechanisms that perpetuate the lie that anybody else finds it vital enough to do more than 'consume' or 'file' or 'collect' . . . I don't know what I'm going to write about — music is the only thing in the world I really care about — but I simply cannot pretend to find anything compelling in the choice between pap and mud." — Extract from Lester Bangs' entry to *Village Voice* Jazz And Pop Poll.

A FACT TO END? Possibly.

Lester Bangs was the greatest rock critic of all time, the form's most far-sighted visionary, its most passionate defendant and its most scabrous berator.

Big deal! I mean, so what? Facts don't do this man justice because facts won't inform you that at his best Lester Bangs almost single-handedly elevated this once-shapeless — and currently fairly parasitical — form to an art, and in his execution of that art, he gave utterance to a tongue every bit as mighty, as dynamic, as loud-spirit, as thrilling and as vivid as the greatest music he championed. A fearless oppressor of 'dirge', his passing is doubly tragic because that empty turgid tone is polluting the airwaves like never before and we need the Lester Bangs of this world to remind us to turn on our senses and get down and deal with what is really wrong.

In his head, hands and heart, the *word* was made whole.

So long, arsehole.

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DURAN DURAN

SINGLES

Reviewed by LYNN HANNA

SINGLES OF THE WEEK NUMBERS 1 TO 3 . . . OR IT'S AS EASY AS ABC . . .

ADAM ANT: Goody Two Shoes (CBS)
Breaking out is hard to do when you're an almost past-perfect pop phenomenon. But those who feared for Adam's survival after the swift shooting star of Antmania and the dismal dirge of 'Antrap' can be reassured that, on this evidence anyway, the story is far from finished. Estranged from his Ants apart from faithful friend Marco and loyal producer/drummer Merrick, Adam is pictured refreshingly *sans* paint on the cover and 'Goody Two Shoes' is bursting with the sort of vitality that characterised his best early Indian-era output. An inspired pirate plundering of raw, slapping rockabilly and syncopated swing, this is big, bold and brassy. Once again the Ant-warrior has proved that he's agile enough to escape the stasis of success by his loving, mocking manipulation of pop myths: *"If your heart breaks open / so much you can't hide / put on a little make-up / make sure they get your good side."*

MADNESS: House Of Fun (Stiff)
Only Madness could manage this serio-comic tightrope trick, and although they don't seem the types to come over all precious about a pop skill that time seems to be further refining, 'House Of Fun' is excellent. Switchback twists and sleight-of-hand subtleties mark out the perfect scenario for an '80s cartoon caper, and like all good clowning theirs is an act that contains an unstressed sterner element. The subject matter is of this particular amusement arcade seems to be the difficulties in reaching the magical age of consent only to find the doors to adult pleasures remain still resolutely shut. All of which goes to prove once again that you don't have to force a grim and grudging Social Realism on your listeners to create a personal and highly pertinent pop entertainment.

JAPAN: Cantonese Boy (Virgin)
By way of filling a temporary hiatus in Japan's stately pop progress a four-track two single set with 'Cantonese Boy' from 'Tin Drum' as the title track, plus two songs from 'Gentlemen Take Polaroids' and an instrumental. Japan embrace an icy glamour, caress regret and shape the moodiest music into a celebration of luxurious introspection. The sweetheart and soul of sadness, Sylvian explores the secret pleasure in emotional vicissitudes. An essential soundtrack for languorous and lonely late night listening.

I PROMISE YOU A MIRACLE!

MALARIA: Your Turn To Run (I Will Be Your Only One) (Cachalot)
A legacy of the group's New York connection and a consequence of their practice of recording in different countries, this came complete with a note from the self-confessed "big, bad producer who tried to commercialise Malaria." Although the group themselves were unhappy with the process, this is the most radical single of the week. True, they sound smoother and more sonorous, but some of their angularity has been sacrificed for a sinuous sense of propulsion and there's still something genuinely subversive about their blend of the sensual and strident. *"It was ten past ten when the telephone rang / . . . so . . . many . . . times . . . / I can't pay your price."* 'Your Turn To Run' is eerie and curiously erotic; the result of a radical sex ethic of reassessed female assertion without the bigotry, cliche or numbing greyness. The richness of their native German language on the B-side is perhaps better suited to their full-blown dramatic delivery, but the intangible quality of otherness runs right through the record.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERSHIP

ALTERED IMAGES: Pinky Blue (Epic)
When she was good, she was very very good. And when she was bad she was horrid . . . When Clare's skipping through a song like a frail blithe spirit, it seems churlish to carp that certain of those happy gurgles do sound gratingly twee. Actually, this *is* an awfully *pretty* record; scrubbed surfaces, clear chimings and lots of sunny spaces courtesy of that

MALARIA

ubiquitous pop genius Rushent. And it will no doubt sell vast quantities simply on the strength of that irrepressible ingenue cooing *"Where are you?"* with just the tiniest trace too much self-conscious charm.

LEND ME YOUR EARS

THEATRE OF HATE: The Hop (Burning Rome Records)
I honestly can't take Kirk Brandon too seriously as the great white hope of hard rock when to me he looks like one more sternly posturing representative of misdirected male vigour. That said, 'Westworld' did at least have its moments of shriven adolescent angst, but 'The Hop' is dressed to kill in fussy and pompous western-influenced mock heroics produced by Clash's Mick Jones, while Kirk is almost inaudible, weighed down under a heavy messianic burden that it was in no-one's interest he assume.

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN: The Back Of Love (Korova)
Liverpool's lushest discard their musky air of mystery, throw caution to the winds and stray near something like a tune. Sadly this sounds like one hell of a mess to me as the Bunnymen strike a bright attitude with a clumsy playfulness that's distinctly unseductive. Muddy brass lies buried somewhere beneath the general untidy jumble while Mac reels around some variations on his theme of awestruck inarticulacy.

NEW ORDER: Temptation (Factory)
Rather than enter into tedious explanations, let's say that although my sympathies lay with New Order's dilemmas and brave decisions, I've never been able to muster the neccessary enthusiasm for their music. 'Temptation' is shaded to the paler edge of the emotional spectrum; politely unreproachful, quietly respectful and almost world-weary. This sounds like the musical equivalent of a soft sigh: personal poignancy safely evaporated without ostensible effect. To be sunk in gentle, helpless melancholy and needlessly saddened is just too ennervating for my tastes.

UB40: Love Is All Is All Right (Graduate)
". . . but you've left it a little too late." Despite the strong stance, UB40's answer to 'Ebony And Ivory' comes across as a pale, sweet, insipid milkshake of a unity sermon. High voice, straining with soul, drifts like clouds of ganja smoke across placcid reggae pastures that make the militant sentiments sound perfectly pleasant and absolutely ineffectual.

FOREIGN CULTURE CLUB

DUNKELZIFFER: Stil Der Neuen Zeit (Pure Freude)
I know nothing about Dunkelziffer except that they appear to be based in Dusseldorf and come recommended by Comrade Bohn. Further evidence, if that were needed, of the German connection in the new scheme of things; loose percussive patterns trace an open experiment that's sparse and compelling. Industrial folk music for the technological age.

SIMPLE MINDS . . .

TONI BASIL: Nobody (Virgin)
Picture disc that portrays the cute Basil pout, but whereas mawkish 'Mickey' was as unsatisfying and addictive as fast food, 'Nobody' is a bit of a loud, long bore. Final judgement reserved for the accompanying dance routine.

TOYAH: Brave New World (Safari)
(sigh) This is as turgic as we've come to expect from Toyah. A slight idea padded out to epic proportions; a grandiose scheme with its slip showing. The artist herself is cunningly concealed beneath a mask of make-up and a smokescreen of empty utterances. Sad, because underneath there somewhere I really believe she's got talent. Shame that she so rarely reveals the evidence.

THE PASSIONS: Jump For Joy (Polydor)
Considering how wet 'German Filmstar' was, this is fresh and driven by a fetching amount of genuine *joie de vivre*. Having thrown wistfulness out of the window, it remains to be seen how the charts will respond to this more robust reincarnation.

XTC: No Thugs In Our House (Virgin)
Tricksy, slippery and unfailingly irritating. Tripping with an elephantine tread and fixed smirk around its subject matter yet still managing to shy away from the point. Funny how over the years XTC have developed a smug and pointless complication, an air of twee Englishness that somehow resembles . . .

GENESIS: 3 × 3 (Charisma)
Mainly remarkable for the blurb on the back. In which we are solemnly informed that two of the tracks had the working titles 'Jangly' and 'Chunky'. That was before the cosmically important lyrics were conceived, of course. "Prize this copy of 3×3," it trills. Apart from being a fine item for any Genesis connoisseur's collection, these tracks seem to appreciate in audio value at each additional hearing." Any group that is party to such po-faced pretentiousness should seriously consider collectively seeing a psychiatrist.

MORE FUN BOYS

LIGHT OF THE WORLD: Check Us Out (EMI)
Difficult to describe the brilliant benefits of a record made so specifically for the dance floor, but this is big, bouyant and blasts through this week's singles with a surge of optimistic energy. Wonderfully intricate percussion competes with the sweet, hot brass, and I'm still trying to work out whether they're for or against the machinations of the street-fighting man.

LANDSCAPE: Eastern Girls (RCA)
Rather a nasty little record from the group that incorporates Spandau's producer. The inane lyrics are stuffed full of the sort of sly overtones that can cause serious offence; as it is, this is so inept it merely provokes a small, distasteful shudder. The leaden electronics and lack of anything remotely approaching a melody should ensure it safely sinks without trace.

VISIONS OF CHINA

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE: Orient Express (Polydor)
As a moderate fan of Jean-Michel Jarre's slick Gallic electronics, this is a bit too brash for the requisite osmotic atmosphere. A glossy travelogue that doesn't match the panache or allure of the immortal 'Oxygene'.

THE SWINGING LAURELS: A Taste Of (Dining Out)
The Swinging Laurels are a doggedly determined Leicester quartet who've been building a reputation by the resolutely unfashionable expedient of slogging around small venues. Of late this has paid off when they provided brass for the current FB3 single, and these four tracks are an attempt to introduce them to a wider public. It has to be said that the experimental meanderings of the first side are unappealingly doleful. But 'Disco Laurel' and 'One Of Our Saxophones Is Missing' are gleefully exuberant combinations of sax, rhythm box and synth with a '60-ish theme tune feel and the daft sparkle of spontaneity that presumably attracted the attention of Bananarama's co-stars.

SULK . . .

SISTERS OF MERCY: Body Electric (Merciful Release)
Choked voice delivers indistinguishable but urgent sounding message rather in the manner that Rowan Atkinson's Martian descends to earth on a desperate rescue mission only to find his translation podule has malfunctioned. Actually this has quite a few Buzzcockian echos to recommend it and it throbs like punk with some of the rough edges ironed out. An inventively insistent bass carries it through the monotonous patches. Overall though, not really remarkable enough.

THIRTEEN AT MIDNIGHT: Other Passengers (Pure)
The clock's long since struck twelve for all the frilly Cinderella futurists which makes 'Other Passengers' sound superfluous. Competent but doomy electro-disco that fades to grey after just one play.

WARREN BACALL: Lions And Tigers (Stage Coach)
Notable only for the name and severe film star fixation. This pretty swiftly sorts out the men from the boys and Bacall is no Bogart. Posing on the cover like the bruised soul in cynic's clothing is a poor disguise for such a squeakily effete song.

JANE AIRE AND THE BELVEDERES: I Close My Eyes And Count To Ten (Stiff)
AFRAID OF MICE: Transparent (Charisma)
CHINA CRISIS: Scream Down At Me (Virgin)
BLUE ZOO: I'm Your Man (Magnet)
Jane Aire has a good try at sounding torchy but this big ballad pastiche is insufficiently soulful. Afraid Of Mice contribute an embarrassingly trite ditty about a broken home that falls uneasily between about six styles, none of them suitable. China Crisis' 'African And White' received quite extensive airplay. So far they've left me fairly unimpressed; this has a percussive interlude cobbled into the middle of a mediocre song and not much more to recommend it. Can't say I'm keen on Blue Zoo's sentiments wrapped up in a lumpy attempt to sell rock in pop's clothing.

MICKEY JUPP: Joggin' (Official London Marathon Theme) (A&M)
No anthem of winged victory sprinting to glory in chariots of fire, this is a more prosaic paean to the masochistic pleasures of the sport. Plods with such a slow and heavy tread it fails to work up even the slightest suggestion of sweat. *"I'm goin' to get healthy if it's the last thing I do . . ."*

THOMAS DOLBY

Fig. 1 Thomas Dolby

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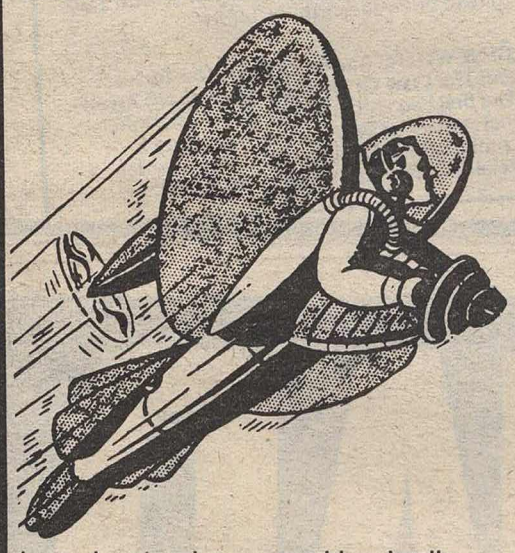
Is Science Fiction doomed to wander the wormholes of the cosmos forever, zapping green-eyed monsters and fighting galactic empires?

Or can it hang up its space cadet uniform and switch our ideas into overdrive instead?

Maxim Jakubowski assesses its chances.

SOME PEOPLE grow up with rock & roll, I grew up with science fiction. For the solitary, introspective child that I was, SF opened up a whole world of amazing, astounding vistas, warping the drab greyness of life into an extravaganza of gaudy planets, fantabulous adventures and boggling impossibilities. It was heaven at first sight.

I was soon hooked on the stuff and my life was never to be the same again. I



began hunting down second-hand stalls for back issues of garish pulp magazines, filching small change from my father's jacket pockets to finance my growing addiction to SF in (and out of) print; very quickly, I came into contact with that delightful incongruity, SF fandom and amateur magazines (called fanzines long before the age of punk) and inadvertently began my career in writing.

Many many years later, my typewriter is my living, I've had books published all over the place and found out more about the business of publishing than I really wanted to know. I blame it all on science fiction. I even owe one of my earliest sexual experiences to the genre. This is the first time I've told anyone: I masturbated to Robert A. Heinlein! The book was *The Puppet Masters,* in which Earth is taken over by parasite alien invaders. The repulsive symbiotes control humans by attaching themselves to people's backs. In order to combat the invasion, the authorities decree that everyone should walk around in the nude, to accelerate detection of the aliens (cities are sited under conveniently centrally-heated domes to avoid unseemly goose-pimples). My vivid and prurient imagination went wild: I pictured all these women jogging around in the buff and allowed my aroused senses to do the rest . . . Ah, youth!

THESE Jakubowski-reveals-all reminiscences unfortunately emphasise the sad generation gap SF is experiencing today, with young fans who should be the new blood the field sorely needs whiling away their time and energy into foolish fannishness, video game trips, dungeons and dragons proxy adventures rather than the old established golden road of fanzine publishing and later professional writing (whence came all the big SF names from Arthur Clarke to Harlan Ellison).

The truth is that science fiction is in a bad way in England, and to a lesser degree elsewhere. Blame *Star Wars,* I say! After the release and macro-success of George Lucas fun movie, borrowing as it did with genuine affection many of SF's golden age tropes, hardware and spirit, many thought that a whole new generation of keen readers would be lured into the fold, to discover with the same angst and pleasure as we did the thrills and spills of time travel paradoxes, Galactic Empires, sex between alien races and how many ingenious ways there were to end life on this planet and somehow survive. But the vast majority of this new audience went no further than the film's novelisation and probably only graduated to Marvel or D.C. comics, if the comparative turnover of many specialist dealers is to be believed.

So, while SF rules the silver screen these days (upcoming attractions: *Conan, Blade Runner, Star Trek II, Poltergeist, Creepshow, Videodrome* with full-frontal Debbie Harry, *Krull* and *E.T.)* the real stuff, in book form, is selling worse than ever, with the exception of the obvious all-time classics *(Dune, 2,001, Foundation,* etc) in constant reprint. And, all the while, like the dance band on the Titanic, the small, insulated world of SF fandom ambles on, divided by internecine quarrels like political commitment, feminism or the disposition of surplus convention funds. But, as they say in fannish slang, FIAWOL (Fandom Is A Way Of Life). So it goes.

SF in 1982 is a bit like rock music before the advent of punk. It has lost much of its vitality, its life essence and requires a massive kick in the pants. No future. Too much of contemporary SF no longer speaks for tomorrow as it rightly should but no one knows from which direction the salutary spiked boot is going to come from: disaffected readers, writers on supplementary benefit or publishers giving up the ghost on their SF list.

Some say that SF already had a punk-like injection back in the late 1960s when Mike Moorcock took *New Worlds* magazine by the scruff of its neck and single-handedly created the 'new wave', encouraging experimentation, wit and standards of literacy. Well, as we now know, in keeping with the musical trends of the day, it was no more than a dose of colourful psychedelia, a flash in the pan but no major revolution as authors strove to write better but their subject matter remained the same. Good people emerged from the brief *New Worlds* phenomenon: Moorcock himself, Ballard, Disch, Sladek, M. John Harrison while others disappointingly faded in its wake: Langdon Jones, Charles Platt, James Sallis and a majority of opportunist contributors soon cosily reintegrated the mainstream of hack writing none the wiser: Norman Spinrad, Samuel Delany and Roger Zelazny being the worst culprits. All American scribes as it happens.

DESPITE H. G. Wells, John Wyndham, Arthur Clarke, Ballard, Aldiss and many worthy others battling for our side, it's an unfortunate fact of future life that cultural imperialism is triumphant and America has annexed SF as its very own literature. This since Hugo Gernsback (born in Luxembourg), Isaac Asimov (born in Russia) and A. E. Van Vogt (a Canadian) combined with all-American editor John W. Campbell to ring in the so-called Golden Age of SF. There's something inherent in the 'prairie' ethos of American expansionism in literature combined with pulp origins that makes SF such a specifically American genre, a bastion every foreign author has a hard time breaching. A leading British writer was telling me recently that his acclaimed last novel could not find a paperback publisher in New York because of its predominantly English setting.

British SF, unlike the American variety originally born in the pulp gosh wow era and implicitly continuing many of its worn traditions, has always been a respected genre (as opposed to escapist entertainment for budding engineers still suffering from acne). Since H. G. Wells provided the fuse, it has upheld traditions of literacy and cosmic visions (Stapledon, C. S. Lewis) and its better writers have achieved fame in the wide world of literature without having to compromise their SF connection (Aldiss, Ballard, Moorcock, Priest); indeed many local celebrities have dabbled in it with knowledge and pleasure — Priestley, Burgess, Amis, Bertrand Russell, Salman Rushdie spring to mind.

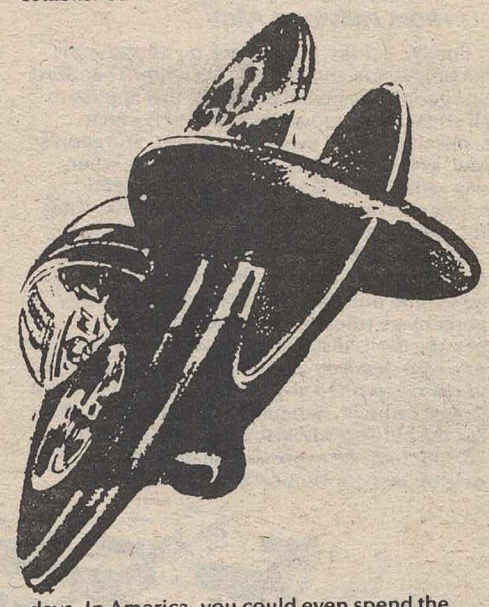
But in the United States, SF is still a growing concern, even if a growing proportion of what is published suffers from dangerous reactionary bias and a unilateral view of expansion into space of the American way of life. Yankee sci-fi has decreed that the future will be a paean to technology, a resolutely upbeat media where fools rush in where even politicians fear to tread. The major success story of these last years is without any doubt the launch of *Omni* magazine — now edited by Ben Bova, a particularly raving technophiliac author — catering to a vast audience of engineers, science students, Silicon Valley boffins and art lovers of four-colour sunsets and space hardware on glossy paper. One suspects that *Omni's* readership is similar in profile to *The National Geographic Magazine* of yesteryear, whose naked women were always black: it caters to the ambiguous eroticism of science as opposed to that generated by naked, forbidden flesh.

As NASA's funding shrinks, American supporters of the space race find consolation and drown their tears in SF, while the hardcore science-based authors reap the rare profits. While undertaking research for a forthcoming book on SF, I questioned leading New York publishers on their sales and was aghast at the inconceivable popularity of a new generation of middle-aged writers who'd likely draw a gun if you mentioned the words literature or style.

For instance Jerry Pournelle, a die-hard throwback scientist whose militaristic views stand a few light years to the extreme right. He is the author of *Janissaries,* where a group of CIA trouble-shooters prove their worth by taking over another planet (aliens = dirty commies); the book has proved so popular that a sequel is now underway. Conservative backlash authors like Larry Niven, Barry Longyear, Gordon Dickson, Jack Chalker, Fred Saberhagen and Keith Laumer enjoy massive sales for their tales of scientific, upbeat mayhem and rampant galactic imperialism where man cheerfully overcomes all obstacles in space for the greater good of the universe. All these writers display an admirable lack of doubt about the utility of man's conquest of the continuums and conveniently ignore today's pressing issues for an idealised, distorted future.

While not conquering the galaxy and Americanizing the Universe with a ray-gun, an elastic and a redundant spaceship, too many SF practitioners with kids and mortgages are sitting on the fence and playing the great sequel game. It's an axiom of the publishing biz that when one book sells well, give the paying suckers more of the same. Frank Herbert, having completed the *Dune* quartet, is convinced to the tune of one and a half million bucks to initiate *Dune 5* and we find decent authors like John Varley, Gene Wolfe, Robert Silverberg, Marta Randall and others embarking on interminable sagas, often in a proto-fantasy mood, for which that dear old don Tolkien aka the Oxford Hobbit must shoulder much of the blame.

OVER the Easter weekend, the British SF community and attendant silent minority fans invaded the corridors and halls of the Brighton Metropole hotel for their annual convention. Conventions are an established tradition of the SF business these



days. In America, you could even spend the whole year attending cons: there appears to be one every single week in one State or another. Not that it would do your health much good!

When Great Britain hosted the world convention 3 years back, over 5,000 attended. But, reflecting the sluggish and depressed British SF scene, I found the Brighton reunion lifeless and full of gloom compared to earlier gravity-defying occasions. Sure, torrents of beer were downed and learned panels debated the usual whys and wherefores of planetary construction and how to break into print for newcomers, the book dealers filled their coffers and the fans enjoyed pranks and games and video machine expenditure while the hotel security staff looked on with customary bewilderment. The fancy dress ball saw the standard nudity, swords and bondage gear in sufficient quantity to give a visiting psychiatrist a field day. And political discussions abounded, dividing the participants into two, often different, camps: where does SF stand on nuclear issues? should we invite European SF to a forthcoming convention over here?

Despite the apathy, issues are coming to the surface in the cozy world of SF. Although it is firmly anchored in the future, SF has always responded to contemporary political junctures. The post-WW2 gloom in Britain was echoed by a flowering of what is now considered the English catastrophe story with John Wyndham as a major apologist; the years following Hiroshima witnessed many an allegory about the end of the Universe in the guise of Galactic Empires; the Kennedy idealistic days of hope soon followed by Vietnam saw the defiant and short-lived trumpeting of the SF New Wave and now that Reagan is in office (but to be fair to the man, which I have no real inclination to do, it all began in the dark Nixon days) Moral Majority rules the space roost and as the controversial British author Ian Watson puts it "The wider perspective, as we all know, being the SF pecking order of reward and acclaim with the US at the top, Brits as second-class citizens, and Euros as sheer gooks".

But, English science fiction struggles on, battle-scarred and limping after its bruising encounter with American commercial reality.

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

STORIES

☐ *FROM PREVIOUS PAGE*

Survive it does, falling back on its traditions of compassion and literacy. US writer Theodore Sturgeon once postulated a law that applies to all artistic endeavours (not only SF), which states that 90% of everything is shit. Sturgeon's Law, as it has become known, is ironic when one reflects that Sturgeon, a kind-hearted fellow and once a superlative author, has since virtually never given a bad review to anybody.

Keeping this in mind, it's possible that all the crap showered upon us these last years is not a new trend but a simple continuation of the percentage rules and my disillusioned perspective is distorting my view of the field. As one who dearly loves SF and hasn't for a variety of reasons written any for some years, I'm like a lapsed catholic, nervously biting the hand that fed me but secretly wishing I was back in the corrupt fold. After post-coital depression, is it a case of post-convention blues?

Many authors are still capable of delivering the goods: Moorcock, Ballard, Priest, Watson, Bishop, Wolfe, Disch, Crowley, D M Thomas (whose *White Hotel* began in *New Worlds*), Rudy Rucker, Sladek, M. John Harrison, Keith Roberts, Bruce Sterling, Dick Lupoff, Le Guin, Joanna Russ, Angela Carter, Emma Tennant, Aldiss, Dick while he was with us. It's a long list. And seriously folks, the indefatigable Asimov is right now completing the 4th *Foundation* volume after a 32 year interval!

So, what if the sense of wonder has gone rusty around the edges? The great thing about SF, after all, is its plethora of ideas, its infinite capacity for renewal; anything can happen and usually does, it's a form of literature that accepts no limits. New writers will surely come — the recent appearance of *Interzone* and *Extro*, two new British-based magazines is a pointer in the right direction and an encouragement for the new blood the field so badly needs.

Punk SF? Well, there was this novel I began some years back about a group of '70s misfits who get together to explore what lies on the other side of death. Who'll write me a minimalist soundtrack?

RECENT SF TITLES: A READERS' GUIDE

BRIAN ALDISS: Helliconia Spring (Jonathan Cape)
The first volume in an ambitious trilogy which sets itself the task of creating an utterly alien world. Although the scientific premises have been thoroughly worked out, has an interesting fantasy feel to it.

A. A. ATTANASIO: Radix (to be published by Corgi)
Long and complex *Dune*-like novel from a promising newcomer. Nebula nominee.

J. G. BALLARD: Hello, America (Jonathan Cape, soon a Granada paperback)
Minor Ballard, a baroque view of post-technological and mythical America. Strong on humour, which one doesn't expect from the author.

GREGORY BENFORD: Timescape (Sphere)
Often plodding, but nevertheless gripping novel of scientists at work communicating with a disturbing future. Last year's Nebula winner.

ANGELA CARTER: The Infernal Desire Machines Of Dr Hoffman (Penguin)
Back in print after a long interval, a magical variation on the mad scientist theme with a healthy dash of surrealism.

JOHN CROWLEY: Little, Big (to be published by Gollancz)
Highly acclaimed in the USA, Crowley's new book is one of the most original to come our way in a long time. Goes beyond fantasy.

PHILIP K. DICK: The Divine Invasion (Corgi)
Dick's last SF novel. Uneven but always poignant in its portrayal of characters caught in a web of unreality.

THOMAS DISCH: The Man Who Had No Idea (Gollancz)
The latest short story collection by SF's modern master of elegance and wit.

CHRISTOPHER EVANS: The Insider (Faber & Faber)
Second novel by a new British writer stays close to home in its tense portrayal of a totalitarian regime and an individual's resistance.

FRANK HERBERT: God-Emperor of Dune (New English Library)
The long-awaited fourth volume of the *Dune* quartet. Herbert has, however, since begun a fifth instalment!

RUSSELL HOBAN: Riddley Walker (Picador)
A post-apocalyptic vision of England with the ultimate in colloquial language. A hard but rewarding read.

ROB HOLDSTOCK: In The Valley Of Statues (Faber & Faber)
The first story collection by Britain's most promising and sensitive SF author.

DAVID LANGFORD: The Space Eater (to be published by Arrow)
The debut novel by one of British SF's most protean characters, already noted for his non-fiction, short stories and fan activities.

JULIAN MAY: The Many-Coloured Land (Pan)
America's latest time-travel and heroic fanatasy blockbuster. The first in a series, naturally.

MICHAEL MOORCOCK: The Steel Tsar (Granada) and The Brothel in Rosenstrasse (New English Library).
Mercurial Moorcock in two different moods: Wells pastiche and fin-de-siecle apocryphal decadence.

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST: The Affirmation (Faber & Faber, soon an Arrow paperback)
Flawed but ambitious novel on the nature of writing and reality by Britain's newest SF star

ROBERT SILVERBERG: Lord Valentine's Castle (Pan)
Sprawling and wildly imaginative other-world fantasy by an American master-teller. Lacks substance, though.

JOHN SLADEK: Roderick (Granada)
Or the Education of a young robot who wanted to act like a man. Sharp satire by SF's premier wit.

IAN WATSON: The Gardens of Delight (Corgi) and God's World (Granada)
Concentrated novels of ideas in a space setting by England's intellectual gadfly of SF. Not easy to read but well worth the effort.

GENE WOLFE: The Shadow Of The Torturer and The Claw Of The Conciliator (both Arrow).
The first two volumes (out of five) of Wolfe's major *Book of the New Sun*. A perfect combination of style and sense of wonder. Recent winner of the British SF Award.

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Last week we gave you a bumper booklet of snaps and snippets to peruse while spinning the spools of your 'Jive Wire'. Next week you'll see a similar owner's manual for all you perpective purchasers of the 'Stax' sampler to attack and assemble with the aid of a pair of scissors.

All you need now are the cassettes themselves! And you can have them both — yes, *both!* — for the piddling price of just £2.99 the pair. Should you, of course, wish to purchase them individually, the 'Jive Wire' will set you back only £1.99 and 'Hit The Road Stax' a mere £1.40.

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CARMEL: Storm (New Version)
DEFUNKT: Illusions (Unreleased)
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GUN CLUB: Ghost On The Highway (Album Track)
KRAFTWERK: The Model (German version)
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SCRITTI POLITTI: Asylums In Jerusalem (Unreleased)
SUICIDE: Dream Baby Dream (Unreleased)
THEATRE OF HATE: Dreams Of Poppies (Unreleased)
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RICHARD COOK hears how Nick Lowe's "turned into Zager and Evans — busy making misses". Picture: KEVIN CUMMINS

The man who tuned up while the Falklands burned

A UNIVERSITY hop in Durham isn't my customary Saturday night out but there's an appealing nostalgia about the knowing old dogs in Noise To Go.

The date is the third of Nick Lowe's English tour. It seems a modest outing after the string of 20,000 seater shows Lowe's NTG have just done in America with The Cars. To actually tempt Old Nick out again is an achievement in itself, though. Where've you been lately, Nick?

"I've turned into Zager and Evans — busy making misses, I suppose. I Produced Paul Carrack's solo album . . . erm, a band called The Moonlighters — oh, and Carlene's album. But that's been turned down by Warners in the States!"

Was that a blow to you?

"Well, it was damned embarrassing — even if only on the domestic front (no doubt you're aware that Carlene Carter is Mrs Lowe). I was bullying her into doing it this way: they want her to fill a cutesie-pie Linda Ronstadt gap but I made it a tough R&B album which they rejected. In one way I was quite proud."

We're talking in the hotel bar after the gig. Close up Lowe looks a trifle weatherbeaten by his rock'n'roll heritage, an effect heightened by his shambling gait and silvered hair, but he's an energetic talker.

"I'm quite glad that the music business is on its arse a bit, that things are toughening up. People will actually have to work a bit harder now the cocktail party's over. It's been over for ten years really — there've been a few good records made . . ."

Ten years? Do you have any kind of historical perspective on your work — all those records, those hours at the mixing desk?

"No. I really feel as if I do this in the evenings, like a hobby. I don't think about it at all. I keep *trying* to but I just don't feel like a part of the business. More like a boil on its bum."

Are you still inundated with offers to produce?

"Nah. I'm more a name on a list for a lot of people. I doubt if they actually say to their manager GET ME NICK LOWE! In this weird position I've got a foot in each camp — an *artiste* and a back-room boy."

Which role do you like best? Lowe takes a gulp of his huge vodka and orange and considers.

"Whatever's most successful or least boring at the time. If I'm in the studio and it's hard work I think, God I'd love to go out and do some showing off on the planks. Then touring can get tedious too. I didn't think I'd tour again in this country, partly because people don't seem bothered about live music here."

Then why *are* you touring again — to promote 'Nick The Knife', the third so-Lowe LP? In fact only three or four songs from the record appear on stage, the time spent mostly on likeable froth like 'Shake And Pop' and 'Cruel To Be Kind' and some material from NTG keyboardist Carrack's upcoming LP.

"My record's dead as a doornail! I haven't the vaguest idea why I'm doing this tour. I do like to play live but it was like a bloody oven up there tonight. I'm not getting any damn younger either. No, I'm not too old for it! If I start wheezing I can have a lie down."

"I've always liked the country and western way of doing things — hundreds of chicks, loads of drugs and booze and after one hour's sleep you're up, shaved, dressed and ready to shake hands with everyone. Have you seen *Payday?* Best film ever made about the music business. Rip Torn was a shocking old rat in it but I rather liked him.

"I was expecting this tour to be dreadful — I mean, no-one's got any *money* to spend on seeing another band. Luckily we're playing small places so small crowds seem bigger."

I TEST HIM OUT with three of my favoutite singles this year — Thomas Dolby's 'Airwaves', Marshall Crenshaw's 'Something's Gonna Happen', Yazoo's 'Only You'. He doesn't know them.

"I only seem to listen to the top twenty. I suppose I'm only interested in what I get up to."

Then how do you know if you want to produce someone?

"I'm not interested in their music — it's whether I like them as people or not. You can teach a lizard how to play the guitar. That's right down the list. It's really if I have to pay the rent or not."

Surely you're not hurting for a few dollars.

"Mmm — I could always use a few more. If I do have to pay it then I'll suddenly be mad for Yazoo or Marshall What's -his-name. They'll be on my turntable. But I suppose I'd rather watch the telly than listen to a group."

Is there anything you haven't done which you'd like to do?

"Have a great big hit single! This one I've got out now I didn't even know was going to be released."

But it's going out with some bonus live single.

"I've heard that — the trouble is it was recorded at the start of our American tour. When I listened to it I thought oh shit! We played that much better at the end. In any case, people aren't interested in my records just now. I'd been doing other people's records until I was forced into my own career again. With this bash I've rehearsed more than for the whole time I was with Rockpile. But I *hate* rehearsing. And it still sounds like pub-rock to me."

"It's good that everything's so singles-orintated now," he reflects. "If the business carries on dying then music's going to get better. People with style and flair are going to be at a premium. I listened to the American Top Twenty today and it sounded desperately old-fashioned, as if it had stopped in 1970."

Aw, come on — if you're playing pub-rock that's hardly up-to-the-minute is it?

"I suppose so," he shrugs, "But there's something about groups like Foreigner that *masquerades* as modern music. Heavy metal, opera and traditional jazz are the three categories I can't abide in any shape or form."

No matter what fashion dictates people will always stick to their cloth-eared prejudices, eh? Speaking of fashion, let me pick a fashionable name: ABC?

"Heard of them — nothing by them. I think the only ones who have the dodgy funk sound are Heaven 17 — very witty. That's what I miss most of all in music, wit. Even 'Don't You Want Me', which I couldn't bear — the way it was put together was very witty. What amazes me is the way that groups like Abba and Bucks Fizz put out records that are obvious fluff, have a few hits and you start to think they're really good — that's meaner in a way 'cos it's so calculated."

WHAT WOULD YOU say if you were asked to produce Bucks Fizz?

"I couldn't do it. I don't have the talent — you need such a terrific sound. And I like to keep it tough."

Surprising words from a man responsible for brilliant productions like 'Stop Your Sobbing' or 'Get Happy!!' Lowe's own records seem to be taking on a modish country feel.

"I'm not very keen on the new country stuff. I think Joe Ely's a smashing chap but he plays with really gimpy guys."

Is your wife going to play a Linda McCartney type role in your work?

"Good God no! She plays organ on 'Nick The Knife' because she's so horrendous at it. It's an amateurish sound I quite like. We could make a *pile* of money maybe if we got up an act like that . . ." Nick's eyes gleam momentarily at the possibility.

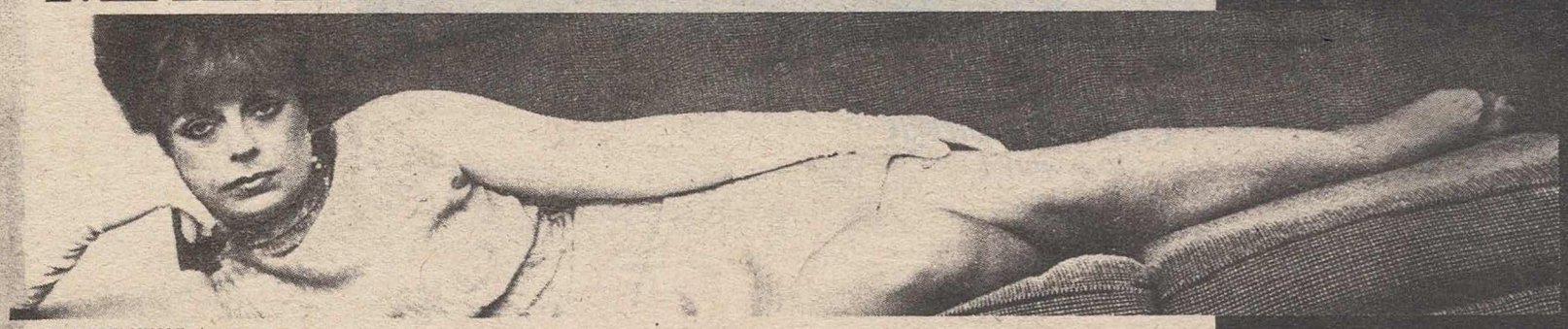
How does he want to be remembered?

"As the man who tuned up while the Falklands burned," he says after some serious thought. "I suppose I'm not ready to be forgotten yet."

Let's have another drink, Nick.

THE COMPACT ORGANIZATION PRESENTS

MARI WILSON



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THRILLS, FRILLS, CHILLS: Cynthia Rose

AUDIO ARTS The Watershed Tapes

WANT to brush up on loft life before former London Film-Maker's Co-Opper Carla Liss opens 'Nightclub' — her two-screen video performance 'interfused with rock and reggae' — at London's ICA on May 18? If so, there's an aural archive in the UK you should know about.

William Furlong has been running Audio Arts, a cassette magazine which produces 6-8 issues a year, since 1973. It's almost a one-man operation, and it's all a labour of love which came about "because of the energy which seemed to be emerging from artists in all fields at the time — talking about their work, developing ideas, and focusing concepts through discussion."

"We communicate more through speech than any other medium," says Furlong, and as any journalist who's tried to convey the personality of his subject's speech patterns and character would agree, "the intonation, the timing, the wit and the irony you can hear in someone's voice aren't easy to transcribe."

So the concept of Audio Arts is to try and record things which "wouldn't work in print — things like a lot of experimental music which record companies aren't interested in because it would never sell in vast numbers. And poetry, of course, which should be recorded more than it is."

Furlong also considers important "the documentation of events, meetings, and debates, taking

Artists in residence 9/9/81. The Klatsch sessions.

place all the time plus the area of performance art" (the latter he is personally involved in).

The chance to react to an event in a firsthand way rather than read a review of it, see a description or look at a photographic documentation of it — that, has remained the magazine's policy. "The person hearing something has to make up their own mind, they have to interpret it for themselves, and apply their own criteria and analysis to discover what it's about."

Furlong also pursues historical recordings — a 1929 tape of Joyce reading 'Finnegan's Wake' is in his catalogue, as well as poetry readings by Wyndham Lewis and W. B. Yeats, plus — amazingly — the only recording left of Luigi Russolo's Italian Futurist noise machine! "It's interesting because the Italian Futurist's noise machines influenced the Russian Futurists with their symphonies for factory whistles and sirens performed from 1918 to 1922. And *that* area found its way to Hollywood where they were orchestrating mechanical and industrial sounds into films."

Many artists feel free to use Audio Arts as a context for work of their own, musical and otherwise. A few tapes which might hold special pertinence for *NME* readers (AA tapes are standard, can be used on any suitable equipment and usually run 90 minutes each) include: Vol 2 No 1, with Joseph Beuys; Vol 3 No 3 which features Conrad Atkinson; Vol 4 No 3, 'The New York Tapes', which includes music by the Manhattan Project; Vol 4 No 2 with David Toop and Hugh Davies live; and newer tapes including Laurie Anderson, Dan Graham's The Static (Glenn Branca, Barbara Hess, Christine Hahn) in performance, plus 'Anti-Music', an Australian sampler of experimental sounds.

Audio Arts will be glad to forward subscription information and/or their large back catalogue with individual prices; send your requests and a *large* sae to William Furlong, Audio Arts, 6 Briarwood Road, London SW4 9PX (01-720 9192).

Cynthia Rose

FAMOUS LITTLE FOLK BATTLE BIG SCIENCE

IN January, a bunch of performing artists in New York decided to go explicitly political about their opposition to nuclear proliferation. They aimed to supply "what was missing — ways to make the issues of war live in our imaginations without reducing us to despair". They called themselves Performing Artists for Nuclear Disarmament and took some space in the *Village Voice* to solicit the interested parties from the fields of theatre, dance, video, radio, film and arts administration.

Now, PAND has just had its inaugural membership meeting — and a thousand artists showed up. Another thousand had to be turned away from the venue (Symphony Space) and almost no-one bailed out despite the length of the program — over four hours. It included both politics and performance; straightforward speeches and proposals were interspersed with turns from the New York Samba Band, a clip from the new cult flick 'Atomic Cafe'; excerpts by Marabou Mines and the Jose Limon dance troupe; Laurie Anderson doing her thing ('O Superman') and David Byrne speaking. James Taylor played too — in fact, he backed almost all the 'unknowns' who performed musically — and the silver screen was represented by Meryl Streep and Jill Clayburgh.

PAND'S aim is to earn enough to support more direct action political groups, as well as to create 'appropriate, encouraging stage works'. Write them at 264 West 19th St, (No.14), New York, N.Y. 10011 USA — all who work in the arts are welcome to contribute support and ideas.

Cynthia Rose

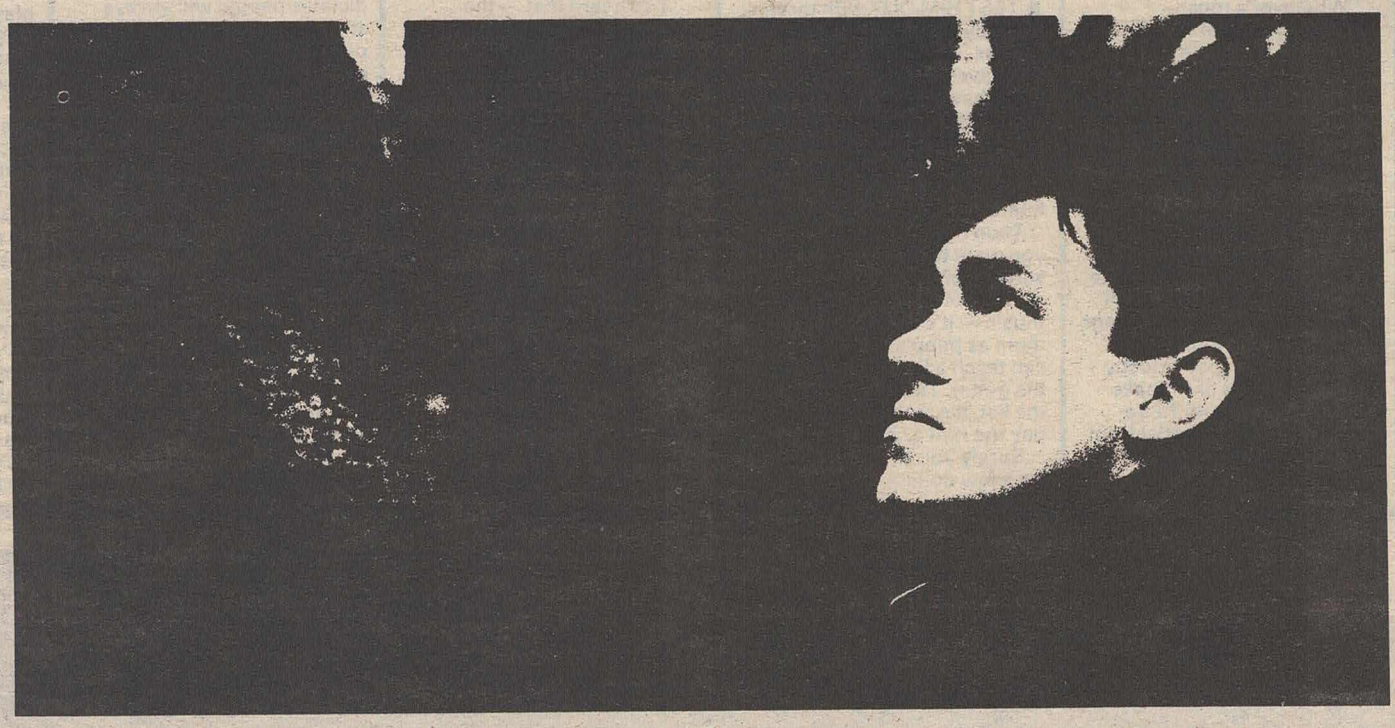
BIG DEAL ART

With the debut of Laurie Anderson's solo LP, there's bound to be more and more gab about art-rock, but are you willing to pay as you play? Ronald Feldman's influential Manhattan gallery has just produced a "deluxe edition" of 500 of their double LP of sound pieces by 21 Famous Artists, entitled 'Revolutions Per Minute'.

Contributing cultural producers include Joseph Beuys, Chris Burden (Bowie's 'Joe the Lion'), William Burroughs, and British political artist Conrad Atkinson (*NME 8.12.81*). The record itself is part of an exhibition at Feldman's Fine Arts Gallery (31 Mercer St, New York, New York 10003 USA) which includes original prints of each artist's proposal for the album's sleeve, as well as aural display of the sound works.

A cheap 'mass edition' of the LP — which was produced in New York by Jeff Gordon — is available at $11.95 plus $3 postage and packing, and it includes two records, a double jacket with liner notes on each work, plus a pull-out poster. (The deluxe edition is out there in the hyper-pricey signed-and-numbered realm). Or, if you merely want to test-market, sample the flexidisc in this month's *Artforum*. All this art-meets-rock, by the way, has been enough to lure no less than the aging Andy Warhol back into the realm of sleeve art and design . . . he's currently at work on a new one for *Billy Squier*.

Bill Nelson



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The New Single

WILL 4

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FROM A LOSER TO A KING

THE LONE WOLVES l to r: Jake, James, Craig, Colin.

Pic: Robert Sharp

Chris Bohn charts the regal progress of James King, formerly Jimmy Loser, one-time Backstabber turned Romeo of the Rodeo.

ALI MACKENZIE could be Glasgow's Arthur *Minder* Daley; younger, to be sure, but no less resilient to the trials and tribulations of a small time hustler.

Tireless and good humoured, he remains undeterred by the failure of a once promising enterprise — his Cuba Libre label and the scuffed group Cuban Heels — secure in the knowledge that the next scam might well be The Big One.

Ali's resolve in the face of adversity is something to be admired and it serves as an object lesson to his whingeing Edinburgh neighbours at Postcard who, having set the pace for the Sound Of Young Scotland, later blamed anyone other than themselves for Orange Juice and Josef K's inability to keep up.

Now if Ali and Cuba Libre were ever up to date, so to speak, it was more a matter of coincidence than conscious manoeuvring. They've always dealt in rock eternals rather than pop ephemera, meaning it hasn't always been easy to discern the diamonds — namely two James King singles — from the general drabness. Though Cuba Libre's shunning of the quick reward appeared like they might end up not earning any, Ali has a final ace up his sleeve that should win him that elusive jackpot.

His ace is James King, who's not so much a well kept secret as someone criminally overlooked in the rush to embrace Scotland's cuter options. Anything but nice, King scowled when the others grinned, displayed emotional scars while the others hammed teen hurt, was forced to look in from the outside while the others defined their own academic existential boundaries.

As a one-time Backstabber — one of Glasgow's more notorious punk groups — there's no denying he brought his position of rank outsider on himself. Then named Jimmy Loser, myth has it that he lived down to his chosen monicker and until now he hasn't been allowed to forget it. His exclusion has been frustrating, the frustration in turn fuelled the feelings of loneliness and anguish that inform his songs.

These moods, however, haven't been passive qualities in James King. Perhaps because they've been curdled by a lust for revenge, they've spurred him on to upset expectations of a dissolute loser and to present himself instead as the regal entity suggested by his name. When he returned with his new group The Lone Wolves, he was smart and well-rehearsed, "face scrubbed, mammy wiped me nose!" What's more his set contained the most passionate, if somewhat bilious songs this side of Elvis Costello, and he sings them in a gruff, pained tenor sweetened by country inflections. But whenever things look like toppling into maudlin self-pity, King abruptly shatters the complacency by raising his voice to a rage.

The beauty of his country simplicity is that it allows him to articulate personal feelings as being representative of a more universal condition without him ever sounding portentous or pretentious. His songs imply that the loneliness and frustrations go far deeper than broken love, otherwise why is the anguish so violently expressed? The thing that has embittered James King isn't so easy to name, but whatever it is, it has invested him with the valuable ability to wound, to make himself felt where others can only claw and bitch.

Ali is rightly proud of his boy.

ALI INTRODUCES me to James King and his Lone Wolves at their basement rehearsal studio with a matter-of-fact boast "They're all villains". Nevertheless they're quite sweet with it, with the exception of second guitarist Jake Mason, the sour member. Chubby blond bassist Colin Neil is a friendly colleague of King's dating back to the Backstabber mutation Fun 4, drummer Craig Ferguson is an eager to please new recruit from The Dreamboys and King himself. . .

King is sardonic about his past, brashly confident for his future, firm in his views, but never so self-opinionated as the likes of Mark E. Smith.

Though his first group The Backstabbers were nothing to boast about, they have little to be ashamed of. They revelled in the ambiguities of punk's provocations and the one record they made — under the name of The Fun 4 — called 'Singing In The Showers' was a classic of its kind: crass and ugly, fast and exciting, and, best of all, it displayed James King's ability to carry a tune at breakneck speed.

The Backstabbers lost their drummer to Orange Juice, who heralded the sound of Young Scotland as being something penetrated by lovesick schoolboys. Suddenly there was no room for the likes of Jimmy Loser, whose notoriety — deserved or otherwise — is based on onstage tumbles and drunkenness. Once they split nobody would touch King even though his songwriting qualities were recognised way back then. Was he forced to sit back and take stock?

"Well, it wasn't like a St. Paul on the road to Damascus conversion or something," he tersely points out. "Even in The Backstabbers we used to have some songs like we do now, but it was overshadowed by the nastier monster side. We amputated the comedy side, the three minute skits and amplified the other parts.

"Anyway," he continues, "I realised it was no good trying to include the whole damn world in your songwriting. I mean, some people like to have a song for every cause, but I remember something a teacher told me at school. That was, you can only write really convincingly about a subject you know. And the subject I know best is myself and my life. I find it easier to do that because . . . I don't have to do much research!"

THE NEW James King knows a good quote when he spiels one and punctuates his conversation with them. It shouldn't be interpreted as calculation or detract from the man behind the facade. The tone of his songs suggests he's been hurt a lot. . .

"Well, it's not . . . it's not like the Everley Brothers writing hurting love songs," he interrupts quickly. "It's not getting hurt in love, but it's more generally getting hurt with the whole bloody situation you know. This life, so many things you find that piss you off. Well, how I wrote 'Back From The Dead' " (his solo comeback single on Cuba Libre) "the frame of mind I was in then was — you've counted me out, you think. I've blown it completely, gone! Jimmy's blown it, you know!

" I'm back!" he boasts. "I've proved it. I'm not below anybody in Glasgow. There's a whole buzz about this band, we've made a complete recovery and we've come back in the way nobody thought we would. They thought we'd just turn up falling over drunk, generally making complete arseholes of ourselves, but we walked on completely smart, really sober and with real soft songs! Real emotional songs! The way nobody expected!"

Is James King a bitter man?

"You mean has the world passed me by?" he prods. "I couldn't care two shits about that. Society didn't deal me a bad time. I walked out on a lot of things myself. I decided I didn't want a job, I chose to go on the 'scrapheap', except I don't call it the scrapheap. I value freedom more than money. I get depressed about it sometimes, but I'm not bitter."

Or more accurately, perhaps, he knows how to channel his grudges into more positive expressions. He purged his system of simplistic protest with The Backstabbers, which is where he differs from those still stuck on punk or post punk blues. Today he hasn't forgotten where he comes from — "a social security class" estate called Pollockshaws — but sees no point in wearing class credentials like a badge. In essence and feeling James King And The Lone Wolves represent everything Postpunk should stand for, but has been hitherto incapable of saying it. About Postpunk's other exponents, the Oi-sters and the revivalists, King says:

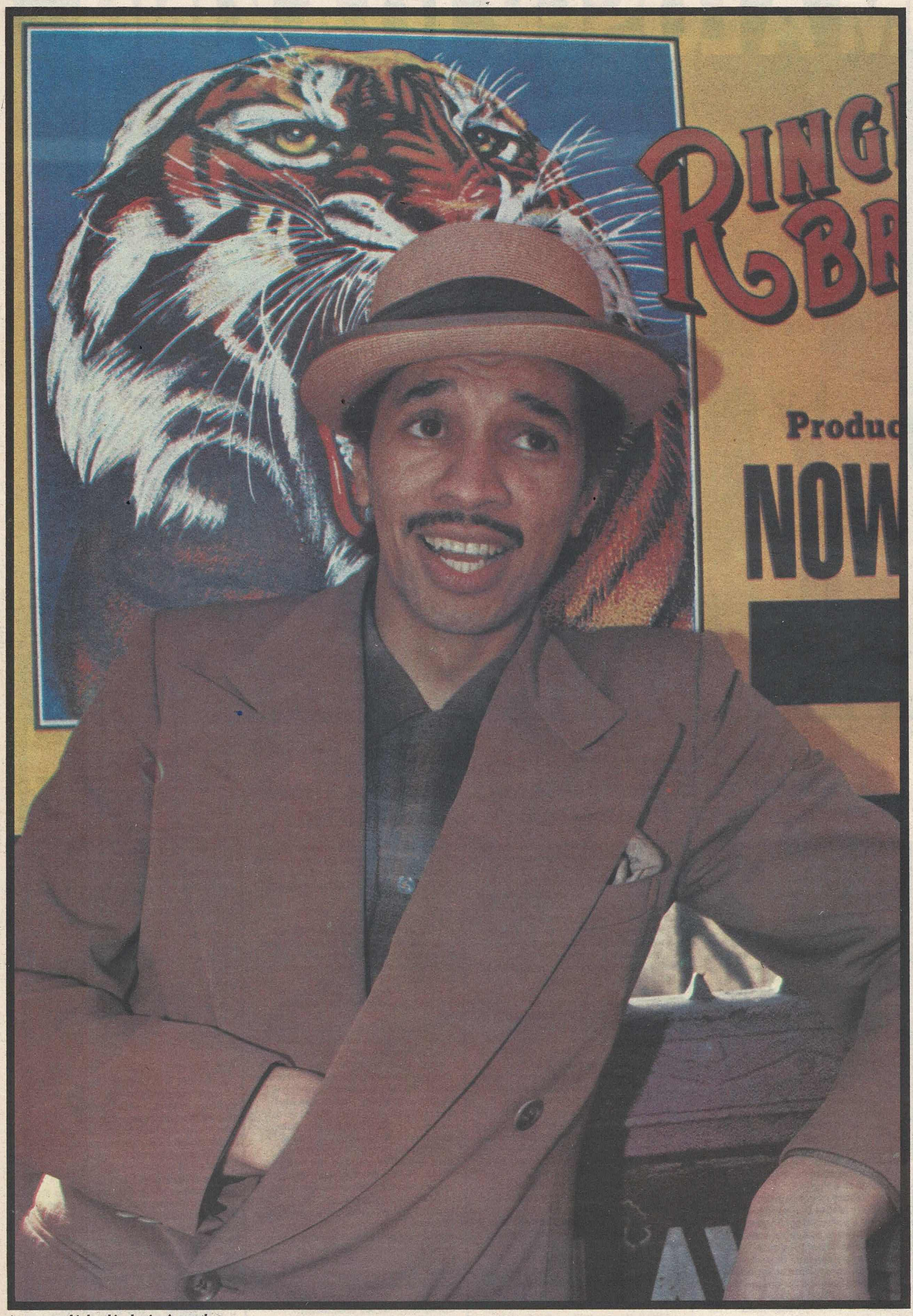
"They wanna drag everybody down to the shithole! They bring everything down to the lowest common denominator! They wanna drag everything down to the gutter, to live with the dogs. I want to lift people up — I want everybody to live with the Gods!"

WHEN THE Lone Wolves run out of words to convey their confusing mixture of stress with the way things are and their optimistic desire for the way things should be, their guitars splutter through exhilarating bursts of noise.

"It's not anger or aggression we're trying to get across," emphasises King. "It's heat, it's a distress feeling, you know. We get excited and distraught, or just sick of the things happening out there, and we try to put across what we feel. We're not declaring war on the country, you know, we don't want to be the outlaw consciences of the Western world."

The unpredictability factor is what distinguishes James King and The Lone Wolves from the traditionalists — punk, rock or pop. James King often invokes the spirit of rock and roll but that's not worthy enough of the romance, beauty and sadness he and the Lone Wolves find in the ugliest corners of the city. And if it moves him in such a way as cannot be manicured to suit the prevailing taste for cleanly presented, easily consumed pleasures, then those tastes will have to expand to accommodate him.

Love hurts, the way King writes it. He stretches the meaning of love until it rips. I hope his wounds never heal.



August puts his head in the tiger's mouth,

One singer sacked, bad vibes with the vibes player, a dodgy new LP, and a frankly suspect panama hat — Richard Grabel battles through the palms to find how ringmaster August Darnell keeps his Coconut circus stepping. Flyposting: Joe Stevens.

The

WHAT A TOWN NEW YORK IS! Where else could I step out at a midtown subway station into a stampeding, trouble-seeking crowd of High School kids, one of whom shouts at me "Hey white boy gimme your glasses."

And then not a minute later run into ace bass Robbie Shakespeare buying war comics at a newstand, and have him explain to me that the unseasonably cold weather is the result of the space shuttle flights "Messing up everyting."

And then breeze into a rehearsal studio to watch August Darnell conduct business and rehearse his band with an understated but effective hand of leadership.

And even spot Paul bloody Simon in the hallway, snobbishly refusing to be photogaphed.

Yes it's a wonderful town but sometimes it acts like a village. In the way that everyone has to know everyone else's business. In the way that sycophants turn to vultures at the first sniff of failure in any media hero. In the way that the mouth that knows the rumours rocks the phonelines.

For weeks the lines were rocking with rumours about the Kid Creole and the Coconuts organization. August Darnell and Andy "Coati Mundi" Hernandez were fighting. Singer Lori Eastside had beer fired. Andy wouldn't be doing the upcoming tour of Europe and England. He would.But the tour would hit Europe trailing mixed feelings and bad blood. Could it be? *Ai caramba! Que pasa?*

Things in the soundstage-rehearsal hall seem busily relaxed. Andy Hernandez and percussionist Eddie Magiz are shooting basketball hoops at one end of the room. At the other end, someone is spray painting cardboard covers for the bandstands that will be part of the new stage set. Savannah Band drummer Mickey Sevilla drops in for a chat. Coconut Cheryle Poirier is lying down and resting after giving herself concussion getting out of a taxi. This disaster is calmly acceptel by everyone as another part of the show.

A couple who own a clothing store called Tropical Gangsters (also the name of the new LP) and who supply the Kid Creole costumes are here, and August discusses last minute adjustments with them while shouting jokes at his cohorts about their shoe selection.

"Sneakers with shorts? You want mosqutos to eat you up in the jungle?"

It's an easy, friendly atmosphere, and though Andy and August don't do a lot of laughing and joking together, there's no obvious tension or discomfort in the air. But the night before, when I phoned to check out the rumours, Andy had seemed less relaxed.

HERNANDEZ IS MORE to Kid Creole than a goofy-looking guy who plays vibes, pops up to sing a couple of songs and adds a bit of whackiness to the over-all visual impact. Behind the scenes he's provided the arrangements and orchestrations for Kid Creole shows and, until the new one, their albums. He provided a spiritual link to the Latin beat and the funky, down-market side of New York streetlife, important components of the Creole Mix. It's hard to imagine their show without the little moon-faced fellow and his comic obtrusiveness. Like the Coconuts chant, *"He's small he's bald, but most of all he's adorable. Who's that? Coati Mundi."* So what's the story?

"The Kid Creole album that's coming out, I wasn't originally involved in it. It was going to be an August Darnell solo album, and the powers that be decided to make it a Kid Creole album without taking my interest into consideration. That's when the trouble started for me.

"I helped build Kid Creole to a point where major companies were interested in it. I won't take any credit from August, he's certainly the main factor, but I assisted him behind the scenes as musical director, and when it started I was there, for a long time I was doing it without getting paid. When we went to the majors we hadn't sold any records. It was based on our live presentation. I helped August put that together and my performing helped set that up.

"But when business decisions came down I was

e Rake's Progress

set aside, and that disturbed me a lot. Nobody told me until after the fact. Then they came to me and said I could contribute three tunes to the album. I said fine, and then it came down to one tune, and even that one tune that's on there they felt it wasn't in the concept of the album so they decided to put it on as an instrumental. And I thought that was a slap in my face, especially when nobody told me about any concepts or anything like that.

"I came to terms with them so certain financial things, certain purely business things were met with. I told them if it's coming out as a Kid Creole album I had to get my advances and my points and whatever is due me, and they gave me a bit of a hard time at first but then they came around.

"So we're doing the tour, but it put a dent in my celebration of being in Kid Creole. I used to celebrate it, but now it's put a damper on my spirit. Though my performance will be there, I'm not happy about it.

"At this moment I'm rehearsing with the band and we're getting along and everything, we've put the differences aside and just let the music happen. We are continuing the way we were, but it's not exactly the way we were. If I continue after this tour it will be because we sit down and do some hard, nose-to-nose negotiations."

Another thing that obviously grated on Andy was the firing of Lori Eastside.

"August didn't want her there for his own reasons. She was a great part of the show, that's an element that will be missing.

"It could be he doesn't like her voice. It could be her personality. Lori wasn't an easy person in there, she didn't support his ego. She's very different from the other Coconuts. They play that girlie-girlie thing. She's tough, and if he comes off chauvinistic with her he gets an elbow in his ribs."

A FEW DAYS LATER I also talked to Lori Eastside.

"I couldn't be a doll for any egomaniac" she said. "He realised that but he couldn't tell me. The way I realised I wasn't in the band anymore was that I heard they were doing photo sessions and talking about European tours and no one was calling me.

"His world and his trip was, the way he used to look at me was like undressing me with his eyes. Oh, gross. He's a womanizer. If you're not fucking him or worshipping him he's not going to do anything for you."

Lori is busy these days with a combination dance troupe-vocal group called Rockacize. Andy has recorded four new songs and is looking to shop them into a proper record deal for himself.

Lori I'm sure has her reasons to gripe, and Andy definitely has legitimate reasons for feeling hard done by. But the August I see in action at the rehearsal seems not at all an egomaniac dictator nor a chauvinistic bully, just hard working and coolly efficient.

When he beckons me over to a corner to talk, his first order of business is to have his say about the new album. But my questions about his personnel problems are not evaded or glossed over. I have to admire his candour, his upfront espousal of his cause. The man knows what he's about.

"What the album is, is a continuation of the 'Fresh Fruit' idea. Only it's a flashback, it all takes place on B'dilli Bay, where, if you recall, the song 'Table Manners' comes from. It's a flashback story of what exactly happened for the 21 days that Creole and his crew stayed on that island, with the scum of the earth, the prostitutes, whores and pimps.

"I think to do an album that is basically an R&B album, 'cause that's what this album is, I had to create a story line to justify it. Creole is on B'dilli Bay looking for Mimi and he had to spend time there, he had to buy his time there. Because the music of B'dilli Bay was R&B. And Creole was forced to play the music to stay there. What I am in fact saying is that just as Kid sacrificed for Mimi, August Darnell had to sacrifice for the Mimi of my life. Which is the dream I've got of bringing music to the masses.

"Make no mistake about it, this album is a compromise. It's much more steeped in R&B that Kid Creole should be. That's why it originally was supposed to be an August Darnell solo album. But because of the problems we ran into in the company and the company not believing in Kid Creole enough, this had to be turned into a Kid Creole album."

August is referring to Warner Brothers, the parent company of Sire, his US label.

"They weren't going to go for putting out two albums. They said it wasn't in the budget. So rather than fight them, and spiting myself by saying 'Well then you can't **have** any', I decided to Coconutize this one and put **it out**. And I'm happy with it, thank God. Thanks to tracks like 'Annie I'm Not Your Daddy' and 'No Fish Today' and 'The Love We Have', I have an album I can stand by. Those are my favourites."

Will the R&B direction make it more commercial?

"I know it will. It's part of the master plan to reach something larger than a cult following. But I couldn't do it without making an excuse for it. So I let people know that this is why the Kid is playing this music, because he's washed on the shore of an island where they say 'Hey if you wanna stay here motherfucker you play this music or get the hell out.' Which is actually what happened to August Darnell on this island, New York City. 'You wanna survive here' Warner Brothers was saying, 'Play the goddam music that's successful.' So the question was, how much do I love my dream? Do I love it enough to say 'I'm gonna stick to my way' or do I love it so much that I'll say, 'Okay, I'll play your music, if this is what you want.'

"But down the road there will be more 'Annies', more reggae, more calypso, there will be things that you can't even define. Because that's my heart. 'Imitation' and 'Loving You Made A Fool Of Me', that's not my heart. Those are songs I had fun writing but I grew out of. 'Loving You' was written ten years ago. When I was doing a solo album I said, hey, let me do some of that old stuff. I know it's much more accessible. Already 'I'm A Wonderful Thing' has gotten more reaction than both albums combined. The fact that it's got that R&B feel, they can't miss it, and a cute lyric.

"In a way this album is much more of a personal vision than the last. Those days in B'dilli Bay are soul-searching days, in which Creole had to stand alone. Interior soul searching rather than outwardly, finding out what he is as a man. How important Mimi is to him. He can no longer call on his comrades. Some of them had died. On the real level of course what I'm saying is that I've lost a lot of cats along the way.

"That's why the Coconuts don't appear as much as they did. I could have put them on all the tracks I wanted to. But I decided to keep it that man alone kind of feeling. And, uh, of course Andy doesn't play as much a part on this album. Again, for many reasons. One, when I was doing the album he was in South America promoting the Coati Mundi show. So I called another arranger, who did a fantastic job for me. And then when it turned into a Coconuts album I called Andy in to do some tracks. He has one song on the album called 'I'm Corrupt' which I felt fit brilliantly into the scheme of things. Creole, in his sacrifice, was really corrupting himself. Every compromise is a corruption of sorts. So, the song goes *"I know I'm corrupt but please don't give me up."* In other words there's still the wholesomeness there but for some things you have to be corrupt."

TIME TO ASK about the feud, and how August felt about working with Andy now. August pauses, draws in a breath, and looks serious.

"We've had a great deal of trouble. We're further apart than we've ever been. We started out very close, because we had a cameraderie in the fact that we were both frustrated with the Savannah Band situation. He was frustrated because Stoney never called on him for his talents as an arranger and I was frustrated because I wasn't given the chance to expand beyond being the lyricist. So that's how we came together.

"Now it seems he resented, and rightfully so, my trip to London, where I left the band sort of stranded, where there was a soul-searching period for me. I needed to get away. I needed, as Hardy says, to get far from the madding crowd. So I could look back on it and say 'Now I understand what was happening, they were getting the better of me in the savage city.' Perhaps I should have taken the time to say 'Andy, I'm going to go away for awhile, don't panic.' I didn't because I'm basically a private person and I don't tell anybody my business, not even my wife. But he resented that and as a result he said to me when I got back. 'I realise now you're really out for yourself.'

"I'm sorry he interpreted it that way because it's not the whole truth. It's partially true because goddam right I will save myself first. But by the same token I love that guy. I hope he weighs the assets against the liabilities in the long run and sees that everybody has a bad side. I'm not saying I'm perfect. I'm very selfish, very self destructive as well. Andy's disillusioned with how important self is to me. But if there's anybody in this band I do care for, I care for Andy.

"There's also the double-edged sword in the fact that Lori Eastside got fired this year. I thought she just wasn't capable of giving me the vocal performance I needed. I needed someone more trained in R&B for this stuff, and she's much more rock oriented. And of course Andy and Lori have their relationship, and I'm sure part of it as well. He was hurt by the way she got fired. He felt it was unprofessional because I waited till she called me."

Was he right? Did you handle it badly?

"Perhaps I did. But that's me. That's me in my flippant, lackadaisical way.

"He has to do this tour. We're gonna be in front of a million interviewers over there and everybody's going to be asking about the new album, and what can the guy say? He only wrote one song on it, and all the arrangements are by another guy. I understand the position he's in. It's a sad thing, it's just one of those things of circumstance. I hope we can work together in the future. But if the wound can't be healed we'll just have to forge ahead.

"This year I got rid of my comrade of five years, my percussionist. And I had to get rid of my drummer, Winston Grennon, a reggae drummer, I loved him dearly but the guy was undisciplined. He'd miss rehearsals. It's not an easy thing to do. And I think what gave me the strength to make those decisions was my stay in London for three months, looking back and saying now I understand what's happening here. That gave me the courage to come back here and say, okay the guys who can't cut it are not with me this year. I even had to make changes with the girls, because I never liked the vocal sound. I think I made the right choices. The only regret I have is the gap that's developing between Andy and I. The rest I'm very happy about."

AUGUST BREATHES OUT and smiles. That said, we both breathe easier, and move on to lighter topics. Like how is the current show different?

"It's really our first conventional, straightforward concert, in as much as there's no narrative, there's not four or five costume changes. And it's a combination of all three albums.

"Visually we're doing a different thing now. We've got risers, everyone's going to be behind bandstands. Like Cab Calloway bandstands. It's like an old '40s big band set-up. And it works.

"It's just come out and do the songs. All that other stuff we're gonna save for Joseph Papp, when that happens back here in New York."

So the plan for a Broadway production of the 'Fresh Fruit' show is still on?

"Oh yes, very much so. We're just trying to come together on what the script will be. And we've been working so feverishly on this European thing that I haven't even been thinking about that 'till I get back."

The idea of a narrative musical fit the idea of the 'Fresh Fruit' album perfectly.

"That's what I intend to do now with all the Kid Creole albums. Now that the myth has been created, the modern day Odysseus, if you will, of Kid's search for Mimi, I intend to make every album a sequel. A whole series of stories, a modern mythology. Lord knows we need modern day legends. And I hope the right investors will come forward and make not only the Broadway thing a possibility but film. Cinematic musicals is really where my heart is. With the right costumes, oh man! I think about it every night. I just have technicolour dreams about it."

If you could get anyone you wanted to direct it, who would you choose?

"That's a good question. I'd like to raise Cecil B. DeMille from his grave. Someone with the mind for spectacle, someone like Francis Ford Coppola. Someone with the eye for spectacle and grandeur. Otherwise he'd miss it entirely. The guy who does it has to be a guy who want to see hoards and multitides. And of course that means money.

"You know who I've been working with lately? Nastasia Kinski (the star of *Cat People*). I did a single with her, I wrote the song and produced it. She had to fly off to Germany to finish a film so we're gonna finish it up in September. Pseudo-calypso with a dance beat, and she does a great vocal performance on it."

A lot of what you do is about codes. Sexual code, like in 'Table Manners', where you sing *"I'm not talking about food"*, or the way you look, a dress code.

"Yeah, code is an interesting way of putting it. It's like, when we were younger, I know when I was, in the Bronx, the thing to do was to belong to a gang. And your code was an emblem or jacket that you wore. It was a code that set you apart, gave you an identity. That's what we're establishing with the clothes. It sets us aside from everything else. And it governs the choices we make onstage. When it comes to what lick to put in we always return to the code, and say what lick fits the code? That's the way we make albums as well.

"Plus it's lots of fun. It's always fun to have that inner expression that they don't know about. It gives you that extra feeling."

You've got lots of subtexts.

"Subtexts is right. Actually there's layers below layers."

With that, and a grin, August is off to whip his band into shape.

TWO NIGHTS LATER at the Ritz I see what is essentially the second dress rehearsal of the new Kid Creole show, though held in front of a live audience. Despite a few kinks needing to be worked out it was an enthralling spectacle. By the time it hits England it should be superb.

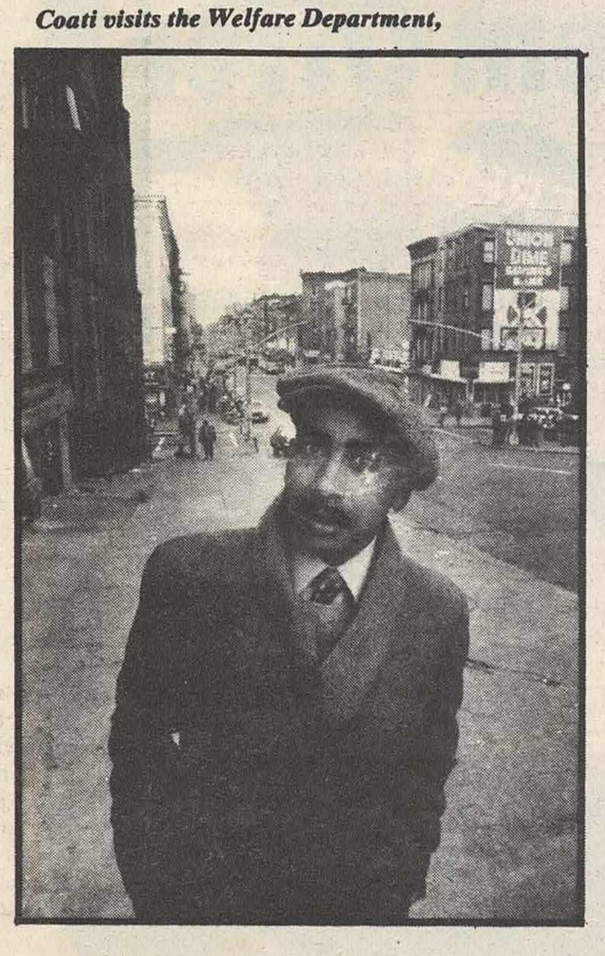
With Lori Eastside gone Darnell has to be more of a front man than he used to be. But the Coconuts are more out front as well, and in much better voice than they've ever been. The choreography, by Darnell's wife Adriana Kaegi, is full of wit and sly body language. Coati Mundi does his bit to perfection. Whatever backstage strains exist are left behind when the show starts.

The band is tight, razor-sharp, and funkier than usual, leaning quite a bit on Carol Colman's bass and Marc Mazur's cutting guitar. The songs from the new album sound like sure floor fillers, deep in the groove.

"Concert" is much to drab a term to describe the Kid Creole show. It's still a musical production, a feast for the eyes, a panorama of role-playing, and a bath for the ears, a wash of voices and instruments.

August, your show stirs ripples of imagination that can fan out endlessly. I'm sad to hear people you've worked with speak ill of you, but in the end I don't care. No one said a Genuis Of Love had to be a 100 per cent Nice Guy. Maybe I'm selfish like you, but I don't have to work with you, just consume you, eat up your creations and savour the flavour. You're a tarnished angel and I'll still revel in your fantasy. You're a wonderful thing baby.

Coati visits the Welfare Department,



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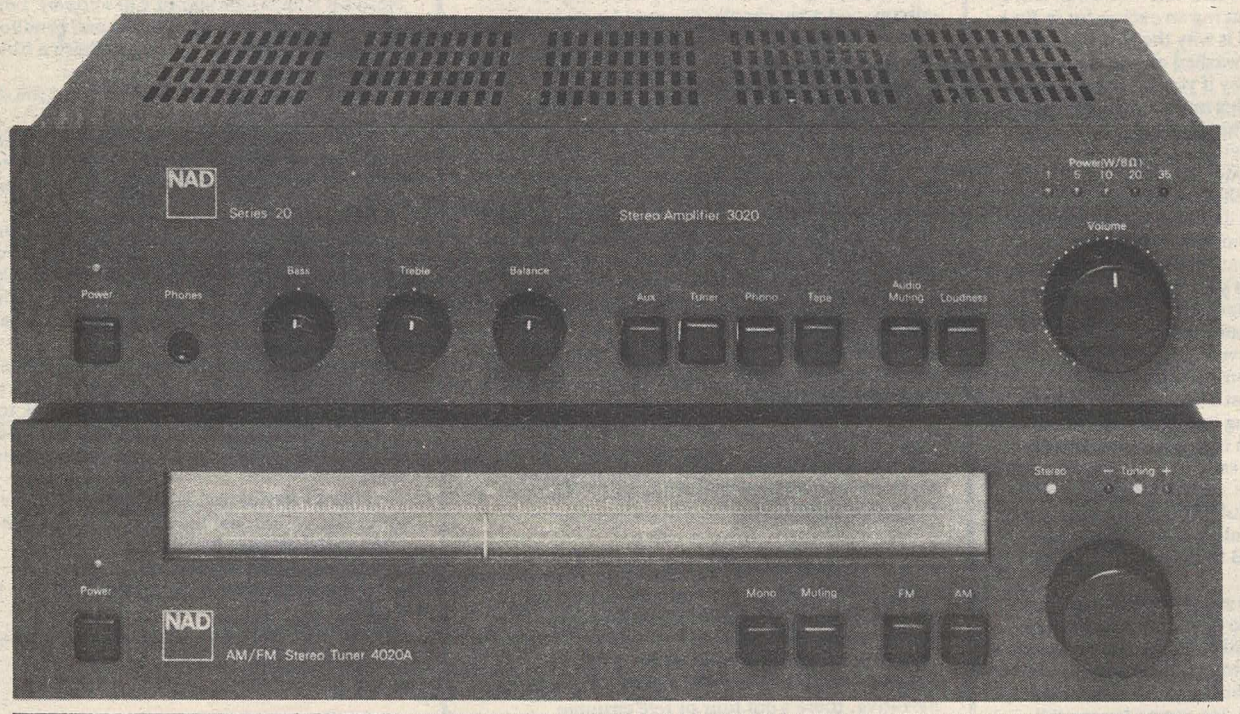

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LPs

The Clash *Pic: Ian Wright*

BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE

THE CLASH

Combat Rock (FMLN)

THATCHER baying for blood, screaming revenge, rediscovering the word 'fascist' after a lifetime spent supporting military regimes...

And what do The Clash do? What do the tired, junked out, diseased, redundant Clash do? They bring out a record — a record that spells out the sides, nails the *real* war and says all that needs to be said about the Malvinas schmalvinas farce. Hah!

"You have the right not to be killed!" That's some propaganda!

Five years albums ago, everybody that was anybody loved The Clash (least, they *said* they did), saviour in combat gear, leather-jacketed messiahs . . .aw, the pigeon-holes were all pigeon shit.

The Clash were a great rock band, p'raps the greatest, but no revolutionaries. What made them great was the NOISE they produced, the sheer brutal assault of angry guitars. Sure, they had politics too, bitter propaganda, but it was the ANGER of a song as magnificent as 'Complete Control', the crushing *ugliness* of that single that turned what started as a bitch at CBS into the most powerful two fingers to capitalism captured on vinyl.

Bear with the verbals, The Clash are still a great rock band and still no revolutionaries.

Dispense with The Myth.

One. 'Know Your Rights' is the best Clash single since 'White Man', no sweat. A pointed Anthem, a furious chant with that same ANGER, that same vitality.

Two. 'Combat Rock' is easily the best Clash album since 'Give 'Em Enough Rope' 'Combat Rock' is a sharp statement, powerful propaganda. Check the two sides: on the one hand you have Haircut 100, Altered Images, Depeche Mode . . . (Tony Newley, Adam Faith, Cliff Richard . . .) cooing at each other, cute and ginchy, just like 1961 again, and on the other we have The Jam, The Fun Boy Three and The Clash. Cept, right now, this week, we have The Clash cos 'Know Your Rights' related to NOW, just like 'Ghost Town' related to last summer and 'The Boiler' related to this spring.

Three . . .This album is an album of *war.*

You want the songs? The songs are everywhere . . . funk, rock, punk, schlock — this album diversifies. 'Combat Rock' showcases piano and horns, guitar and vocal roar, shows The Clash are still not frightened to experiment. Cack hacks who once flirted with The Clash will tell us this band dropped out the day they dropped hardcore buzzsaw total-guitar when the truth is their sound never traded solely on thrash.

Anger isn't squealing feedback, anger is a rough voice and, sure enuff, Glyn Johns and Strummer have mixed this album for the voice. Recognise it.

Side one starts shouting with the aforementioned blast of sanity that spills on the new Falklands cocktail (one part Pym's and a measure of Haig — a Bloody tragedy) and 'Car Jamming' crashes in on its heels: Malombo drums, scratch geetar and talk of war . . . *"A shy boy from Missouri*
Boots blown off in a '60s war Riding aluminium crutches
Now he knows the welfare kindness and Agent Orange colour blindness . . ."

'Should I Stay Or Should I Go' sees Jones messing things up with Spanish rock and howls of indecision, a wind up for 'Rock The Casbah', a funk-punching gem of a song. Joe takes on the mullahs to the tune of that terrace favourite 'Fuck The Falklands' and wins the argument. And what a winner! It gives you the ridiculous grinning rush that only The Clash can spark.

Similarly 'Red Angel Dragnet', tuff as a bass bin as Simonon lays down demands . . . *"Just freedom to move, to live*
For women to take a walk in the park at midnight..."—This rough bastard steals lines from *Taxi Driver* — Travis by Cosmo after god knows how many takes).

Where 'Red Angel' thumps and growls, 'Overpowered By Funk' shakes and shimmers and the voice says . . .
Combatative. Repetitive.
"Don't life just funk you out?
Asinine. Stupefying.
Can the clone line dry you out?"

And that's *Peacetime!* A life of mindless ritual, on the production line or down the dole, that screws you down and nails a price on your labour / A song that rattled (Strummer haranguing, Futura rapping) and argues over a funk battering.

As for wartime, it's on side two that the argument really starts to burn. The voice of 'Combat Rock' is the voice of sanity, not suitable for blasting out on the World Service right now — this voice gets too near the truth. It goes like this: 'Atom Tan' steps lightly, Strummer and Jones swapping vocals on the sadness, the blood and the madness, of life (or lack of it) after the nuclear ZAP . . .
"All night I waited for a horseman
And his ever faithful, his Indian friend
I'm not the only one of the caped crusader fan club
Watching the sky for mankind's friend . . . There is no god, Marvel Comic character or otherwise, to come to your rescue. Fight for yourself.

'Ghetto Defendant' and 'Inoculated City' bump along the middle of the road but the message is still hard, never conciliatory. 'Ghetto Defendant' is Allen Ginsberg's tune, complete with poem, but it's Strummer who takes the lead with bitter insight . . . *It is heroin pity not tear gas nor baton charge/That stops you taking the city . . ."* before 'Inoculated City pinpoints where the orders come from. We drug ourselves stupid on their propaganda . . . but then, what drug stupefies more than war?

The message is pile-drived, over and over again: You fight for someone else, you die for someone else and *we* suffer.

'Straight To Hell ends side one, Joe Crying soft and painful:
"As railhead towns feel the steel mills rust.
Water froze in the generation, clear as winter ice
This is your paradise . . .
It could be anywhere, most likely could be any frontier
Any hemisphere — no man's land
And there ain't no asylum here
'Go straight to hell boys' . . ."

They won't hear this one (positively absolutely) on the HMS Invincile — jeez, British workers might start wondering what they're doing eight thousand miles away from home killing Argentinian workers . . .

'Death Is A Star' crystallises the madness of this war. Sure, it's a depressing ending but, 'kinnel, the first album could hardly have ended on a more mournful note ('Garageland' was always the saddest of anthems).

That 'Combat Rock' has inadvertently become the best counterblast on the Falklands is no surprise from a band who have turned out the most brilliant series of anti-war critiques ('Career Opportunities', 'Tommy Gun', 'London Calling', 'Clampdown', 'The Call Up' . . .) *This* counterblast belongs to Joe Strummer and Joe's still barking hard: *"You'll be dead when their war is won!"*

What's surprising is that The Clash have *survived* five albums, after all the years of internal arguments and lingering habits. Schoolboy skinhead or not, Simenon has always had a skin's suss and style and is still the rock solid root of this band, still sharp — it's up to Topper to kick junk and Mick Jones to kick the wimp pop star habit to sort out the mess.

As for Strummer, he's still an impressive propagandist, a vitriolic poet, but for *Answers* we've always had to look elsewhere (searching through the grubby racks of independents for Crisis or turning now to The Jam for a way to fight back). Listen, I'll tell you where the "socially concerned rock artist" stands in the bubblegum environment of today — s/he stands HERE! Strummer should get back and get moving, start arguing positive. 'The Future' Is Unwritten'? Yeah? Then start writing it!

This record is for *us,* not for the mugs — 'Combat Rock' is too important to be snidely lumped with all the other dross, and this band are too important to tear themselves apart.

The Clash still smell good (if they're not in your top ten, you're not in mine) and that war stinks rotten — grab a sniff. Listen to this. Run.

X. Moore

A Flipper and fans *Pic: Vikki Haas*

DOLPHINS IN ROCK (PART 6)

FLIPPER

Album Generic Flipper (Subterranean, import)

A FIRST song, 'The Way Of The World', opens like Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine', and 'Album G.F.' never really lets go from there on in. Flipper are so good it's irresponsible to get sober about them. As they say in their liner suggestions, "NO MATTER HOW FUCKED UP YOU ARE, YOU ARE NOT TOO FUCKED TO GET FUCKED (UP)". This is sense at work, and I'm not even all-American!

Lester Bangs R.I.P. He probably dug Flipper too. *"Life's the only thing worth living for"*, they sing, which certainly beats his *"suicide's a waste of time"* number. *"I too have sung Death's praise,"* inveighs Will Shatter at his most sincere, *"But I'm not gonna sing that song anymore . . ."*

Fabulously Nietzschean! Having stolen our hearts outright with the implacable 'Sex Bomb' (herein revamped), Flipper take their spirited barrage-of-sound effect one solemn step further with an actual twelve-inch disc. This is no dopey, slobbering frolic. In fact, I deeply appreciate how serious Flipper must be underneath it all. As you would too, if you had the simple sense (of dementia) to buy the darn thing.

"I say 'Who cares anyway? Who listens to what I say?' This song rhymes and we play it in time'."

('Living For The Depression')

What charms one so swiftly about Flipper is the way guitar, bass, and drums all become one instrument: there is a harmonious, triumvirate unity achieved on this record, and it seamlessly forces one to think of the Sex Pistols penetrating Suicide, which is indeed what 'Album G.F.' musically amounts to. And 'Flipper' after all! What a great image, logo, symbol. What a great word! Idea! Culture-cluster! Forget the loaves, forget the crass 5,000, just give us the fishes under the deep blue sea.

Some stray thoughts from 'Album G.F.':

"Ever see a couple kissing, and get sickened by it? SO WHAT?".

('Ever')

"Life is pretty cheap,
Except for the cold . . .
delirious . . . few."

('Life Is Cheap')

Or perhaps they mean 'deleterious'?

"We're living like cockroaches in this place, sprayed with insecticide that leaves no trace. And if we could crawl on you at night, you can be sure we'd love to bite . . ."

('Living For The Depression')

('Life Is Cheap' carries the organ/bass riff from 'L'America' by The Doors, which is not inappropriate by any means. Other fleeting I.D. marks flaunt themselves, usually without the slightest trace of relevance . . . or insecticide.)

Flipper say: Don't be stupid. The other guy is the dipshit.

BUTTERFLY BAWLS

THE ASSOCIATES

Sulk (Associates / WEA / Beggars Banquet etc.)

HOLD STILL

"IF THE real world is not altogether rejected, it is but touched here and there, and into the places we have left we summon rhythm, balance, pattern, images, that remind us of vast passions, the vagueness of past times, all the chimeras that haunt the edge of trance." (W B Yeats)

THE SURFACE

Looking at the surface, what we have here is: eight songs ('No', 'Bapdelabap', 'Gloomy Sunday', 'Nude Spoons', 'Skipping', 'Party Fears Two', 'It's Better This Way' and 'Club Country'), two instrumentals ('Arrogance Gave Him Up' and 'Nothing In Something Particular'), some scattered and sticky linking noises, a mad voice that won't go unnoticed, a glowing glowering guitar sound, a swimming bass, a surcharged emotionalism, an extravagant, compelling RUDENESS.

'Sulk' is the follow-up proper, to speak so, to 'Affectionate Punch' — appearing after a remarkable spray of singles that quickly revealed The Associates were detached, spicy, clever and fluent. They wrote what they chose, the alien buggers, and during 1981 they decided that they were *very* important. Compared with 'Sulk', 'Affectionate Punch' is playtime stuff: compared with 'Afectionate Punch', 'Sulk' is playing around with TIME. On 'Affectionate Punch' The Associates wondered what it was like to live dangerously; on 'Sulk' The Associates — as tactfully as possible — just assume that they're supernatural. 'Sulk' contains everything but the kitchen sink and a tortoise: hang still, I can hear a sink being tapped . . . 'Sulk' contains everything but a tortoise.

SCRATCH AWAY THE SURFACE

The Associates would sound this way whether David Bowie, Joy Division and the Banshees had existed or not. They make an electric music that might — *you never know* — be on a point between John Barry and Erik Satie. Music for fast-moving unintellectual films: or, pieces in the form of a pear. They cannot be pinned down, they cannot be caught: if rock music is a slow slow tortoise, The Associates are an elusive butterfly. Their music is a shameless, inspiring dance around the ungraspable, and the Sulk-songs dramatise futility, failure, malice and weakness with such piercing lack of embarrassment, such pulverising dedication, the whole thing often 'threatens' to tumble up and over into comedy and beyond . . . into a twisted new type of beauty and idiocy. No more drama, no more tragedy: the tragedy's turning comic, the comic is tragic, and life's getting more . . . *cheerful*. So, 'Sulk': it's better this way.

DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE

'Sulk' deals with everything, in its hectic, drifting way, except the 'mystery of the lost tortoise'. There is an uninterruptible mix-up of cheap mystery, vague menace, solemn farce, serious struggle, arrogant ingenuity, deep anxiety, brash irregularity, smooth endeavour. There is reference to hidden motives and guilty secrets, Billy Mackenzie establishes himself as some kind of master at concealing his sensitivity beneath cryptic layers of coolness and irony, and protects his privacy with sheer hysteria.

The Associates are satisfied to hold the audience's attention without establishing anything specific: this is honest enough — Mackenzie's illogical, elliptical words incidentally emphasise the desperate irrationality of most rock lyrics' strictly logical wordplay. 'Sulk' burns into us the need to embrace new concepts, confront new realities: and it mocks the tragedy of entertainment as deliciously as Dollar, as gloriously as the Banshees.

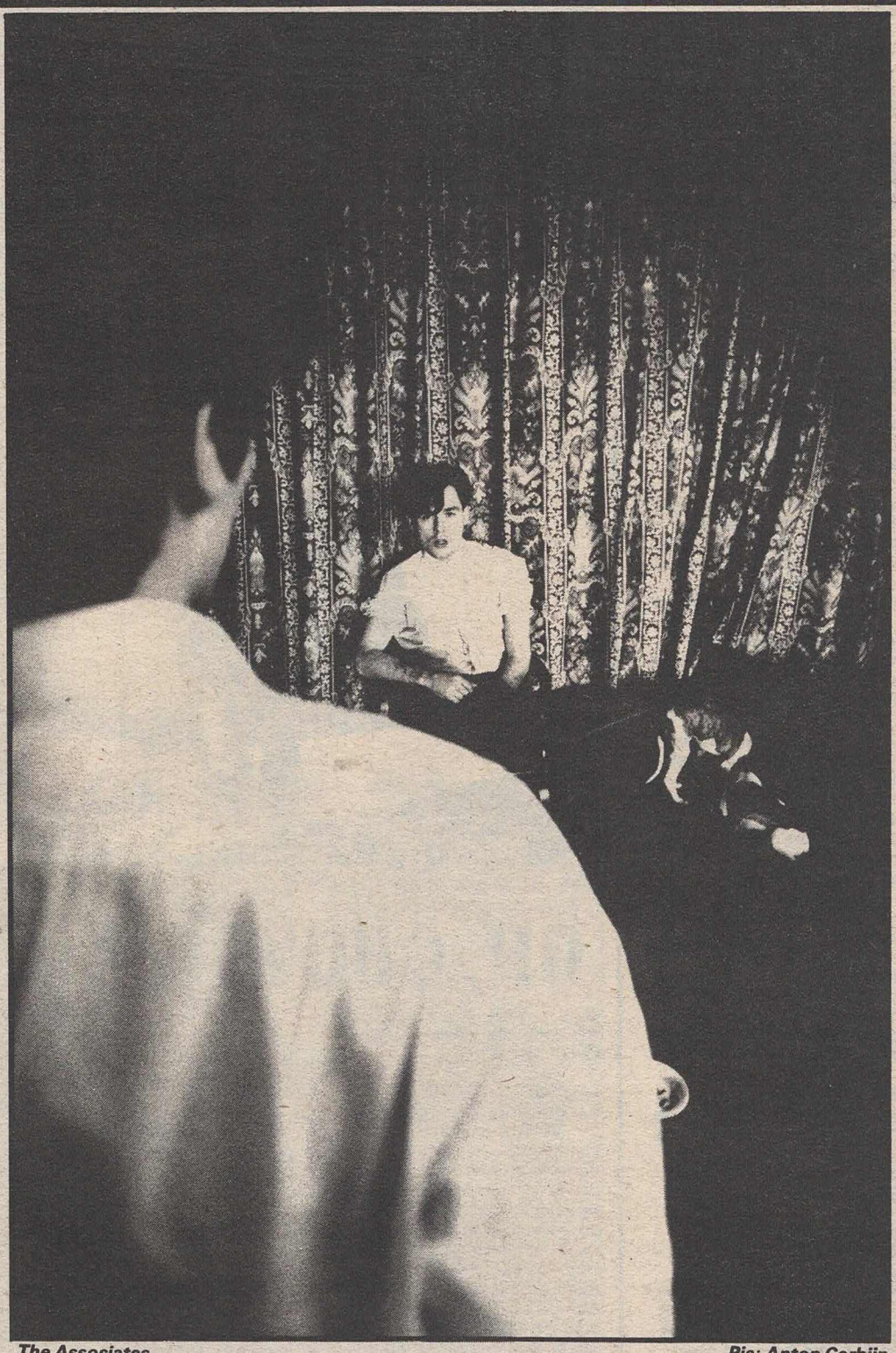
With 'Sulk' it's as if The Associates — especially on the dismally spectacular pure post-'Closer' pieces 'No' and 'Bapdelabap' — are stepping casually into the bleak unknown with huge silly grins on their face. The group are disturbed and highly amused.

'Skipping' says a lot about their action and their attitude: the combination of introspective perplexity and sniggering indulgence, an elegaic feeling underlining a perhaps grotesque grandness, fundamentally an exciting co-existence of HUMOUR and 'depth'. On 'Sulk' there can be a terrifying sincerity — step into the dynamically haunted 'Bapdelabap' — that can suddenly snap into some sub-Sweet bubble-stupidity, and then everything curves back into its private, mystical corridor — ever-ready to fling open surprising new doors.

The Associates achieve something Joy Division never wanted to: something that hides away on the flipside of The Cure coin: something New Order are beginning to display. The Associates are quite prepared to talk nonsense: high and low, serious, even horrifying matters are miraculously mingled with the burlesque and the humorous; flat realism with high fantasticat and magical elements. Musically as well as lyrically there's a feeling of clowning, fooling and madness: the group do everything they can (except race the tortoise) to torture meaning. The Associates rejoice, justly, in seeing what cannot be seen everyday.

Sometimes 'Sulk' is simply enormous: and then again it is fantastically unlikely. We sweep from the epic struggle of 'No' to the permissive nonsense of 'Nude Spoons': we dive from imbecility to anguish: we oscillate between the heavily romantic and the merely playful: we're stood on our heads and the backs of our knees are tickled. 'Sulk' sets us spinning, and in one way and most others it upsets us. There are minds to be changed and eyes to be opened: so let's 'Sulk'. If you 'Sulk' you won't rest. And you won't miss the tortoise, of that I'm certain.

Paul Morley



The Associates *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

A WONDER DOWN MEMORY LANE

STEVIE WONDER

Original Musiquarium I (Motown)

FOUR MONTHS late, four sides long, only four tracks new but fortunately containing enough sterling old stuff to make it a realistic proposition (economicswise) comes the Wonderworks of nearly two years preparation.

Whatever the conceptions and misconceptions behind this unbalanced coupling of the old and new, 'Musiquarium' serves as an ambiguous advertisement of the man and the music within Stevie Wonder, both back then and right now. Ambiguous, as while the previously released material shows an exceptionally agile mind at work with increasing effect over a period of years, the new songs prove a turnabout of such a degree that the most obvious reason is a loss of touch with the world. The track listing on this set first treads a path along the plan that led to 1979 and 'The Secret Life Of Plants', then holds up the not even two-dimensional recent offerings, and mocks the comparison.

Firstly we go back, back to 1972 when to the horror of England's legion of 'Motown lovers' — who were by now well past their youth and getting turned on by new Morris Marinas and three up/two down semis in Basildon — 'Little' Stevie Wonder grew up and told them 'bout the music of his mind.

Nothing too out in the open just yet but the development continued through the years and albums, each one sitting a little uneasier than the one before with the aspiring middle management — after all, they didn't dance at their parties any more and if it was Stevie, it must be "brilliant".

On this set, the progression is plain to see, as the track listing is made up of key (if not always crucial) songs from each of the five albums culminating in 'Songs In The Key Of Life'.

Where it begins to fall down is in the misrepresentation of the Wonderpeak 'The Secret Life Of Plants'. Understandably perhaps, due to the wholesale rejection of the set, but a couple more definitive tracks from it here would've established the link between it and 'Key Of Life', which the three-year silence sadly destroyed. Might even've given one of the only truly innovative works of recent years a second chance . . .

On to post-plant Wonder and the disappointments.

'Master Blaster' shows the trend of taking the unpalatable into suburbia still intact, but that whole set was so musically cretinous that the less said about it the better. It would be nice to think that he'd taken the plan back to square one, but the four new cuts show no such thing.

Apart from one — 'Do I Do' — they use no other musicians (except for an odd sounding guitar man) and Wonder is finally paying the price for locking himself away from outside influences. He seems to have lost his way so badly that the only concept involved here is self indulgence. Shame, because the one that does involve other people proves he can still give it up.

This is a definitive biography that does its job (a little too) well. I hope it sells, but at the same time I hope people buy it for the right reasons.

Lloyd Bradley

They say: shed no tears for the dying martyr, the bleeding cop, the suicide, the nun beaten by the children she called her flock . . .
"No tears wasted.
No sorrow. No pity.
No, no crying, no loss."
('Shed No Tears')

It is all I can do to quote from the master-platter 'Album G.F.' But my very own special Flipper favourite would have (musically) to be '(I Saw You) Shine', which darkly concludes the first side of this stylish debut. In part it goes:
"Show me/ Show me all your tears/Your pain/Your pain makes me burn/It's my shame/It's my shame that we both hurt."

"The lights have all gone out"*, they scream from their overturned, hardcore-infested platform, *"BUT I SAW YOU SHINE."

In a quiet sort of way, I feel this to be one of the very loudest records ever made. I furthermore surmise that Flipper might be a minor earthquake of a revelation were they ever to rub (studded?) shoulders with the likes of Blitz, Anti-Pasti and so forth. Maybe all the dicko UK punks would open their eyes again, maybe they'd even SHINE. (A pimple or two might burst forth colourfully.)

And yet again:
"There are eyes that/Cannot see/And fingers that/Cannot touch/That's The Way Of The World"
('The Way Of The World')

That a "group" could revel with such almost indiscriminate *jouissance* and be so altogether un-group-like was inconceivable before Flipper, and only hinted at by such "groups" as the Sex Pistols. I believe Flipper have grasped, but grasped well, a simple but quite recondite notion, to wit, that nothing matters remotely besides immediate pleasure or gratification on some level (eg. playing to morons), and from this humble sparking point have deduced almost the entire tragedy of the human race against time.

I just wish I could draw the idiot's fish logo of 'Album G.F."s cover for you here and now. Unlike the well-fed crass 5,000, you might see the light.

Barney Hoskyns

THE NOISE REDUCER

THOMAS DOLBY

The Golden Age Of Wireless (Venice In Peril)

THOMAS DOLBY sees the opportunity of making an LP as a kind of vehicle for a very faddish boffinism. He wears braces and fashionably slack suits, sings with an antiseptic punctiliousness, sets his synthesisers to tick towards doomsday. A grey way of pilfering — which is all this amounts to, I'm afraid.

The cover mocks up a tattered front page of a valve-age magazine like *Practical Wireless*, but Dolby's materials glisten with contemparaneity, as the laborious inventory of equipment inside makes clear. His mistake is in harping on the contrasts between the use of this hardware and the supposed warmth of humanist pop: there's nothing new or novel about the electro-beat any more and the thematic content of songs like 'Radio Silence' and 'Commercial Breakup' tells only of a transistor ham locked up in his shack for too long.

Isolated in single form, 'Airwaves' (here in a needlessly longer version) sounded like an excellent stab at plaiting a nerveless foreboding with lush synthetic textures. Here it has to parade beside eight other parables with the same dreary moral: the future's here now, it's bleak and it's mysterious. By half-way you feel toasted to an iridescent template by the recurrent flooding neon.

Thomas Dolby

Despite Dolby's obvious skill at building the tracks and turning the dials the overriding impression is of a great deal of pretty noise slivered into patterns too diverse to have any real impact.

His most obvious rival is probably Thomas Leer. Where Leer's pop is flawed by a wilful penchant for trying anything and turning a single idea every which way, Dolby combs his songs for irregularities and smooths everything to a compact and untroubling block: a cubist sensitivity. When something does slip out — the huge dancing shapes that leap up at the very end of 'Flying North' or the poignant use of distance in 'Weightless' — it sounds like a mere tease.

'The Golden Age Of Wireless' is an operator's manual, without any suggestion of a real involvement.

Richard Cook

I SHOULD COCOA!

KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS

Tropical Gangsters (Ze Records)

SUMMER 1981 and everywhere you turn people are talking . . . about 12 failing men in Long Kesh, mass unemployment, the threat of nuclear war, unheard-of nationwide riots and in the dizzy idealistic world of pop . . . Kid Creole and The Coconuts!!?? It must be the circles I move in, because to the great bulk of the British public the name sounds like some sort of music hall farce and the punchline goes 'Ay Ay Ay Moosey'.

In his time, Kid Creole — aka August Darnell — has mapped out an intriguing body of work — from the Runyonesque imagery matched to a Broadway music score and new-fashioned dance music of Doctor Buzzard's Savannah Band to the more straight-ahead, deftly arranged and occasionally pulverising delight of The Coconuts — 'Que Pasa' being the obvious example.

But he has always been erratic, sometimes stretching himself too far and ending up with a sprawling, heavy-handed mess — the bulk of 'Fresh Fruit' hardly stood up to its original conception as a musical voyage when actually transmitted to vinyl.

What has hurt more than any in-house critical jibes has been the consistent failure of The Coconuts to make a notable impression on the charts. A long time coming, originally planned as a Darnell solo album, commercial considerations hang heavy on 'Tropical Gangsters'. And really there can be no excuse this time — the record company has pulled all the stops out, the press brouhaha can easily be whipped up again, a TV special is in the offing and a major tour of Britain gets under way towards the end of the month. The world is ready and waiting for August and fellow travellers and all they have to do is lay some steaming hot product on us. I've listened to the LP about five or six times now and I'm still waiting.

The title is partly self-evident and partly inspired, methinks, by a *Black Music* cover story last year which was headlined 'Is This Man A Terrorist!' and which featured Darnell firing off about the ineptitude of the American record industry when it came to packaging a group of black musicians who fall outside a crass disco stereotype.

However, there is more than a faint hint of irony behind the vitriolic and strong-willed verbal given in that article, because in many ways 'Tropical Gangsters' shows the Coconuts' forte becoming as hackneyed and predictable as the outfits that were the object of Darnell's derision.

There's a feeling of going through the motions on many of the songs, playing out scenes and sending up manners and mores in an almost identikit fashion. Perhaps the most disappointing thing about this LP is the lack of vision and imagination in Darnell's songwriting. When you compare a genuinely lovely love song like 'Off The Coast Of Me' (the title track of what remains the finest LP Darnell has been involved in, though I've yet to hear the Funkapolitan disc) with blatant rubbish like 'Annie (I'm Not Your Daddy)' the question must be — so this is the cost of commercial acceptance? Or has Darnell simply written all his best tunes when only a few were listening?

***"Oh Annie I'm not your daddy / Y'see if I was in your blood then you wouldn't be so ugly . . ."* goes the opening track and it's not even funny, a spurious deflated attempt to build up the Kid Creole alter-ego with an excuse for a song which is little short of pitiful. The side closes with Andy Hernandez' 'Corrupt', another piece of aural birdcage lining, a Coconut (presumably Cory Daye) repeating endlessly her lack of virtue over a garbled backing track (most of the music on this LP could have been played with the musicians on remote control). It's something akin to a Studio 54 equivalent of PiL's 'Cowboy Song.' Yup, *that* worthwhile.**

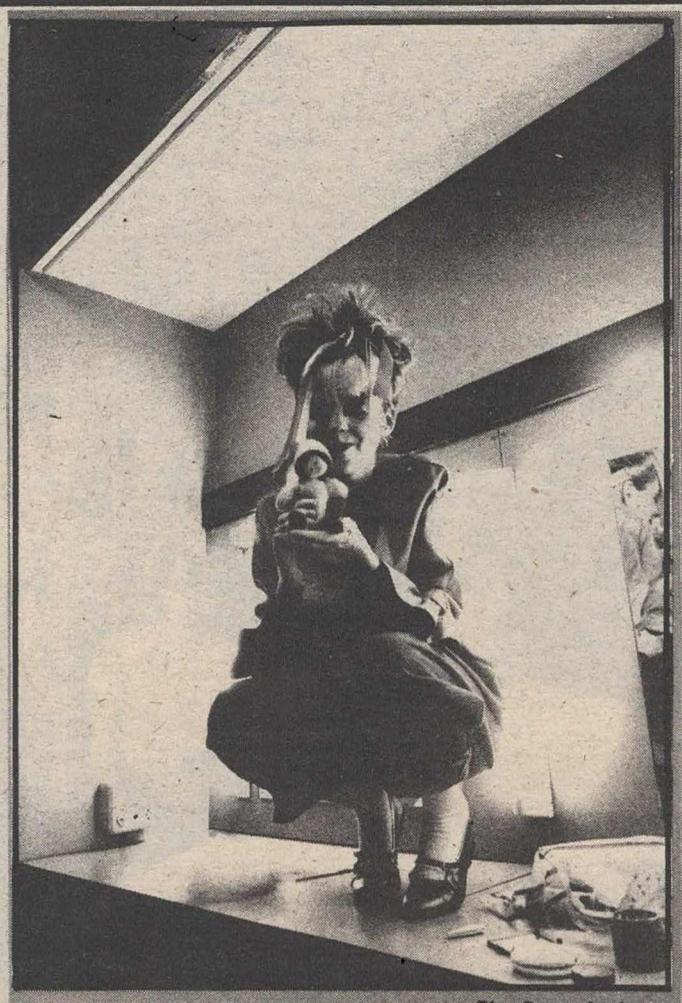
It has been suggested, not without foundation either, that an updated highlife version of James Brown is Darnell's role model for his latest venture. There is the same penchant for self-aggrandisement (I'm A Wonderful Thing') and the ambiguous relationship between the person and the character created on record; the form of musical attack with its knuckle-tight percussive bias also has similarities, but the crucial difference, given the sheer overall atmosphere and tension generated by The Famous Flames, is in the understanding of dynamics. JB knew when to break out, dive back and flex out at just the right time — every departure, every connection and every *movement* was crucial, indispensable, but so much of what's on here is commonplace and lacklustre.

That's not to say the LP is without its moments. 'Loving You Made A Fool Of Me', for instance, is a bevy of formidable rhythms layered into chunky slices of movement — frantic percuss - cuss - cuss - cussion and an elephant wailing brass arrangement. But the nagging gold digger and frail hapless male scenario is not a new one, being a virtual re-run of 'Darrio'. So it's refreshing to see new areas being broached with songs like 'Stool Pigeon' (about a CIA grass), 'Imitation' (a shot at musical scavengers, Talking Heads tribal predelictions being the reported specific target) and 'No Fish Today', a whimsical look at floundering economies. These are all passable pop songs, but passable pop songs don't match the reputation or the potential.

Ever been to one of those parties where it's about four o'clock in the morning and all the whooping, gabbling and babbling has finished a long time ago and everyone's trying to get some sleep except two guys who are still regurgitating all the whoop, gabble and babble of the evening and you just feel like shouting, *For Godsake give over*? Well, Kid Creole and The Coconuts on this LP remind me of those two guys — no longer fired by the zest or life of earlier exploits, moving in ever-decreasing circles to no particular goals, resolutions or conclusions.

The only worthwhile thing that might come out of it is that it may make Darnell famous and with the big load off his mind maybe he can get back down to serious business and produce something really worthwhile. Meanwhile I'll go back to JB's 'Live At The Apollo Volume 2' (Polydor Records — still available) to find all the frazzle, punch and excitement this LP lacks. 'Tropical Gangsters' doesn't exactly stink, but there is a mighty stale whiff about it. Oh yeah, and 'Beautiful Vision' is still LP of the year, absolutely no competition dears!!!

Gavin Martin



Clare sticks pins in her Tickell doll *Pic: Peter Anderson*

OH, GROW UP!

ALTERED IMAGES

Pinky Blue (Epic)

PRODUCER MARTIN Rushent has gone down on record (in the *NME*) as saying that he can't make a band much better than it already is: he can only build on its pre-existing potential. Here ends the debate about what Rushent has done for The Human League. But here begins the debate about Altered Images; because until someone comes up with a better explanation, I hold the producer responsible for transforming the band — from pale imitators of The Banshees and their swirling vertiginous music, into a crisp, clean-sounding pop outfit.

Images are only poppy, though, on the surface. Structurally their material is very far from the classic well-made pop song with beginning, middle, and end: they still rely on those sub-Banshees flurries, but now keyboards and guitar are clipped, rhythmic, and chiming, whereas before they were turgid. Thank you, Martin.

To further distract from the fact that Images are really a feeble rock band let loose in the dream factory of Genetic studios, there's Clare: with the musical flurries come the frissons. But they don't touch me; nor does that voice with its optimistic whimpering meeting of Noosha Fox, Toyah, and pubertal chipmunks. I suppose Clare's attraction is like that of *Gregory's Girl*, the film she had a part in: it's all about continuing your childhood into adolescence and beyond. Clare is 20.

Altered Images are a long drone of innocence, a calculatedly prolonged kiddies' birthday party with the band in short trousers and Clare in a short dress — not a sexy mini touch, this, but a sexually infantile doll's one.

Well, at least they don't include 'Happy Birthday' on the album, although 'See Those Eyes' makes an appearance. So does 'I Could Be Happy'; but it's the 12" version and the band's best moment, precisely because you have two minutes of Rushent-treated intro, delaying, teasing, and even out-teasing the tease herself by phasing and distorting the voice for a few split seconds when it first chirps in. Brilliant.

The title track seems to be about the colour of the sky, but everyone knows it's referring to the colour of the sickliest kind of birthday cake. To continue the analogy, 'Forgotten', 'Little Brown Head', and 'Jump Jump' are pure filling, while 'Funny Funny Me' and 'See You Later', in spite of rushes of adrenalin, run on sugar and spice. 'Good Night And I Wish' is a whispering ballad so overwhelmingly nice it carries a warning about embarrassment and tooth decay. Needless to say, the version of 'Song Sung Blue' is a runny disaster: significantly it's Neil Diamond's least classical pop song and so well suited to Altered Images' rock riffs and techniques writ soft and teenie(tot). John Peel provides backing vocals and whistles.

Paul Tickell

GHOSTS

THE FOURMOST
First And Fourmost

BILLY J. KRAMER WITH THE DAKOTAS
Listen

MANFRED MANN
The R&B Years

CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS
Got To Get You Into My Life

SIMON DUPREE AND THE BIG SOUND
Amen

PETER AND GORDON
World Without Love

THE PRETTY THINGS
1967-1971

SHANE FENTON AND THE FENTONES
I'm A Moody Guy

THE JOHN BARRY SEVEN & ORCHESTRA
Hit And Miss
(See For Miles/Charly)

THE SIXTIES' swinging ghost comes round to haunt us one more time — *this* time in a batch of compilations and reissues, out through a new two-label venture, comprising the venerable Charly and another company of back-catalogue specialists, See For Miles. So, cranking up the Dansette, let's hear it one more time for . . .

'First And Fourmost', a collection of 20 tracks by the chirpy Merseybeat boys, only serves to seal their less-than-legendary status. A couple of custom-written hits from Lennon/McCartney got them inside the charts, but once that source was gone it was down to "zany" comedy numbers and a lifetime on the scampi-in-the-basket cabaret trail.

Billy J Kramer was blessed by the same formula: Parlophone label, Epstein management, George Martin production, and leftover Beatle tunes, all of which guaranteed some short-lived

SUB SPECIES

ROBERT WYATT

The Animals Film — Original Soundtrack (Rough Trade)

KLAUS DOLDINGER

Das Boot — Original Soundtrack (WEA)

SAY — WRITING music for films must be easy. Especially with all the 'atmospheric' electronic gear available today at the touch of a thumb. At least Klaus Doldinger's score for *Das Boot* (roughly translates as *The Incredible Stinking Sub)* attempts some kind of thematic consistency. Robert Wyatt's music for *The Animals Film* sounds more like a reject for *A Clockwork Orange.*

Ah, *The Animals Film.* This is the documentary that used such 'subversive' tactics as re-editing Disney cartoons to get over its message. The soundtrack comes dressed in a suitably sparse sleeve, with suitably Spartist notes by Julie Christie (let's not be beastly to the animals . . . or to the peasants in El Salvador who every day etc). Some would argue that Wyatt's music — 28 minutes of meandering drones — is the most suitable accompaniment for such a subject.

Actually, the main theme (I'm guessing — there are no track titles) is pretty enough in a mundane kind of way. It's the other bits that grate: monotonous hums spasmodically enlivened by rudimentary drum tracks and, less frequently, interrupted by what sound like synthesized attempts at wordless chorales. Poor little blighters can't speak for themselves, see? (One track is literally a series of amplified 'Ow's.)

I worked out which part was the monkeys' music, but give me Saint-Saen's 'Carnival Of The Animals' any time; music of genuine wit and grace. This is not subtle stuff — this is fart noises.

Also synthesized, Klaus Doldinger's music for *The Boat* is comparatively imperious and very, er, Germanic. Though repetitive in the extreme, the main theme is — unlike the anonymous *Animals* score — entirely characteristic of its subject. *See* the boat? You can *smell* it.

A couple of period ditties (both sung in French) and a couple of marches help fill out an irritatingly fractured set (no track runs more than three minutes, half a dozen are a minute or less) which at no time approaches the standards set for World War II movie scores by Ernest Gold *(Cross Of Iron)* and Jerry Goodsmith *(The Blue Max).*

Still, it has escaped the fate of the unfortunate film — it's not dubbed.

Monty Smith

COUNTRY BOYS?

WOO

"Whichever way you are going, you are going wrong." (The Sunshine Series)

HOW STRANGE that in a year so packed with rhythmic punches of one kind or another, the most enduring noise should come from quarters neither funk nor punk, but from a pair of brothers seemingly time-locked into the spirit of '67.

Woo

Or maybe not. Mark and Clive, the brothers Ives, are the kind of living-room duo who might have found some favour in the Great Indie Upheaval of '78-'80, when all manner of new designs were sanctioned and sustained, before the idea of "making your own record" outgrew the quite different idea of "making your own music" and that healthy baby was jettisoned along with the stale bathwater. It could well be a fortuitous bad timing that sees the first Woo album released now rather than then, at a time when there is literally nothing to compare it with.

Woo's is the quiet, melodic end of the avant-garde, a largely acoustic concoction owing less to "folk" than to a sense of English country music, its manifold bucolic evocations the perfect complement to a spring (of sorts) slowly stumbling into summer. The hapless Felt would doubtless like to sound like this, but the only real comparison is with the liquid systems of a Buckley album, delicate, suggestive drops and ripples sketching out some grand design of atmosphere, especially on a track like 'The English Style Of Rowing', where the Lee Underwood guitar tones and multi-tracked breaths of clarinet harbour memories of some Blue Afternoon . . .

The main reason that the ambient experiments of Eno so often founder is the forced determinations of theory imposed upon the natural flow of things, the necessity he feels to let the mind know what it should ignore; Woo's music, another ambient strain, has such marvellous powers of relaxation precisely because it isn't forced, because it wanders its own way free of both intellectual and commercial restraints and pressures. There's nothing formalised or studied about these thirteen pieces, no need to *know,* no threads of attitude or style or rhythm to pursue: this music simply exists, and exists simply. And unlike much around these days, it will stand. It's certainly the only '82 LP I play again and again . . .

Whichever way Woo go is fine by me.

Andy Gill

OF '60s PAST

glory, topped by his own astute choice of 'Little Children'. Pleasant at best, chronic at worst.

The well-remembered Manfreds haven't slipped so far into oblivion. But this collection puts a useful emphasis on their early period, pre-pop, when they were truer to jazz and blues roots. Sadly, by and large, this means weedy covers of full-blooded originals. The mix of white-boy blues and rough old black material proved explosive in the Stones, but here it never ignites.

Cliff Bennett, and his big-ish band The Rebel Rousers, were stalwarts of the home-grown soul scene, offering sturdy versions of US classics. Inevitably, not being songwriters, they too relied on copping Lennon and McCartney tunes for chart hits. Of the 20 tracks, all but a couple are strictly for nostalgics.

That comment also goes for Simon Dupree, only more so. This flower-power outfit had just one hit of any size, the gimmicky-nice 'Kites'. The lads "hated" it, but their manager made them sing it.

Peter And Gordon

That apart, they went for the usual soul standards, not especially well.

At least Peter And Gordon never grew beards and got serious: they split up, and left an immaculate series of sugary pop sweets. Again, a few Lennon/McCartney hits and a much-publicised Beatle connection (Paul dated Jane Asher, Peter's sister) all helped. I do have this guilty, secret weakness for Peter And Gordon, and play this LP constantly.

The Pretty Things, commemorated here in their middle period — that's hippy underground post art school R&B, pre '70s rock strugglers — meant concept albums, man, and put-downs through a dope-haze of those grey, suburban squares. At their best and lightest, like very early Pink Floyd, they were likeably naive and whimsical, if unduly indebted to the coda from 'Strawberry Fields'.

Shane Fenton, meanwhile (or Alvin Stardust, as he was later to become) had only *one* moment, and that was 'I'm A Moody Guy'. The Fentones' biggest success, this primal piece of pre-Beatles smooch'n'twang is all that's worth salvaging off this particular selection.

The real surprise of the bunch has to be John Barry. From the *Juke Box Jury* theme of 'Hit And Miss', to all the evocative film scores and "stringbeat" pop instrumentals, John Barry's been part of the aural wallpaper you grow up with and ignore. This LP is a valuable corrective, showing up the skill and ingenuity he put into his work —covered here is his early UK stuff, before the series of James Bond pieces. An education, and a minor revelation. And that's the *best* kind of reissue.

Paul Du Noyer

Vice Squad

Pic: Graham Humphreys

A FEW RIGHT HOOKS AND JIBES

VICE SQUAD

Stand Strong Stand Proud (EMI)

MANY THINGS Vice Squad are not. Most positively they're not often wrong and though being right isn't always enough it does help.

Being right, a shade to the left of indignantly claiming to be in the right, is something very dear to Vice Squad. The accuracy of their earlier records — dating back to the daft debut 'Avon Calling' and 'Last Rockers' EP from '79 — has strengthened their resolve and broadened their range. They are no longer content with living out their lives using the excuses doled out to them, as did the Oi! boys, and if they're not above celebrating pyhrric victories in random assaults on an oblivious establishment, they know how to hurt where it counts.

Vice Squad's tentative jabs at "important" targets are nothing compared to the knockout blows they deliver to the petty ones. This is both sensible and fair, as it is those niggling little things, the personal jibes, that have scarred them the most, namely, from their potential audience, and gamely, us!

Their funniest song, 'No Right Of Reply', is the savage kick back against the critics the title implies, delivered by Beki with a wonderful mixture of cynical disdain and self-righteousness: *"Always quick to criticise/Not so quick to think!"* she prods, before dropping her opponents with: *Now they see fit to glamourise/Prostitute beliefs before our eyes/Those could have everything but make out otherwise/Are made into heroes by a pack of dirty lies!"* We stand chastised! Chastised enough to listen on, anyway.

In 'Out Of Reach' and 'Deathwish' — the latter more 'Quadrophenia' actually — I hear Beki's concern for punk casualties simultaneously expressed in tones of dismay tempered by scorn for the frailties that lead to such depressed states. And in 'Cheap' she belittles sexual braggarts with a few telling observations about potency. Or otherwise.

Pitched somewhere between epigram and slogan, the words — by Beki or guitarist Dave — are often smart and memorable. They have the cutting edge lacking in the more mundane post-punk splutter of the group.

However, there's something endearing about the group's dour drabness and singular sense of purpose that hooks Beki's over-brimming vitality in the grim reality they've chosen to represent. The balance comes out about right. That is, what could have been great ends up being not bad. Not bad at all.

Chris Bohn

MAZE

featuring Frankie Beverly

NEW 12" SINGLE

Live at Hammersmith Odeon

BEFORE I LET GO

GOLDEN TIME OF DAY

12CL 244

Recorded Live Hammersmith Odeon
March 22nd and 23rd 1982

NEW 7" SINGLE

Studio Version

BEFORE I LET GO

Taken from the album LIVE IN NEW ORLEANS TC/EST SP22

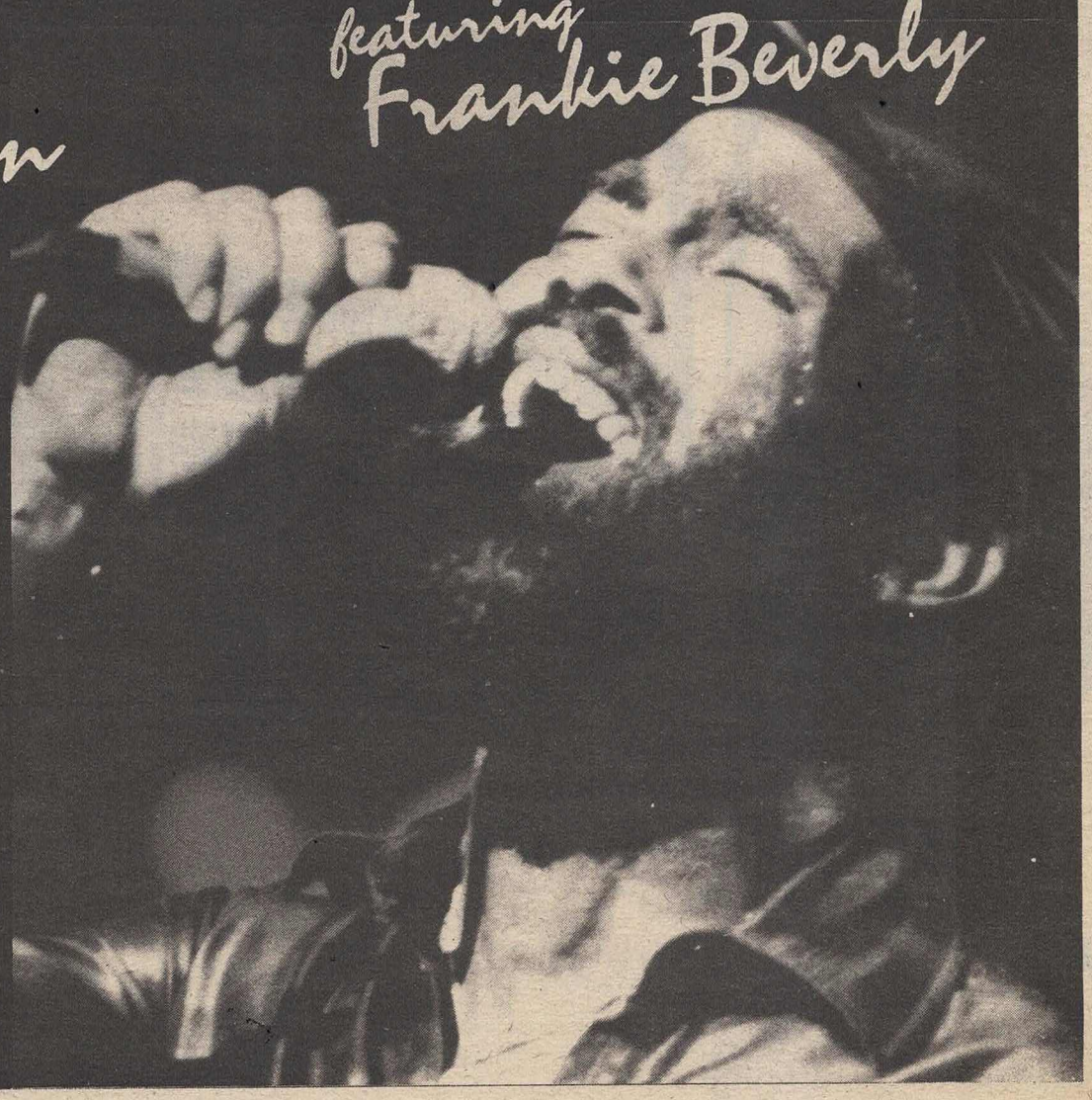
c/w

GOLDEN TIME OF DAY

Recorded Live at Hammersmith Odeon London

CL 244

Capitol Records



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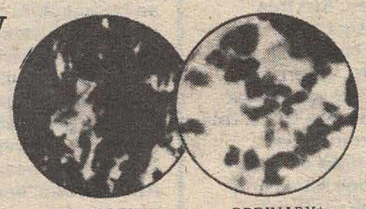

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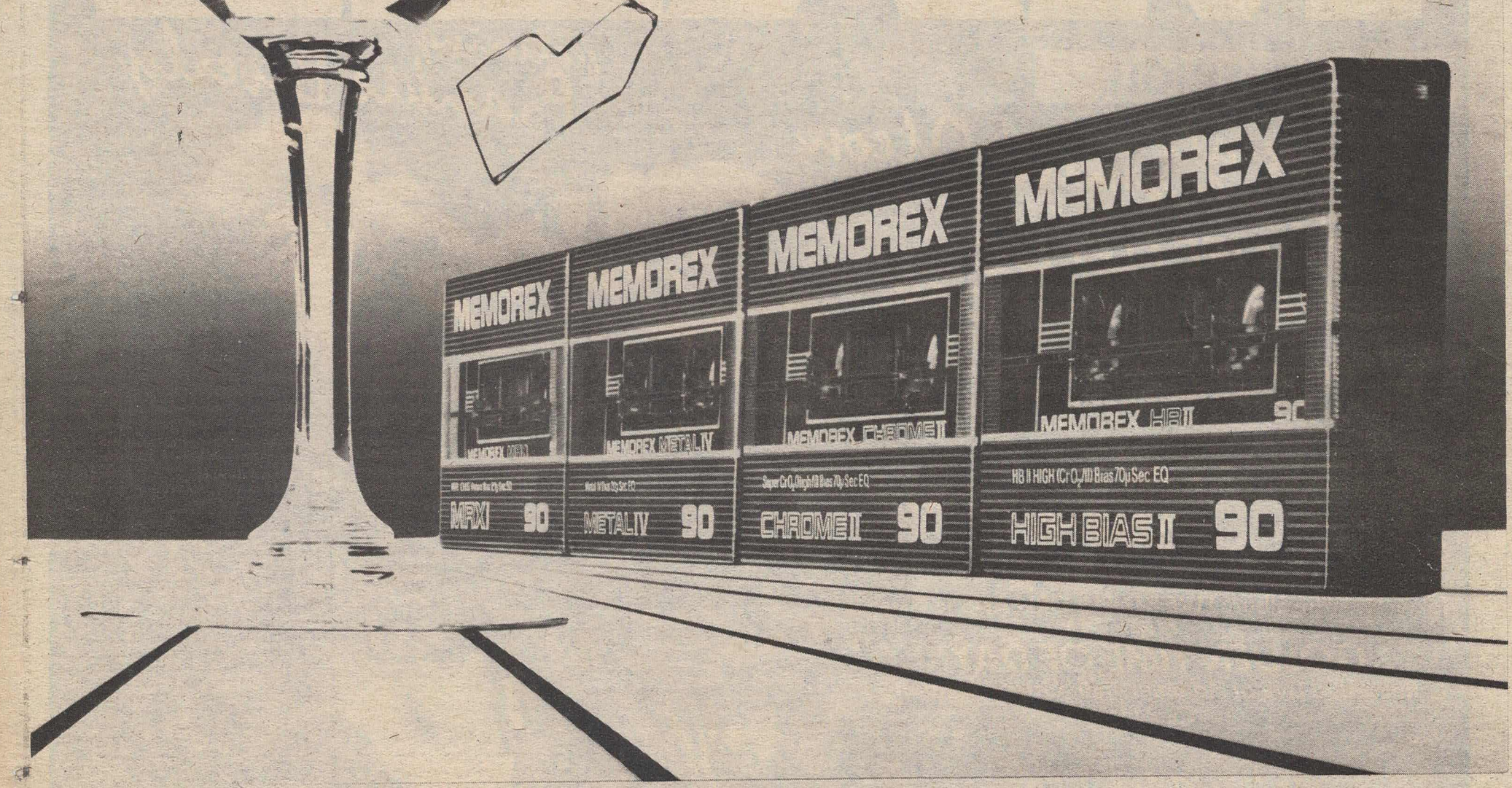
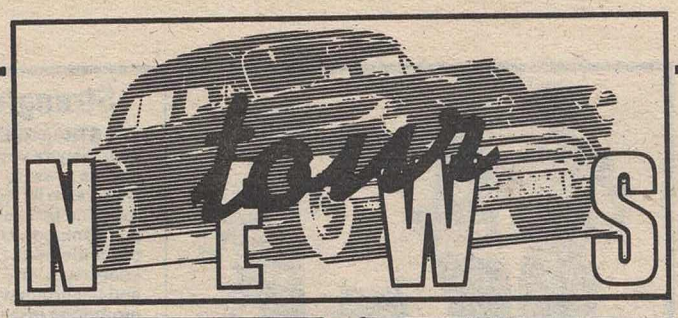


GILLAN FIXED FOR DONINGTON BASH

GILLAN have been confirmed for this year's Monsters of Rock open-air event at Castle Donington on August 21 — which, as already reported, is headlined by Status Quo. It will be Gillan's only UK date until their major autumn tour, coinciding with the release of a new album. The booking completes a Donington hat-trick, with Rainbow having played there in 1980, Whitesnake last year — and now Gillan , making it a full complement of ex-Deep Purple bands. Details of the rest of the bill will be announced shortly.

Advance tickets at £10 may be obtained by post (with SAE) from Wooltare Limited, PO Box 123, Walsall WS5 4QQ. They are also available in London to personal applicants at Keith Prowse, Premier Box Office, London Theatre Bookings and Albermarle Booking Agency — and there are also no less than 57 ticket outlets in principal towns and cities throughout the country, plus 22 coach companies (many of them selling festival tickets) organising return trips to the event.

The site can be reached by car (exit 24 from the M1); by train (Derby or Nottingham, with regular bus shuttle services to and from those stations); or by air (East Midlands Airport is nearby).



BARBARA PLAYS 30-VENUE TOUR

BARBARA DICKSON — whose Epic album 'All For A Song' is the sixth best-seller of the year, and has just gone Platinum — sets out next weekend on a major UK tour running through to the end of June, and taking in over 30 dates.

She plays Newcastle City Hall (May 22), Glasgow Apollo (23), Dundee Caird Hall (24), Aberdeen Capitol (25), Inverness Eden Court (26), Edinburgh Playhouse (27), Southport Theatre (28), Croydon Fairfield Hall (30), Derby Assembly Rooms (June 2), Hanley Victoria Hall (3), Harrogate Conference Centre (5), Stockport Davenport (6), Middlesbrough Town Hall (7), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Hatfield Forum (10), Southampton Gaumont (11), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (12), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Brighton Dome (16), Oxford Apollo (17), Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Hull New Theatre (20) and Sheffield City Hall (21).

Then, after five shows in Ireland, the schedule climaxes in London concerts at Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre (28) and Wembley Conference Centre (29). Maximum ticket prices are £6.50 (London Dominion); £6 (Wembley and Croydon); £5.50 (Aberdeen, Derby and Oxford); and £5 (all other venues).

FOUR MORE FOR TOYAH

TOYAH has added another four dates to her early summer UK tour, in all cases second nights at the venues concerned — they are Sheffield City Hall (June 18), Bristol Colston Hall (July 5), Manchester Apollo (10) and Birmingham Odeon (15). Tickets are on sale now, priced £4.50, £4 and £3.50. This means she'll be playing a total of 25 concerts, including four nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. She also has a new single out — see *Record News*.

HAIRCUT EXTRA

HAIRCUT 100, who last week collected Gold Discs for their recent single 'Love Plus One' and their debut album 'Pelican West', have added another date to their previously reported mid-spring tour. It's at Newcastle City Hall on June 3, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50. This makes a total of nine major concerts in their schedule.

● 23 SKIDOO have added another three dates to their current tour — at Norwich Jacquard's (May 20), Sheffield Royal Victoria Hotel (22) and Retford Porterhouse (June 4).

Exploited gigs

THE EXPLOITED are playing a string of dates to promote their current Secret Records single 'Attack' / 'Alternative', and preview their upcoming album 'Troops Of Tomorrow' which is due out at the end of the month. They visit Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre (tonight, Thursday), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (Friday), Nottingham Boat Club (Saturday), Hull Tower Ballroom (May 17), Grimsby Community Centre (18), Preston Warehouse (20), Norwich Gala Ballroom (21) and London ZigZag Club (22).

Blues Band back

THE BLUES BAND are back in action at the end of this month, after Paul Jones completes his four-week stint in the London musical *Cats*. Supported by Wipeout, they play Chippenham Rock Theatre (May 28), Aylesbury Friars (29), Southport Floral Hall (31), Nottingham Rock City (June 1), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (7), Cardiff Top Rank (8) and Guildford Civic Hall (9). Further dates are being set. The band's new self-produced single 'Take Me Home', penned by Tom McGuinness, is released by Arista on May 28 — and initial copies include a second free single featuring two live favourites, 'Sus Blues' and 'Hey Hey Little Girl'.

KNOPFLER FILMUSIC

MARK KNOPFLER of Dire Straits has been invited by top producer David Puttnam to write the score for his next film *Local Hero* — starring Burt Lancaster. It's Puttnam's first movie since his Oscar-winning Chariots Of Fire, and it's already starting shooting in Aberdeen.

MARLEY GIG ON TV

BOB MARLEY & The Wailers' concert at London Rainbow Theatre, filmed in the summer of 1977, is to be screened by London Weekend TV this Sunday (16) at 11.35pm — not fully networked. It marks the first anniversary of Marley's death on May 11, 1981.

BRITISH MUSIC FAIR

THE BRITISH MUSIC FAIR is being staged this year at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre from tomorrow (Friday) until next Tuesday (18), though the last day is for trade only until mid-afternoon. Many stars will be attending the event — and those who have tickets for the Status Quo and Jethro Tull concerts at the NEC Arena, taking place this weekend, will be able to enter the fair at half-price.

■ THE STRAY CATS are back in live action later this month, playing two nights at London's Marquee Club on May 24 and 25. Further dates are likely to follow.

■ RADIO STARS are returning to work after a two-year lay-off, due mainly to Andy Ellison's serious leg injuries. They'll shortly be playing three London dates (details to follow), when they'll be promoting their newly released compilation album 'Two Minutes, Mr Smith' on Moonlight Records (through Stage One).

■ CARMEL is playing a few gigs between recording sessions for a new single and mini-LP, both for late June release. So far set are Birmingham Fighting Cocks (May 22), Liverpool Adams Club (June 5), Canterbury Kent University (6) and Brighton New Regent (10).

■ HERMINE and her dinosaur have been added, as special guests, to Girlschool's London concert at Hammersmith Odeon tonight (Thursday).

■ THE RAVISHING BEAUTIES, who supported The Teardrop Explodes on their recent UK tour, headline at London's Purcell Rooms on May 25 (all tickets £3), the first non-classical concert there for many years. They also play Bath Pump Rooms on June 3.

■ AFTER THE FIRE, Richard Jobson, Bernie Torme, The Ivory Coasters and Waterfall are among acts taking part in the Surrey Free Arts Festival at Guildford Surrey University on Saturday, May 29 — plus local bands, films, street theatre, workshops and exhibitions. And admission is free!

■ CAMEL have added two more dates to their extensive UK tour, starting this Sunday — at Dunstable Queensway Hall (May 20) and Guildford Civic Hall (24). The band's line-up now comprises Andy Latimer (guitar and vocals), David Paton (bass and vocals), Chris Rainbow (vocals), Kit Watkins (keyboards), Andy Dalby (guitar) and Stuart Tosh (drums).

■ THE MEMBERS have been added to the two London concerts — Hammersmith Odeon (May 30) and Hammersmith Palais (June 1) — which climax the current Altered Images tour.

■ THE AU PAIRS have switched their London concert on Sunday, May 23, from the Lyceum Ballroom to the ZigZag Club. It's necessary for ticket-holders to apply for cash refunds, because the price is reduced from £3.50 to £3 at the ZigZag. They've also had to cancel this Sunday's show (16) in Edinburgh, owing to recording commitments.

■ THE ROYALTY in London's Southgate re-opens next week, after massive structural alterations, and has become the Pink Elephant Fun House. The new complex offers five separate attractions — nightly cabaret in the main auditorium, a disco, a cocktail lounge, an amusement arcade and a restaurant. All-girl band Sphinx play there on May 18 and 19, and the New Vaudeville Band have a three-day stint from May 24.

■ MOVING HEARTS, the top Irish band whose self-named debut album has just been released by WEA, headline at London Victoria The Venue on May 26.

BLACK UHURU on stage with THE POLICE at Meadowlands in New Jersey on April 21.

Now, Uhuru's own shows

BLACK UHURU, already set for a guest spot in The Rolling Stones' two Wembley Stadium concerts on June 25 and 26, precede these dates by headlining two London concerts in their own right — at the Fair Deal in Brixton on June 22 and 23 (all tickets £4.50). And they also have a couple of provincial shows at Leeds University (June 19) and Brighton Top Rank (20). Promoter is Mick Cater for Alec Leslie Entertainments.

The Jamaican outfit's UK visit is part of a wider European tour, opening in Germany on May 29, and it will be the first time they've played here since their sell-out tour last summer. Musicians appearing with them include the Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare rhythm section together with Skyjuice and Darryl Thompson, the guitarist and percussionist who played on last year's tour, plus Franklin 'Bubbler' Waul on keyboards.

As a prelude to their visit, Island release a Uhuru ten-inch single called 'Darkness' on May 24, followed a week later by their new studio album 'Chill Out'. Last studio set 'Red' was a Top Thirty hit last summer, and it was No.3 in the list of top albums of 1981 nominated by *NME* writers. After the European tour, Uhuru return to America for the second phase of their US schedule.

QUEEN'S JETT PROPULSION

JOAN JETT & The Blackhearts, currently setting the charts alight with their Epic single 'I Love Rock'n'Roll', have been named as special guests on the first of Queen's two upcoming open-air concerts — at Leeds United Football Ground on Saturday, May 29 — and Canadian group Heart will also be appearing, plus (as already reported) The Teardrop Explodes.

The bill for the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl show the following Saturday, June 5, hasn't yet been finalised — and at present it reads "Heart, The Teardrop Explodes and special guests". But it's hoped that Joan Jett and her group may also appear in this event — they fly to Europe right after the Leeds date, and it's a question of whether their Continental commitments can be juggled to enable them to return for Milton Keynes.

Support act for Queen's two indoor concerts at Edinburgh's Royal Highland Exhibition Hall (June 1 and 2) haven't yet been named, but it seems likely that Heart will do one of those dates. And it's understood that a headlining London concert is being lined up for Heart.

Quo let-down, Doll By Doll off

STATUS QUO have cancelled their show at London's 4500-capacity Brixton Fair Deal this Saturday (15), due to what they describe as their own "technical production problems." The concert was to have been an overflow from their seven sell-out nights at the Hammersmith Odeon, but now the 1,000-plus people who've already booked for the Fail Deal must apply for cash refunds from the point of ticket purchase.

DOLL BY DOLL have called off their current UK tour, largely sold out, following what's described as "traumatic rows" with Magnet Records. Leader Jackie Leven says he has felt compelled to sever all relationships with that company because, although they delivered two-albums' worth of original material on time, Magnet "did not see fit to fulful their agreed part of a financial agreement". The band claims that their relationship with Magnet has disintegrated as the result of broken promises — and they say they've had to call a halt to their tour, because "agreed monies were not forthcoming".

VOLTAIRE'S VARIATIONS

CABARET VOLTAIRE have switched their two dates originally planned for this weekend — their gig at London Victoria The Venue moves from tonight (Thursday) to June 8, and Liverpool Warehouse from this Saturday to June 12. Their three other late-May shows, reported three weeks ago, remain unchanged — and they have now added Brighton Jenkinsons (June 6), with more being finalised.

These dates tie in with the release this month of the band's new album, which take the form of two 12-inch recordings, and not unnaturally is titled '2 × 45' — it's issued through Rough Trade. They are also compiling and editing a 90-minute video, which should be available later this month through their own Double Vision company.

Manchester's newest venue

MANCHESTER has a new 1650-capacity club opening on May 21, called The Hacienda. It's situated in the city centre, and it offers live shows, disco, videos, cocktail bar and restaurant. Among initial bookings are Defunkt, Cabaret Voltaire, 23 Skidoo, Funkapolitan and James King & The Lone Wolves. It's members only, and the fee to join is £5.25 — send cheques or POs made payable to "Fac 51 Ltd.", plus date of birth, to the venue at 11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester M33 AL. It's necessaey to become a member 48 hours before gaining admission.

M'Head one-off

MOTORHEAD are joined by Saxon, T.34, Angelwitch, Spider, The Lightning Raiders; and Sleek in an all-dayer at London Hackney Stadium on July 25 (10am - 10pm). Tickets £9 are available from U.K.A. Promotions (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 143, London E.17.

All-star football

THE GOALDIGGERS Pop Five-A-Side soccer tournament — promoted by Capital Radio, with proceeds going to help under-privileged children — takes place at Queen's Park Rangers Football Club this Sunday, May 16 (k.o. 3pm). Among the groups providing teams for this knock-out competition are Madness, Funboy Three, The Beat, Gillan, Jets, Darts, Coast To Coast and The Thin Men. There's also Micky Most's team, the Salsa All Stars and teams representing Capital and LBC. Each team is allowed one professional player, and Jimmy Hill and Brian Moore are commentating. Admission is £2 (adults), £1 (children).

Folk festivals

THIS YEAR'S Cambridge Folk Festival, widely regarded as the major event of the folk calendar, takes place over the weekend of July 31 and August 1 at its usual Cherryhinton Hall site. And the event will mark the re-formation of Pentangle, who split up in 1973 after establishing themselves as the first folk supergroup. Among other acts set are Lindisfarne, Chas & Dave, Hank Wangford and Martin Carthy, though the principal American attractions have still to be finalised.

● The South Yorkshire Folk Festival is being held at Sheffield Crucible Theatre over the July 16-18 weekend. Among the 30 acts already confirmed are Richard and Linda Thompson, Chas & Dave, Tom Paxton, The Chieftains, Jake Thackray, Tony Capstick and Leon Rosselson. It's being staged in association with BBC Radio Sheffield.

● The Bracknell Folk Festival this year is set for the July 9-11 weekend, again at the town's South Hill Park Arts Centre. The Albion Band and the Maddy Prior Band are among those appearing, though other headliners have yet to be confirmed.

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18 May	BIRMINGHAM Odeon	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
19 May	BRIGHTON Dome	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
21 May	PORTSMOUTH Guildhall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
22 May	POOLE Arts Centre	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
23 May	CROYDON Fairfield Hall	£4.50, £4.00, £3.50
25 May	BRISTOL Colston Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
26 May	LEICESTER De Montfort Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
27 May	SHEFFIELD City Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
28 May	NEWCASTLE City Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
29 May	EDINBURGH Playhouse	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
31 May	PRESTON Guild Hall	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
2 June	IPSWICH Gaumont	£4.00, £3.50, £3.00
3/4 June	HAMMERSMITH Odeon	£4.50, £4, £3.50, £3

All concerts are at 7.30pm EXCEPT Hammersmith at 8.00pm

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Europe

Ruin go in new direction

MOTHER'S RUIN have their debut album 'Road To Ruin' issued by Spectra Records this week and, following their collaboration with producer and writer Dan Priest, it marks a new direction and sound for the band. Also out is a single extracted from the LP titled 'Say It's Not True' — the follow-up to their two previous singles for the label, 'Streetfighter' and 'Streetlights'.

24 groups on double LP

RECOMMENDED Records release a double album sampler set, featuring no less than 24 groups from 11 different countries — most of the tracks are previously unissued, and they include contributions from The Residents, Robert Wyatt, Art Bears, This Heat, Henry Cow, The Work, Faust and Univers Zero. From the same label comes the original Slapp Happy/Faust LP 'Acnalbasac Noom' (try reading the words backwards), plus two rare albums by American visionary Harry Partch — 'The Music Of . . .' and 'Petals Fell On Petaluma'.

● **Jon Lord** of Whitesnake has his new solo album 'Before I Forget' issued by EMI on June 28. It's preceded on May 25 by the single 'Bach Onto This'.

● **Landscape,** who shot to fame last year with their smash hit 'Einstein A Go-Go', have a new single issued by RCA this weekend in both 7" and 12" — titled 'Eastern Girls', written and produced by the band. It's taken from their upcoming second album, due out later in the spring.

● Monsters In Orbit of Manchester release a double A-side single by **Doctor Filth,** coupling 'Slaughter House' and 'Horse'. Coming soon is the second single by **Colours Out Of Time,** titles as yet undecided.

● Well worth checking out are Scottish band **The Mogodons,** who have a new four-tracker on Total Demoralisation Records — featuring 'Plague In E-Minor', 'Zuvembie', 'New Shadows' and 'Plague Reprise'. From discerning indies, or by post at £1.30 (including p&p) from the label at 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire, Scotland FK3 0HJ.

● **Loose End** are a London three-piece formed by Steve Nichol, who's worked on the road with The Jam playing keyboards and trumpet. Their debut single 'In The Sky'/'Only A Day Away', produced by Chris and Eddie Amoo of The Real Thing, is issued by Virgin on May 21.

● A new label Focus Records makes its bow on May 21 with the release of a single by North London band **The Perfect Zebras.** It couples 'Running With The Zebras' and 'Man Or Machine', and it's available in both 7" and 12".

● Liverpool band **French Lessons** have their ten-track cassette available from next week, price £2.50 (including p&p). Make cheques and POs payable to the group, and send to M.S. Promotions, 23 Radstock Road, Wallasey, Merseyside L44 2DB.

Associates album

THE ASSOCIATES release their second album 'Sulk' on their own Associates label this weekend. It consists of ten tracks, two of which — 'Party Fears Two' and 'Club Country' have been issued as singles — though they appear on the LP as remixed versions. Billy Mackenzie and Alan Rankine are backed on the set by Michael Dempsey (bass), John Murphy (drums) and Martha Ladly (keyboards). The group are planning some live dates in the near future.

Stranglers settle

THE STRANGLERS have settled their dispute with EMI Records and, as a result, the company has withdrawn its legal action against the band for breach of contract and damages. Under the terms of the settlement, EMI will shortly be releasing a new Stranglers single, and the group will be undertaking promotion in connection with it.

● Jamaican trombonist **Rico** has his second 2-Tone Records album issued (through Chrysalis) on May 28, titled 'Jama Rico'. Robbie Shakespeare and Sly Dunbar are among many top musicians featured on the nine-track set, which was recorded in Jamaica and London, and produced by Dick Cuthell — with Jerry Dammers as co-producer on three tracks.

● Belfast band **The Outcasts** have a new single issued on May 21 on their own label, OO Records (distributed by Spartan). It's a re-working of The Glitter Band's hit 'Angel Face'.

● **Toni Basil's** recently released single 'Nobody', the follow-up to her 'Mickey' hit, has now been made available by Radialchoice as a picture disc — at the same price as a standard single.

● Renowned Chicago singer and guitarist **Luther Allison** and his band, formerly with Motown, appear this weekend on the independent Red Lightnin label with a new album titled 'Southside Safari'.

● **The Fixx** release their debut album 'Shuttered Room' this weekend. It includes their hit single 'Stand Or Fall', and it's on MCA Records.

B. B. KING has a new single out on MCA, to coincide with his four concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon next week. It's the aptly named 'A Legend In My Time', which was originally a million seller in the States for Ronnie Milsap. B-side is his version of the Elvis Presley classic 'Love Me Tender' — which is also the title of King's upcoming new album, due out shortly.

DIANA ROSS, who comes to Britain next month to play seven sell-out concerts, precedes her visit with the release of a new single on Capitol. Titled 'Work That Body', it's the third single to be lifted from her hit album 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love', and it comes in both 7" and 12".

TOYAH has a new single out this week on Safari, as the follow-up to her hit EP 'Four More From Toyah' — titled 'Brave New World', it's her first recording to be produced by Steve Lillywhite (of Peter Gabriel, Joan Armatrading and U2 fame), and is taken from her upcoming album due out in early June. The B-side of the single, which comes in a full-colour picture sleeve, is a new song called 'Warrior Rock'.

GENESIS have their latest release out on Charisma this week, and it's a three-track EP called '3 × 3' (three musicians, three songs, geddit?). Titles are 'Paperlate', 'You Might Recall' and 'Me And Virgil'.

record NEWS

Townshend's inspiration

PETE TOWNSHEND has his new single 'Face Dances' issued by Atlantic on May 21 — it's the song which inspired the title of the last Who album, though it wasn't actually on the LP. It's taken from his second solo album due out shortly, though the B-side 'Man Watching' isn't on the LP . . . Meanwhile, THE WHO themselves were back in the recording studio this week working on their new album.

● **The Dancing Did,** formerly with Stiff, have now signed to Kamera Records and have their single 'The Green Man And The March Of The Bungalows' issued this week. Rushed out on the same label is the new **Charge** single 'Fashion', pressed in red vinyl, and the group will be setting out on a UK tour in mid-June.

● PRT have signed a UK distribution deal with newly formed Switch Records and the first single, out this weekend, is 'Pretty Lady'/'Come On Let's Do It' by **T. J. Johnson.**

● **Chris and Cosey** have their album 'Trance' released on Rough Trade Records next week — it's their second since the break-up of Throbbing Gristle, and the follow-up to 'Heartbeat' last November. The duo are currently setting up their own studio, as well as putting together a video to accompany the LP release.

● **Lenny Zakatek** was lead vocalist with Gonzalez, and he's also sung on four albums by the Alan Parsons Project, and he now crops up on the London label (through Decca) with the single 'Say I Love You' — his first recording for over a year, due to illness.

● **Nikki Sudden,** founder of the now-defunct Swell Maps who split up two years ago, this month releases his first solo album 'Waiting In Egypt' on Abstract Records. There's also a single lifted from the LP, titled 'Channel Steamer'. And with live work being planned, he's busy putting together a new band.

● New York group **The Dance** have a 12-inch discomix single issued by Statik Records this week, featuring 'Stay Down', 'Dubbin Down' and 'You Got To Know' — also available in seven-inch form. Their second album is due out in early June.

● The album 'Breakin' Out' by Philadelphia outfit **Fat Larry's Band** has been available on import for some time, but it's now being released officially by Virgin/MOT on May 21. Their single 'Act Like You Know' is already a disco hit, and we're told there's a chance of a British tour by the band later in the year.

● **Alex & Le Roc Bizarre** are continuing to operate, even though Alex's broken neck is encased in plaster following a recent car accident. They've just released an independent cassette, complete with photos, posters and details of their latest recruit — drummer Ron Rebel, who was basically responsible for forming Iron Maiden yonks ago. Further information from 01-263 8101.

TOUR NEWS EXTRA

SONNY TERRY & BROWNIE McGHEE, with their drummer Styve Homnick, have now named the special guests for their big London concert at the Brixton Fair Deal on Saturday, June 5 — they are the Johnny Mars Blues Band and Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co. Tickets are on sale now at the box-office and usual agents, priced £2.50.

☐ **MORRISSEY MULLEN** have added another string of dates to their non-stop tour — at Ilford Room At The Top (May 18), Southend Zero Six (21), London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (22), London Putney Half Moon (25, June 1 and 8), London Covent Garden Seven Dials (May 27), Dartford Flicks (28), London Chelsea Main Squeeze (29), Dunstable Tiffany's (31), Eastcote Bottom Line (June 3), East Sheen Bull Hotel (4), London Catford Saxon Tavern (5) and Borehamwood Civic Hall (19). They're currently promoting their new Beggars Banquet single 'Life On The Wire'.

☐ **DIAMOND HEAD** wind up their current UK tour with a show at London's ZigZag Club in Bayswater tomorrow (Friday). They'll be the first rock band to play there since the club re-opened, and their set will be recorded for consideration as their next single.

☐ **KITSCH'N'SYNC,** the all-girl season at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall, reaches its climax this weekend. Final bookings are The Au Pairs, Sole Sister and Amy & The Angels (tonight, Thursday); The Mo-dettes, The Delmontes and The Skirts (Friday); and UT, Nadia Kapiche and Malaria (Saturday). Admission is £3, plus 40p day membership for non-members.

☐ **HI-TENSION** headline at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom on June 18, in support of their new EMI single 'How D'You Feel', issued on May 24 in both 7" and 12". Regional dates include Reading University (May 18), Chippenham Goldiggers (June 2), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (9) and Basildon Raquels (17).

☐ **POOKIESNACKENBURGER** look destined for a busy spring and summer, with dates already set at Norwich East Anglia University (May 19), Norwich City College (20), Bath University (21), Reading Hexagon and Bracknell Arts Centre (both on June 5), Nottingham Windmill (13–14), Cambridge University (15), London Battersea Arts Centre (17–20), Windsor Arts Centre (July 9), City of London Festival (12–13), Chichester Festival (14), Cambridge Festival (16–17), Salisbury Arts Centre (23), London Lambeth Country Show (24) and the Traquair Fair in Scotland (August 7–8).

☐ **LINTON KWESI JOHNSON** will be taking part in the free Cultural Herb Festival on May 23 in South London's Brockwell Park, Herne Hill. The event will feature Jah Shaka, King Sounds, Rebel Radio, dance troupe Ekome and a number of poets and alternative performers. It's sponsored by the Cannabis Law Reform campaign.

☐ **COAST TO COAST,** best-known for their 'Do The Hucklebuck' hit, have been named as support act on the major UK tour by Jets — which opens next week (see Gig Guide). And to coincide, they have a new single titled 'The Bell' issued by Polydor on May 21.

☐ **TOUR DE FORCE** are playing a series of dates to tie in with the release of their self-produced single 'Beat The Clock' / 'Undecided' — it's on their own newly-formed Wongo label, with distribution through Rough Trade. London gigs include Finchley Torrington (this Sunday), London Musicians Collective (May 21), Cockpit Theatre (23), Tower Hamlets Highway Club (28) and Borough Community Centre (29). Out of town, they visit Redhill Lakers Music Club (tomorrow, Friday), Bristol Trinity Hall (Saturday) and Darlington Arts Centre (May 30).

☐ **LIQUID GOLD** have added further dates to their current UK tour at Warrington Fiesta Centre (May 20) and Chesterfield Clay Cross Club (21).

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Special May Residency
GIRL
Plus Guests & Jerry Floyd

Friday 14th May (adm £2.00)
JOHN SLOMAN'S BADLANDS
Featuring: Neil Murray, John Sykes & John Munro & Guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 15th May (adm £2.00)
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Toby Bertwhistle & Jerry Floyd

Sunday 16th, Monday 17th & Tuesday 18th May
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Plus: Dagaband (16th & 17th) Terraplane (18th) & Jerry Floyd
Advance Tickets to Members £2.75
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Wednesday 19th May (adm £2.00)
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Thursday 20th May (adm £2.50)
Special May Residency
GIRL
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THE PRAMS
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MONDAY 17
LIGHTNING RAIDERS
P-34 VOLCANOES
£1.75

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JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALL STARS
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FEATURING
LEE ALLEN
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
RODDY RADIATION & THE TEARJERKERS

WED 26
CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT

THURSDAY 27
SONNY TERRY AND BROWNIE McGHEE

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OUTLAW presents AN EVENING WITH
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+ King Kurt

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+ Transporter, featuring Claire Hamill

Sunday 16th May £1.00
DUFFO
+ C Dive

Monday 17th May £1.50
TANK
+ Ore

Tuesday 18th May £1.25
MAD SHADOWS
+ Idle Flowers

Wednesday 19th May £1.50
TRUE LIFE CONFESSIONS
+ Naughty Thoughts

MCP presents

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Plus Special Guests
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HOPE & ANCHOR
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Wednesday 12th May £1.25
WIPEOUT

Thursday 13th May
Closed For Private Party

Friday 14th May £1.50
MOTOR BOYS MOTOR

Saturday 15th May £1.50
THE WAVES

Sunday 16th May £1.25
LONDON APACHES

Monday 17th May £1.25
THE RED AND THE BLACK (ex Another Pretty Face) + Nikki Sudden (ex Swell Maps)

Tuesday 18th May £1.25
DANCE ON A TELEPHONE

Wednesday 19th May £1.25
WIPEOUT

PLP & Outlaw present

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100 WEST END LANE — West Hampstead Tube
Sundays and Good Friday 7.30 — 10.30

Thursday 13th May £1.50
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Friday 14th May £1.75
MARILLION + IQ

Saturday 15th May £1.75
FLYING PADOVANIS
+ Boys Own

Sunday 16th May £1.50
THE EUROPEANS
+ Vital

Monday 17th May £1.75
London Debut Of
THE PHOTOS + Idle Flowers

Tuesday 18th May £1.50
NASMAK + Naughty Thoughts

Wednesday 19th May £1.50
AMBATONE + Separate Energy

Thursday 13th May
Woman Only Night
Visual Surprises With Belly Dancing
Talk And Dance By
WENDY BUONAVENDURA
+ Ethnic Classical Disco

Friday 14th May
THE SPEED QUEENS
+ Band + Brill Disco

Saturday 15th May
TNT + Tunukwa

Wednesday 19th May
Semi-Acoustic Night
TEQUILA MOONRISE
+ Set + Ethnic Classical Disco

Thursday 20th May
Two Womens Bands
+ Disco

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Derek Block presents
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TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MAY
13 Girlschool
15 Al Di Meola
16 Steel Pulse
17 Nick Lowe
18, 19 Rose Royce
20, 23 B.B. King, John Hooker, etc
22, 23 The Clash
23 Au Pairs
24 Judie Tzuke
26, 27 Birthday Party
28 Fashion
29 Mink De Ville
30 Level 42
30 Altered Images
30 David Soul

JUNE
1 Altered Images
3, 4 Camel
3, 4 Rory Gallagher
4, 5 Diana Ross
5 Funkapolitan
5 Queen (Milton Keynes)
5, 6 Ry Cooder
6 Squeeze
6 Anti-Nowhere League
8 Kid Creole
10, 11 Haircut 100
10, 11, 12 Glastonbury Festival
11 Simon & Garfunkel
15 Laurie Anderson
18, 19 Frank Zappa
22, 23 Black Uhuru
25, 26 Toyah

JULY
12, 13, 14, 15 Jackson Browne
17, 18 Toyah
17, 18, 24, 25 Capital Jazz Festival

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Doors open 7.30pm Main Band on at 9.30pm

THIS WEEK

Thursday 13th May £2.00
RED LIPSTIQUE + BEHAVIOURAL RED

Friday 14th May £3.00
WILKO JOHNSON
AND
LEW LEWIS

Saturday 15th May £3.00
UK PLAYERS

Monday 17th May £2.00
VIRGIN PRUNES

Tuesday 18th May £2.00
MODERN ENGLISH + JENE LOVES JEZEBELLE + TROOPS FOR TOMORROW

Wednesday 19th May £3.50
RICHARD PINHAS BAND
+ Didier Bouquet

Thursday 20th May £2.50
JONATHAN RICHMAN

COMING SOON

Friday 21st May £3.00
THE BLASTERS
Featuring LEE ALLEN + Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers

Saturday 22nd May £4.00
JUNIOR WALKER AND THE ALLSTARS

Monday 24th & Tuesday 25th May £4.50
TODD RUNDGREN

Wednesday 27th May £3.50
MOVING HEARTS

Thursday 28th May £3.00
SECRET AFFAIR

Saturday 29th May £3.00
SECOND IMAGE

Cheques Not Acceptable

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VAN MORRISON

Ulster Hall BELFAST
TUE 8, WED 9 & THUR 10 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets £8.00, £7.50 from Harrisons Records, Belfast

Play House EDINBURGH
SAT 12 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets £5.50 from box office

Palace Theatre MANCHESTER
MON 14 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets from box office 061 236 9922

Colston Hall BRISTOL
WED 16 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm
Tickets £5.50 from box office. Tel Bristol 22957 & usual agents

Hexagon Theatre READING
THUR 17 JUNE '82 at 8.00pm

LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

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Derek Block presents

PLUS GUESTS

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY 22nd MAY — TICKETS £3.50

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
SUNDAY 23rd MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
WEDNESDAY 26th MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURSDAY 27th MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

GLASGOW APOLLO
FRIDAY 28th MAY — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

BRISTOL LOCARNO
SUNDAY 30th MAY — TICKETS £4.00

SOUTHAMPTON GAUMONT
TUESDAY 1st JUNE — TICKETS £4.00, £3.50

DOMINION LONDON
THURS./FRI. 3rd/4th JUNE — TICKETS £4.50, £4.00

TICKETS ON SALE NOW CHECK BOX OFFICES FOR DETAILS

ROCK CITY

Talbot St, Nottingham
Tel 0602 412544 Open 8pm-2am

Thursday 18th May — £3.00 adv — WISHBONE ASH
Wednesday 19th May — £3.50 adv — TODD RUNDGREN
Thursday 20th May — £3.50 adv — KID CREOLE AND THE COCONUTS
Wednesday 26th May — £2.50 adv — CABARET VOLTAIRE + Eric Random
Thursday 27th May — £4.00 adv — B B KING
Tuesday 1st June — £3.50 adv — THE BLUES BAND
Thursday 3rd June — £3.00 adv — LINDISFARNE
Thursday 10th June — £3.00 adv — BO DIDDLEY
Wednesday 16th June — £3.00 adv — GANG OF FOUR + King Trigger

Must Be Over 18 Years Of Age. Tickets From Rock City Box Office, Selectadisc, Victoria Box Office Nottingham — RE-Cords Derby — Revolver, Mansfield — Pride Newark — Record Shop, Grantham — Tracks, The Box Office Lincoln — or by post from ROCK CITY, ENCLOSING SAE.

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 13th May — £1.00 — THE GASH + The Living Dead
Friday 14th May — £1.50 — THE WAVES ex-Soft Boys + The Masked Orchestra
Saturday 15th May — £1.50 — MANUFACTURED ROMANCE + Empty Vessels
Sunday 16th May — £1.00 — VITALE VOICE + Fear of the Dark
Monday 17th May — £1.00 — MARJI + Naughty Thoughts
Tuesday 18th May — 50p — THE IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY

KINGS HEAD

4 Fulham High St. SW6 736 1413

Thursday 13th May — £1.00 — BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Friday 14th May — £1.50 — SAM MITCHELL BAND
Saturday 15th May — £1.50 — RED BEANS AND RICE
Sunday 16th May — £1.50 — TRIMMER & JENKINS BAND
Monday 17th May — £1.00 — THE FEELERS
Tuesday 18th May — £1.50 — THE 45's
Wednesday 19th May — £1.00 — DOUBLE VISION

Please phone before setting out & check, but avoiding major disasters, here is:-

WHAT'S ON AT THE ROCKGARDEN

PATRICK FITZGERALD
THU. 13. The new-wave Leonard Cohen. Who picks a gentle guitar, and occasionally backing it up with tape rhythms.

WIPE OUT
FRI. 14. Tough, London 5-piece dedicated to refreshing plimsoll & donkey jacket memories with a more than sympathetic ear for Chuck Berry, Solomon Burke & Muddy Waters.

DANCE BAND
SAT. Line up changes - the recruiting of Meal Tickets' Willie Finlayson plus a greater reliance on own songs has given a sharper, more convincing tone to the bands white-eyed soul.

SUN. XENA ZEROX + VENDETTA + NO COMMENT
MON. REPUBLIC + VISUAL AID + THE AGENTS
TUES. RESCUE + THE SURVIVORS

feelers
WED. 19. Compelling mix of demonic conga keyboards + brass, latin poly rhythms and electric rock - you just can't stop dancing.

MOTOR BOYS MOTOR
THU. 20. Drums, bass, techno-flash guitar, plus a vocalist who doubles on clarinet and percussion. Come over as a Bunnymen / Whitesnake marriage.

THE DOORS OPEN 7.30 till LATE, EXCEPT SUNDAY WHEN IT'S 7.30 till 12. REAL ALE AND COCKTAILS RIGHT THRU. YOU HAVE TO BE 18. OUR RESTAURANT IS OPEN 8.30 A.M till 6 A.M. MOST DAYS. WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING ST. & JAMES St. OLD COVENT GARDEN
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Thursday 20th May — DOLL BY DOLL

Late bar 9 - 2 am

upstairs at OUTLAW & SMOOTHSIDE PRESENT

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WED 26th - THURS 27th MAY 7.00pm

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The Return Of Mr. Pecu

PLUS THE GO-BETWEENS (wed)
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£3.50 — limited number of tickets available from PRICE BUSTER, ROUGH TRADE, HONKY TONK — Licensed Bar

VARIATIONS at the BARRRACUDA

1 BAKER ST, W1 (836 4853)

Monday 17th May — THE FIXX
Tuesday 19th May — THE DIAMANDA GALAS With members of PIGBAG

Wednesday 19th May — DISCO with CAPITAL RADIO'S JOHN SACHS

9.30pm — 2.30am

THE BEST DANCE MUSIC IN TOWN SPUN BY PARODY 75 — "A DOUBLE ACT"

23 SKIDOO

+ guests

8pm £2.50 adv — £3.00 on door

Friday May 14th

ULU Malet St WC1 580 9551 ext 27.

KINGS LODGE

nr Brands Hatch, Kent
0732 884397

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HIGH RISK + BURLIN

Wednesday May 19th
9-2 am
adm £1.50. Before 10pm £1.00

101 CLUB

101 St John's Hill SW1
223 8309

Thursday 13th May — £1.00 — INNERPROPIATES
Friday 14th May — £1.50 — UP/SECT + Italian Vacation
Saturday 15th May — £1.50 — SAD AMONGST STRANGERS + Boobies
Sunday 16th May — £1.00 — TAKENOFEAR + Brie Factory
Monday 17th May — £1.00 — THE ALMOST BROTHERS + The Ghost
Tuesday 18th May — £1.00 — RECTANGLES + Siren
Wednesday 19th May — £1.50 — NATIVE HIPSTERS + Furious Pig

Tolworth Recreation Centre

Red Lion Rd/A3 Kingston
Kingston Poly SU Presents

SHAKATAK

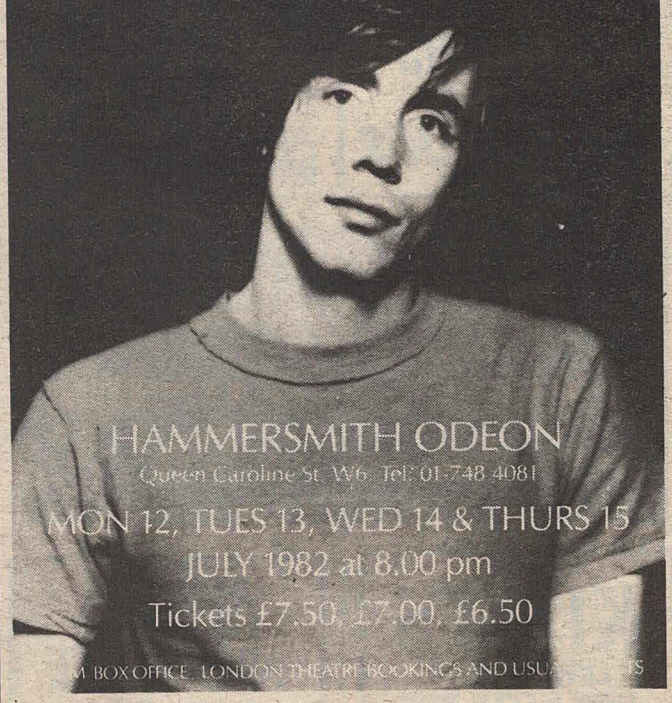
+ Yeow Band

Saturday 15th May Doors open 7.30
Students/UB40 £2.50
Guests £3.50
Nearest Station Tolworth (SR)

ASGARD PRESENTS

AN EVENING WITH

JACKSON BROWNE



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CINEMAS

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KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 13th
Turkey Triple
PLAN 9
+ ROBOT MONSTER
+ TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE

Friday 14th
De Palma
BLOW OUT 3.40 7.15
+ BLOOD SISTERS
2.00 5.35 9.10

Saturday 15th
Warner Bros
ANIMATION SHOW
1.30 4.30 7.30.
11.30 All night 60's POP FEATURES
BEACH BALL
+ SWINGIN' SET
+ TEENAGE MILLIONAIRE
+ HEY LETS TWIST
+ HOLD ON

Sunday 16th
1.30
CELINE AND JULIE
(Sep Perf)
IMPOSTERS 7.00
+ LOCAL COLOR 5.00 9.00

Monday 17th
Bruce Dern in
TATTOO 3.25 7.10
+ HARDCORE LIFE
1.30 5.15 9.00

Tuesday 18th
Kulenick
KILLER KISS
1.30 4.10 6.50 9.30
+ THE KILLING
2.40 5.20 8.00

Wednesday 19th
HEARTBEAT 3.30 7-10
+ BADLANDS 1.50 5.30 9.10

Thursday 20th
Brando
QUIEMADA 5.00 9.15
+ LAST TANGO IN PARIS 2.45 7.00

TO ADVERTISE
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NICK LOWE

and his noise to go

Friday 14th May 8pm

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ALSO FROM PETE'S GIG SHOP HIGH ST. UXBRIDGE

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Derek Block presents

FASHION

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
STEVE TORCH & ROY WHITE

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FROM BOX OFFICE 01 580 9562 & USUAL AGENTS.

Monday 24 May at 7.30 pm.

PETER SARSTEDT

with Billy J. Kramer
Prices £5, £3.50.

Tuesday 25 May at 7.30 pm.

SYD LAWRENCE AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Prices £4.50, £3.50.

Saturday 29 May at 7.30 pm.

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Barbican Centre, London EC2

Telephone reservations: 01-628 8795
Credit Cards: 01-638 8891
Box office open 10-8 (Mon-Sat) 12.30-8 (Sun)

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 13th

Aberdeen The Crown: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Hare & Hounds: **Kabuki**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Status Quo**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Bolton Scamps: **Animal Nightlife**
Bordon Robin Hood: **Chester**
Bournemouth Third Side Club: **Dancing On The Ceiling**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Victim**
Brighouse Clifton Arms: **Ik!**
Brighton Dome: **Frankie Laine**
Brighton New Regent: **King Trigger/Where's The W?**
Bristol Granary: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Bristol Yate New Entertainment Centre: **The Exploited**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Adrian Mitchell/Roy Fisher**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Amyl Dukes**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **The Motivators/Dick Coombes**
Cheltenham The Copperfield: **Cardiac Caress**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Gene Pitney**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Way Of The West/Fallen Heroes**
Coventry Warwick University: **Level 42**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Doncaster Japs Wine Bar: **Kirlian Lens**
Durham New College: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / The Sinatras**
Edinburgh Playhouse Cafe Noir: **Morrissey Mullen**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Juke**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **The Dolphins**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Heanor Miners Welfare: **Dawn Trader**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Lamorise / Karl Whitworth Band / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Onlookers**
Hitchin The Regal: **UK Players**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **De Danann**
Leeds Barcelona Club: **Liquid Gold (until Saturday)**
Leeds Warehouse: **Modern English**
Leicester De Montford Hall: **Rose Royce**
Leigh The Moonraker: **Singapore UK**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Tears Of Joy / Enormous Curious / Still Life**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rico & Friends**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Juice On The Loose**
London Earls Court Banjo's: **Ghost**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **24 Hours/King Kurt**
London Fulham The Swan: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **Dolly Mixture**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Girlschool**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Gash/The Living Dead**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Wendy Bonaventura**
London Kensington De Villers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Lewisham Riverdale Centre: **Ras Michael & The Sons Of Negus/Eli Emmanuel/DJ Papa Tiny/Mama Jah/Nyzinga Dotimjr**
London Marquee Club: **Girl**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Moonshine**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **The Senators**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Deep Machine**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig Trio/Bud Freeman**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Au Pairs/Sole Sister / Amy & The Angels**
London Victoria The Venue: **Red Lipstique**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **Jethro Tull**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lot 49/Four People I Have Known**
London W1 (Gt Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W1 (Wardour St) Whisky A-Go-Go: **Corporation**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Johnny Thunders**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Altered Images**
Manchester Polytechnic: **The Passage/The Nightingales**
Margaret Winter Gardens: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Milton Keynes Compass Club: **Rudi**
Newcastle The Bierkeller: **Rival Savages / Dream Unit / A Prayer Before Birth**
Newcastle Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **The Eastside Torpedoes**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **Blue Orchids**
Norwich White's: **The Media**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Die Schon Rock Band**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Artistic Control**
Portrush Beachcombers Club: **The Perfect Crime**
Port Talbort Troubadour: **Fire Down Below**
Preston Warehouse: **Drongos For Europe**
Rhyl C.J.'s: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Scarborough Taboo Club: **Spider**
Sheffield Limit Club: **China Crisis**
Sheffield The Penguin: **Saracen**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Traitor**
Stoke Kings Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Stonehouse Crown & Anchor: **The Red Telephone**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin Horse**
Wokingham Angie's: **Dave Ellis Band**

Ry Cooder — eight for the record *Pic: Pennie Smith*

KID CREOLE & THE COCONUTS begin their long-overdue UK tour this week — and, with a fire-eater and a black Japanese in attendance, it promises to be an exhilarating experience. Their shows are being billed as 'Tropical Gangsters', which no doubt has some connection with their current Island album — and their opening dates are at Leeds (Saturday), Sheffield (Sunday) and London Dominion (Monday).
RY COODER slides into the British area for his sell-out concert series, highlighted by a record-breaking string of eight nights at the Hammersmith Odeon. But before he gets around to those, he opens in Birmingham on Wednesday . . . and the same evening, FASHION begin their first major tour at Brighton, previewing their upcoming debut LP 'Fabrique'.
JETS have had a remarkable chart run this year, with two hit singles and a successful album to their credit. And striking while the iron's hot, they set out on their first headlining tour at Newcastle (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Sheffield (Wednesday). It's quite a week for "mouldy figs", with three long-established bands having another crack at the circuit. First, there's JETHRO TULL, who made their chart return last week — and they celebrate at London Wembley (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Birmingham (Sunday) and St Austell (Monday), followed by a charity show in Inverness (Wednesday) . . . Next, we have CAMEL, who are back in action again coinciding with the release of their new LP 'The Single Factor' — catch them at Liverpool (Sunday), Manchester (Monday), Birmingham (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday) . . . And completing the veteran run are WISHBONE ASH, who support their 'Best Of' collection at Dunstable (Monday), Nottingham (Tuesday) and Derby (Wednesday).

friday 14th

Aberdeen University: **The Passage**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Studio 45 / Sheep In Fog**
Ash Chequers: **Naughty Thoughts**
Bangor (Co. Down) Fureys: **The Perfect Crime**
Bedford Corn Exchange: **Gene Pitney**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Swing 39**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom doubling Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Moltwo & The Uplifters / True Harmony**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Status Quo**
Birmingham Pelican Hotel: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **UK Players**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Chameleons**
Bransgore Saddle Bar: **Crossfire**
Broadstairs Pavilion: **The Pulsaters**
Bungay King's Head: **Jah Warrior**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Gary & Vera Aspey**
Cambridge The Racehorse: **The Psy-kicks**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The 45's / Energy**
Canvey Island Gold Mine: **Biz International**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Lone Wolf / Hellrazer**
Chapel-on-le-Frith Shoulder Of Mutton: **The Out**
Chelmsford YMCA: **Brutal Attack**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Spider**
Chipping Norton King's Arms: **Artists And Lovers**
Cleethorpes Pier Hotel: **Ik!**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The D.T.'s/The Corner Boys**
Coventry Redhouse: **A Volcano Dances**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Short Stories**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Easy Money**
Dundee University: **The Alarm**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Neil Innes**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theare: **Jethro Tull**
Exeter University The Pit: **Radioactive**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Feltham Football Club: **The Hi-Tones / The Alley Cat**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Vastik**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Morrissey Mullen**
Halifax Civic Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Altered Images**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hitchin The Regal: **Shakatak**
Keighley The Globe: **Galopede / Graham Larkbey**
Kettering Rising Sun: **The Psy-kicks**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Krakatoa**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Attila The Stockbroker / Gladys McGee / The Joeys / Mr Clean**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Boys Own**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt / The Helicopters**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Deltas**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Up-Sect**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Wipeout / My Silent War**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joe Newman**
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **Attila The Stockbroker / Silly Boy Lemon Trio**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Deep Machine**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Dance Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Miles Over Matter / Bad Detective**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **The Waves / The Masked Orchestra**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Killer Koala**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Bigger Splash / Ground Zero**
London Highgate Jackson's Lane Community Centre: **Jam Today**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Kensington Ad Lib Club: **The Lightning Raiders**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Arc Connexion / Golf Tides**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Rankin' Toyan**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Climb / The Dance**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Johnny G & Butler James**
London Putney White Lion: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Franz Jackson / Al Casey / Stan Greig Trio**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **K. K. Khan**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Mo-dettes / The Skirts / The Delmontes**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Anonymous Sisters**
London Twickenham Black Dog: **The London Apaches**
London Twickenham St Mary's College: **Skat / The Nightingales**
London University Union: **23 Skidoo**
London Victoria The Venue: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Marillion / I.Q.**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Linton Kwesi Johnson / Creation Rebel / Undivided Roots**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Diamond Head / Tytan**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Design For Living / The Big Combo / Family Rico**
London W.C.2 Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
Maidenhead Ivy Leaf Club: **Dave Berry**
Malvern Trinity Hall: **Johnny Coppin Band**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **Denny Laine**

☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

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Manchester Band On The Wall: **Black Roots**
Manchester UMIST: **China Crisis/Crispy Ambulance**
Manchester University: **The Thompson Twins**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Funkapolitan**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Truffle**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Level 42**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Canyon**
Plymouth Top Rank: **Budgie / Dagaband**
Portsmouth Gaiety Bar: **King Trigger**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Girlschool**
Porstmouth Pier Pavilion: **Rudi**
Redhill Lakers Music Club: **Tour De Force**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Fixx**
Royton Railway Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Salford University: **De Danann**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Frankie Laine**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield City Hall: **Rose Royce**
Southampton Kingsland Hall: **Dancette / Flip Out**
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: **Colors Out Of Time / The Bible For Dogs**
Sunderland Annabelles: **R & B Spitfires**
Swansea The Rainbow: **Fire Down Below**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
Walsall Town Hall: **Requiem**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **Otway & Barrett**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues**
Yeovil Rainbow Rooms: **Chalice**
York University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / The Sinatras**

saturday 15th

The Fall: Manchester

Barrow-on-Humber Haven Inn: **Ik!**
Bedford Horse & Groom: **C-Saim/Faded Secret/Bone**
Belfast Maysfield Leisure Centre doubling Portrush Kelly's Disco: **The Perfect Crime**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Dancing Did**
Birmingham Imperial Cinema: **Escha/Black Knight/Prediction/Saxa (ex-Beat)**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Rose Royce**
Birmingham The Crown: **Lady Killer**
Blairgowrie The Club: **Morrissey Mull---**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Nigel Chippendale**
Bradford University: **Level 42**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Tour De Force**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Tony McPhee Band/The Rapiers**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Emil & The Detectives**
Cardiff (Health) Med Club: **Fire Down Below**
Cardiff University: **Moira & The Mice**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Darting Tongues/Sperm Bank Clerks**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Coventry Apollo Theatre: **Frankie Laine**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Rudi**
Coventry Warwick University: **King Trigger**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Drivers**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Ruby Turner**
Eastbourne Winter Gardens: **Funkapolitan**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **The Passage**
Farnworth Blighty's: **Johnny Moore & Slightly Adrift**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion: **The Revillos/Naughty Thoughts**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **The Alarm**
Guildford Surrey University: **Budgie/Dagaband**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Traitor**
Hatfield The Forum: **Neil Innes**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **The Boomtown Rats**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Doris & The Dots/Paris Clox**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Dodgy Tactics**
Hull New Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Kingston Polytechnic: **Shakatak**
Leeds University: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **De Danann**
Liverpool Adams Club: **It's Immaterial**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Huwana**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Marillion/The Prams**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flying Pigs**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Dance Band/Aledo Gazebo**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Joe Newman**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Deke Leonard/Transporter**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Julie Amiet & Friends**
London Hemmersmith Odeon: **Al Di Meola**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Manufactured Romance/Empty Vessels**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **T.N.T./Tunukwa**
London Harrow Rd. College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Waves**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Newtown Neurotics/Swamp 82**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lee Kosmin Band**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The Rattlers/The Helicopters**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **I Am Alone**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Only After Dark/Peacock Dance**
London Putney White Lion: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Regents Park Cecil Sharp House: **June Tabor**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Franz Jackson/Al Casey/Stan Greig Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **UT/Nadia Kapiche/Malaria**
London Victoria The Venue: **UK Players**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Flying Padovanis/Boys Own**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Skank Orchestra**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Huang Chung/Come In Takio/A Select Committee/Personal Column**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Alan Hare Octet**
Manchester Fagins: **The Fall**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Out**
Newcastle City Hall: **Jethro Tull**
Northwood Haydon School: **The Nashville Teens**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Exit**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Mercedes**
Poole Arts Centre: **Girlschool**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Whittakers Patent Remedy/Roaring Jelly**
Retford Porterhouse: **Spider**
Salisbury King & Bishop: **Crossfire**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/The Sinatras**
Southend (Leigh) Grand Hotel: **Juan Foote 'n'The Grave/Steve Hooker's Shakers**
St. Albans City Hall: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
St Ives (Cambs) St. Ivo Centre: **White Spirit**
Tolworth Recreation Centre: **Shakatak**
Wallasey Shepherds Rest: **French Lessons**
Westhoughton Sports Centre: **Rockin Horse/Warriors**
Whitley Bay Mingles: **R & B Spitfires**
Whitshaw Crown Hotel(lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ground Zero/Hieronymous Bosch**
Workington Carnegie Hall: **GBH/3rd Party**

sunday 16th

The Passions: Edinburgh

Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **The Dolphins**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Blues Power**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Jethro Tull**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham Strathallan Hotel: **Joe Newman / Kathy Stobart Quartet**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Girlschool**
Bristol Locarno: **Altered Images**
Bristol The Bristol Bridge: **Cardiac Caress**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Arts Theatre: **Neil Innes**
Cardiff Dowlais Inn: **Moira & The Mice / Fire Down Below / Seventh Heaven**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Erazerhead**
Chatham Central Hall: **The Three Degrees**
Croydon Fairfiled Hall: **Rose Royce**
Croydon the Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Croydon The Star: **Naughty Thoughts**
East Molesey Imberscourt Sportsclub: **Dave Berry**
Edingburgh Ital Club: **Natural Roots**
Gateshead Honeysuckle (lunchtime): **21 Strangers**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Alexis Korner**
Guildford Civic Hall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Chinatown**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ilford Palasi: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars / The Heartbeats / The Motivators**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations / The Sinatras**
Lincoln GPO Club: **Ik!**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Camel**
Liverpool Kirklands: **Freeze Frame / Stun The Guards**
Liverpool Star & Garter: **French Lessons**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Rage**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Skat / The Soul Organisation / Buroo Ha Ha / The Nightingales**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Xena Zerox / Vendetta / No Comment**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Roy Budd Trio**
London Finchley Torrington: **Tour De Force**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Wipeout**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Duffo / C Dive**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Vitale Voice / The Walking Floors**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The London Apaches**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Frankie Laine**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie / Dagaband**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N..W.1 (Gloucester Ave.) Musicians Collective: **Wilma Williams / The Combo**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Ken Barton Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Ivor Biggun**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Europeans**
London Wimbledon Nelson's Club: **The Feelers / The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Wood Green Trade Union & Community Centre: **The Flying Pickets / Attila The Stockbroker / The Birds / Felix & The Cats**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon's Young Jazz**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **Steel Pulse**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The Eastside Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go / The Blasters**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Elkie Brooks**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Whitney Rock Gala: **Spider / Tank / Truffle**
Plymouth Ark Royal (lunchtime): **Canyon**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Magna Carter / Tim Norfolk**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Mary O'Hara**
Reading Top Rank: **Level 42**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **B.M.A. / The Custard Screams**
Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Ipso Facto**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
Shepperton The Goat: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Gene Pitney**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Anti-Nowhere League / Chelsea / Chron-Gen / The Defects**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Rockin' Horse**
Warrington Parr Hall: **The Drifters**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Julie Felix**
Wokingham Angie's: **Blue Condition**

monday 17th

Jethro Tull: St Austell

Bannockburn The Tamdhu: **Henry Gorman Band**
Bath Le Metro: **Little Big Band**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Night Out: **Gene Pitney** (for a week)
Birmingham Odeon: **Girlschool**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Status Quo**
Brighton Top Rank: **Level 42**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Strange Behaviour**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Electrix/Sceptre**
Croydon The Star: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Wishbone Ash**
East Molesey Imbercourt Sportsclub: **Dave Berry**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Shakatak**
Exeter University: **Altered Images**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Firing Squad**
Glasgow Morley's Nite Spot: **The Drifters**
Glasgow Night Moves: **The Au Pairs**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Leeds Up-Zone: **The March Violets**
Leeds Warehouse: **China Crisis**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco: **The Chameleons**
Liverpool Coach & Horses: **The Chase**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Lightning Raiders/P-34/The Volcanoes**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Almost Brothers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Republic/Visual Aid/The Agents**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Allan Eager/John Horler Trio**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tank/The Prams**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Nick Lowe & His Noise To Go/The Blasters**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Naughty Thoughts/Marji**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Red & The Black/Nikky Sudden**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Sam Mitchell Blues Band**
London Kilburn National Club: **De Danann**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Al Haig** (for a week)
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Park Avenue**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie/Dagaband**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Sole Sister/Zet Etik**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Screamers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Weller-Spring Quartet/Just Friends**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Celadon Ceilidh Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Kid Creole & The Coconuts**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Virgin Prunes**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Rimshots/The Photos**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Old Burlington St) Legends: **Duffo**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Camel**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Eric Random & The Bedlamites**
Manchester Drifters: **The Partisans/The Xpozez**
Newcastle City Hall: **Jets**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Rubber Vultures**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Boomtown Rats**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Jethro Tull**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin' Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Three Degrees** (for a week)

tuesday 18th

Jets: Edinburgh

Aldershot West End Centre: **John James/Bob Walton**
Barrow Civic Hall: **Iris Williams**
Batley Frontier Club: **Dave Berry**
Birkenhead Sir James Club: **The Icicle Works/The Glass Torpedoes**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Irish Centre: **De Danann**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Camel**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bolton Gaiety Club: **Victim**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Red Alert/Blitzkrieg**
Brighton The Richmond: **Sensible Footwear**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Biggles**
Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall: **International Heroes**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Easy Money**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Altered Images**
Chippenham Rock Theatre: **Level 42**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Mary O'Hara**
Croydon The Cartoon: **BMA**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Jets**
Gateshead Finnegans: **21 Strangers**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **King Crabs**
Glasgow Morley's Nite Spot: **The Drifters**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Shakatak**
Gloucester Sinc Club: **Artists And Lovers**
Grimsby Community Hall: **The Exploited/Born B.C.**
Keighley Fun House: **Mood Elevators**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Braunstone Hotel: **Al Casey & Friends**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Attempted Moustache/A Better Mouse Trap/Miffy & The Snow**
London Battersea The Latchmore: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Dr Feelgood/Little Sister**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jr. Walker & The All Stars**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rescue/The Survivors**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Canteen Jam Band/Allen Eager**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Alibi**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Mad Shadows/Idle Flowers**
London Fulham King's Head: **The 45's**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Rose Royce**
London Hammersmith The Broadway (at Clarendon): **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **John Spencer Band**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie/Dagaband**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pizazz**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Allstar Jazzband**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Sphinx**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Radical Sheiks**
London Victoria The Venue: **Modern English /Troops For Tomorrow/Gene Loves Jezebel**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Naughty Thoughts/Nasmak**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Wipeout**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Berlin Blondes**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Judie Tzuke**
Manchester Rotters: **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Newcastle Soul Kitchen: **The Au Pairs**
Nottingham Rock City: **Wishbone Ash**
Preston Guildhall: **Elkie Brooks**
Reading University: **Hi-Tension**
Sheffield The Mill: **Kirlian Lens**

wednesday 19th

Birkenhead Sir James Club: **Rockin Horse**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Ry Cooder**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **The Au Pairs**
Brighton Dome: **Camel**
Brighton New Regent: **Where's The W?/The Legendary Tenfoots/Residence Zero/Brute Force**
Bristol Spencers: **Eaeagba**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Dansette**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **South Side Blues Band/Excellos**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Ivy League (until Sunday)**
Coventry Guy's: **China Crisis**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Steve Boyce Band**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Wishbone Ash**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Elkie Brooks**
Flint Spenders: **French Lessons**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Smokey Joe**
Guildford Civic Centre: **Level 42**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Girlschool**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Jethro Tull**
Lancaster St. Martin's College: **The Membranes**
Leeds Irish Centre: **De Danann**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Mr. Pickwicks: **The Nightingales/The Icicle Works/Blue Poland**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Infa Riot/Joyful Assault**
Lochgelly Centre Theatre: **The Drifters**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Martin Carthy**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The 45's**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Dynamite**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Gillie McPherson**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Native Hipsters/Furious Pig**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Feelers**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Etheridge Quartet/Allen Eager**
London Ealing Town Hall: **Liquid Gold**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **True Life Confessions/Naughty Thoughts**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Rose Royce**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Tequila Sunrise**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Ruthless Blues**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Gollies**
London Marquee Club: **Marillion**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Parallel Bars**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Mack/Slaughterhouse Five**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Southgate Pink Elephant: **Sphinx**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay & The Jaywalkers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Richard Pinhas Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Amba Tonic/Separate Energy**
London W.1 (Down St) Gullivers: **Jr. Walker & The All-Stars**
Malvern Nags Head: **Virgin Star/Orbit**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Guy Van Duzer/Billy Nouack**
Manchester Jilly's: **Tony McPhee's Blues Band**
Manchester Rotters (under-18s matinee): **Anti-Nowhere League/Chelsea/Chron-Gen/The Defects**
Margate Winter Gardens: **UK Players**
Newcastle Madison's: **Shakatak**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **R&B Spitfires**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Pulsaters**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Alexei Sayle/Pookiesnackenburger**
Norwich Jacquard Club: **The Great Divide**
Norwich The Mischief Tavern: **Ruby Joe**
Portsmouth Nero's: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations/The Sinatras**
Sheffield City Hall: **Jets**
Sheffield George VI Hotel: **David Murray/Johnny Dyani/Steve McCall**
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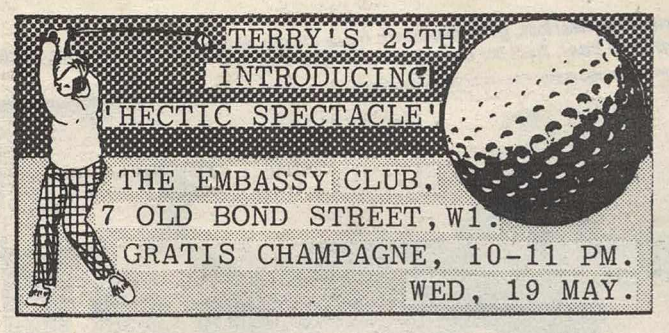

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LIVE! FASHION

Leather corselette from Modern Art, Drummond St, grey dress and lemon shirt by Suzie Jones at Vena Cava, Kensington Market, pinafore and blouse by Caroline Arewa at Wasp, Kensington Market.

James T. Kirk rummages round the Alternative Clothes Sale James Palmer photographs some customers in their personal selections

A SMASHING TIME AT THE JUMBLE SALE . . .

THE ALTERNATIVE FASHION SALE

Chelsea Town Hall

WHAT THE hell *is* 'alternative' fashion? Why does it need to nestle, snuggled away in 'alternative' isolation? And what's so drastically 'alternative' about flogging frocks anyway?

The essence of 'fashion' to my moderately trained (but still enthusiastic) eye is identical to any other creative but saleable artform — an initially sound (but not necessarily original) idea is palatably presented to a specific receptive market — its success resting on the variants of benevolent assessment (the Press), localised credibility and practicality and still, despite the everlooming shadow of big spondulics, luck. The rise of passive consumerism has not yet reached the level of eradicating the General Public's often fickle response to the 'new thing'.

So what are these 'alternatives' getting at? Fashion isn't a business made for sharing and any designer, while enjoying the initial creative rush involved in getting clothes onto racks, is going to have to start tills ringing pretty soon or consider an ongoing career-change situation.

Perhaps in the same way as 'alternative comedians' attempt to upend the status quo by not being funny, the 'alternative fashion designers' are trying *not* to sell clothes — I doubt it.

There's nothing 'alternative' about dressing cliques — merely a limited horizon and self-stunted ambition — a willingness to know and accept your place before really starting. The only way an 'alternative' vision can find true realisation is by aiming for the top — for Paris catwalks, for Italian Vogue, for the biggest NY stores. Thus once again the sole British name to successfully straddle the opposing hemispheres is Westwood. While Antony Price, hardly alternative, but still occupying a stylishly quaint niche, plunders the past, he fails to cut it internationally because Armani sets himself broader, more contemporary tasks. The other British 'contenders' are still strictly small fry.

And so to Chelsea . . .

The Town Hall is such a naff venue for exhibitors with 'contentious' and 'daring' scrawled on their workroom walls. You'd have thought the 'alternative' crowd could have come up with something a little more . . . well, contentious and daring — perhaps a disused (or even better, still used) abbatoir, or a hanger at Biggin Hill.

The atmosphere is that of a posh jumble sale where you're not quite sure whether it's OK to dive, elbows pumping, into the fray or just rummage as nonchalantly as possible. The punters chose the latter, scant minutes passing before the first stifled yawns and shuffling of unimpressed feet exitwards. The wares on display simply weren't up to much — and bargains? No chance.

Even the opportunity of noisy presentation to tart up the skimpy fare was ignored in favour of the 'new' dead-bored shop-girl look.

Behind the 'alternative' banner was a very ordinary array of teen boutique sale goods — often reminiscent of threadbare '60s throwbacks, rapidly fading — sort of *Smashing Time* without the smashing!

Can't wait for the next one . . .

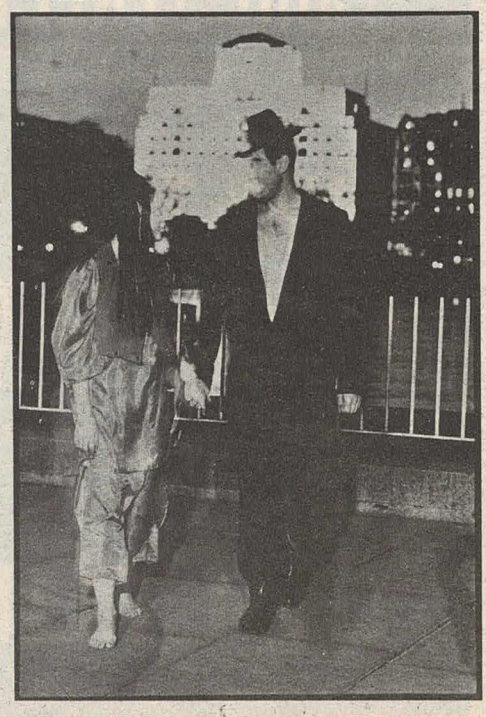
Black top from In Arcadia, Kensington Market, grey trousers from Clozo, Islington Green, grey jacket by Demob, Beak St, studded top No? Yes!, belt by Caroline Arewa of Wasp.

Red dress by Ya Ya, Kensington Market and Birmingham.

Trousers, shirt, top and belt from Rachel at Vena Cava.

Swimming costume by Susan Backhouse, shirt Irena Seget, 60th at Charteris Rd, belt from New Masters.

His clothes by Demob, hers by In Arcadia.



LIVE! MAY DAY

FUNK U THATCHER!

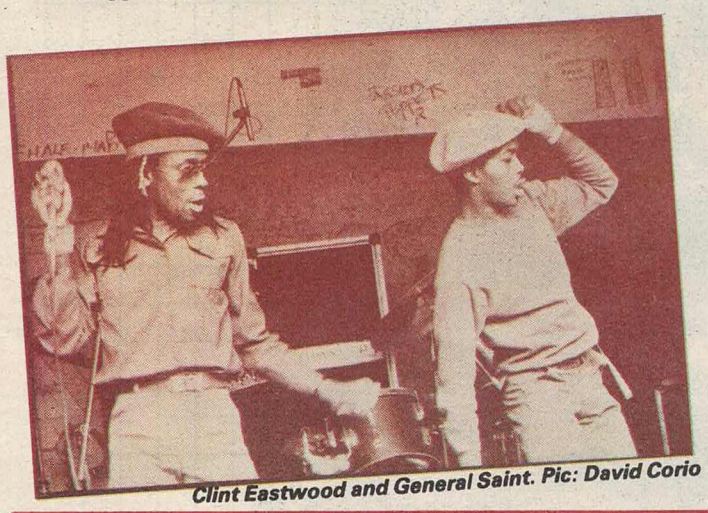
Hackney

STOP WAFFLING! Stop playing at dilettante wadicals, flirting with words like 'challenge' when you challenge nothing, schmuck! Challenge begins not in the video - trimmed, metropolitan bedsits of denim-queen identikit intellectuals but in rougher areas, in sharper heads, in the hearts and minds of hundreds . . . thousands — like the 8,000 at Clissold Park last week.

Empiricist bitch that I am, I say 8,000 working class kids (and otherwise) are worth 16,000 of you, half-way, offstage heckler that you are — while you may be angry, they have anger *and* hope. A winning combination. Likewise Eastwood & Saint, but they were just the soundtrack.

The biggest star of the stage was the banner (banner! it was a bleedin' marvel!) which rode high above the performers. Strong, bold thrusting capitals that could've been 20-foot high but didn't need to be. The message was impressive enuff: 'ROCK AGAINST RACISM — UNITY INA COMMUNITY'. Red Saunders, son, is a gem.

You wanna hear about the gig? Punks, skins, Rastas, soulboys, FB3 pineapple - heads, beautiful Brandon clones without the ears, sweet mamas and roast goats. When I walked into the bog a punk fell thru' the roof, when I got back frontstage ten smoothies fell off a table behind me . . . you wanna hear about the bands?



Clint Eastwood and General Saint. Pic: David Corio

In between mohicans on glue falling thru' toilet skylights and people falling off trestle tables, the bands . . . played.

Tchaka helped the goats' curry on its way. **Skank Orchestra** smooched and smoothed (too smooth), all very pleasant but no *skank* (though the singer sung good and the sun shone), and **Clint Eastwood & General Saint** . . . Clint Eastwood & General Saint came in fits and starts. All militant favourites and *murderous* bass, the undisputed stars of the billing, but too patchy for this open-air revellion. They filled the gaps with taped hysteria, canned applause, cack claque to complement the crowd's appreciation; the noise was smart /the day was fun.

Aw, I nearly forgot — *fun* is another of those words the wadical wazzocks claim exclusive rights to. 8,000 youth - clubbers (and otherwise) at Clissold Park say the nightclubbers have no monopoly on enjoyment.

Leave them to their pleasures? I'd rather take Trotsky with a dance - soundtrack than white boys who brace themselves against a red flag. And to paraphrase Burchill paraphrasing AJP Taylor: "If there's no place for Leon in this party, there's no place for me."

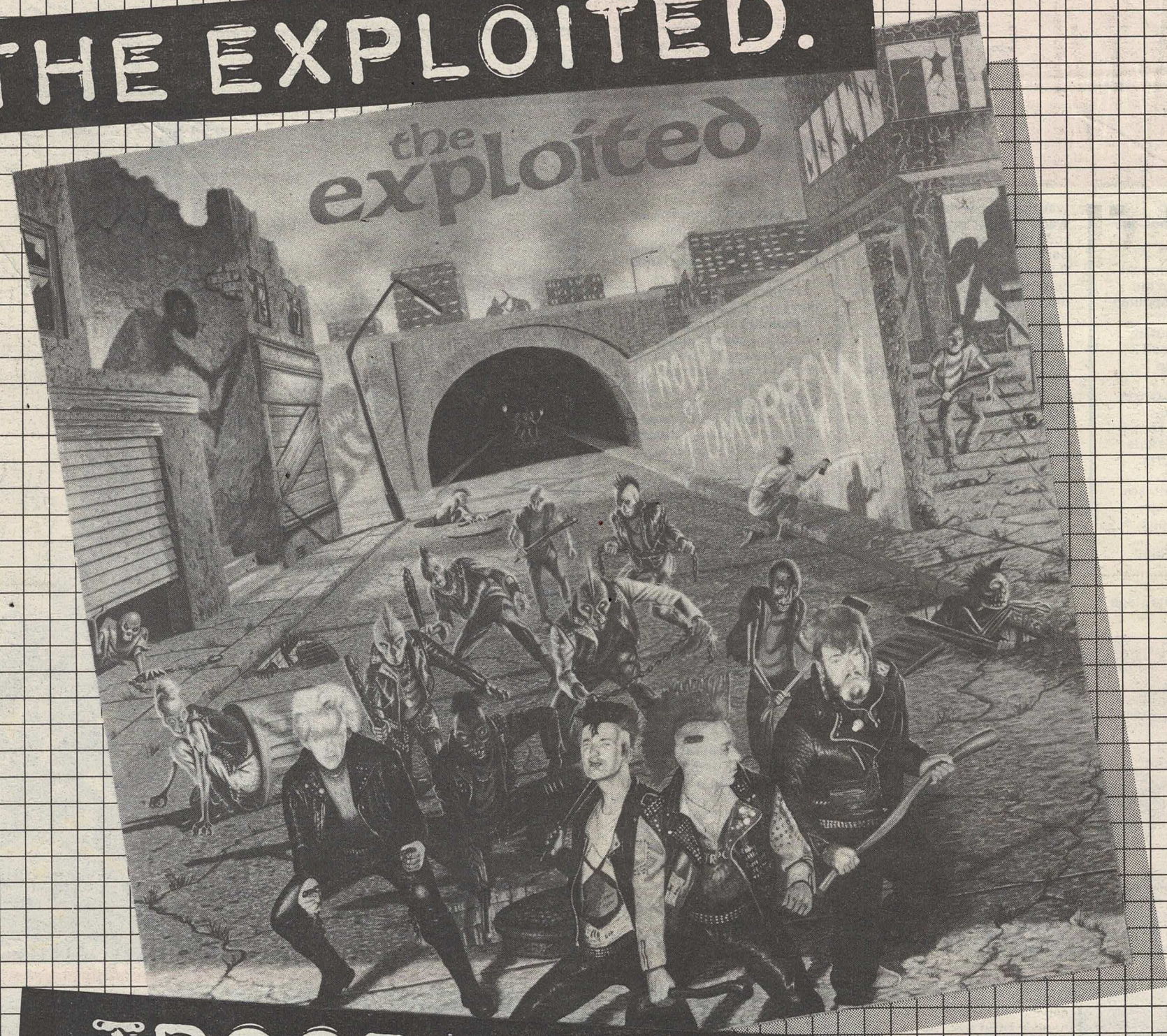
Say it loud: "Funk U Thatcher!" — That goes for all conservatives.

X. Moore

Pic: David Corio

Unity Inna Community. Bank Holiday celebrations in Clissold Park.

THE EXPLOITED.



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LIVE!

DOCTRINE OF DANCE DELIGHT

FUNKAPOLITAN

Sheffield

A COSMODELIC dance delight hits the alphabet soup city in slick style tonight. The Funkapolitan dance troupe are in town to stir some action on that stilted disco floor after a lengthy absence from the chart and club routine.

Led by a triple spearheaded rappassault, in sharp suits and distinctive sepia mac, the shuffle squad distill passion and refine sensibilities in a diverse exhibition of electric hard-edged acid-funk contrasting with subtler, but no less empassioned, flights through mellow-calypso fusion. If the term 'punk-funk' hadn't been so grossly misused in illustrating insipid white boys on bandwagon-hop cartoon adventures, the harder side of Funkapolitan would have merited the accolade.

It's a shame they had to play The Limit Club though, it's such a classic ROCK venue. Randomly distributed roof-support pillars obstruct the vision, the stage is a two foot platform (hardly the ideal setting to project any kind of dance enthusiasm), the temperature is high and the atmosphere sweaty . . . all necessary conditions for any memorable rock concert, but this is supposed to be Funkapolitan!

Still the dance goes on, an animation of body and soul that patiently nudges spectators gradually away from the stage and into the flashing lights.

"And this my friends is the Super Ace from Outer Space."

Simon Ollivierre moves onto the dread controls accompanied on backing chants from Kadir Guirey and Nick Jones. The man who rhymes 'monkey' with 'funky' delivers a conventional theme rap a la wonderful boy - meets - beautiful - girl situation superimposed onto a thumping jumping quirky beat. 'Super Ace' succeeds chiefly because it flows infinitely funkier in a live situation, capturing the esoterica of the genuine black-rap article where so many of today's rappartists fall into a stop-start stilted rut.

The Funkapolitan rhythms swing and strain against a tight, controlled container full of slick tricks. They twist and slide, slip and survive in an attempt to stay afloat on the potholes of modern funk orthodoxy, leaving behind the more mainstream waters treaded by Linx and Co. and jetting away to a more intrinsic alliance with the stateside variety.

Funkapolitan provide intense vocal variety and depth. A beautifully crafted juxtaposition of high pitched Lovers - Rock - style - croon and rough tough chanting: caustic upstart rap strolls hand in hand with suave melody. The Funkapolitan exhibition leaves every other aspiring Brit-funker way behind, even allowing for Mr Fry's genteel chords. Any individual identity the jive-talking rapsters may possess is unfortunately overwhelmed by the intricacies of a frenetic vocal interplay but Funkapolitan are the exception to another hackneyed rule. Their music in itself is enough, there's no desperate need for a smooth looking monumental figure strutting front-stage claiming the bouquet of adulation (see above mentioned ABCer).

But there's more to Funkapolitan than just vocal pyrotechnics of the wordy-rapping club. The multi-faceted instrumentation swoops and soars in a meticulous experiment on the virtues of a dance doctrine. Controlled keyboards blend a little fuzz into the harmonies, sandpapering any edges smoothly away from the August sheen of Greg Saleem's percussive patter.

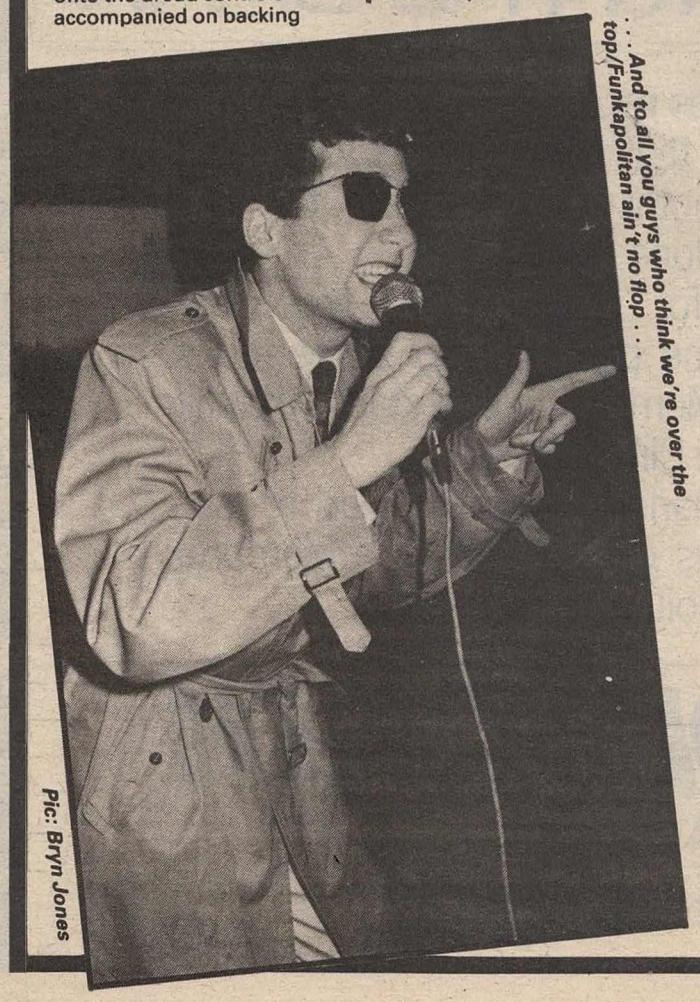
'In the Crime of Life' tempers handclaps, hard handed bass with a distinctive flavour of percussion. Sagat Guirey, illustrating an instinctive feel for the dynamics of a celebrated funk routine, zigzags through and along the tempo, shooting a poisoned guitar into the nervous system with amazing regularity. The voices alternate from snap rap to velvet harmony with a potent fluidity.

Funkapolitan is a concentrated study of the etiquette of dance. Perhaps too concentrated at times . . . there is an occasional complacent tendency to go with the pace instead of stepping smoothly into a new age. But this swinging beat brigade are still more heckle and jive than a bigbag of fresh fruit allsorts.

Amrik Rai

Eddie Tenpole demonstrates an instrument of musical torture

Pic: Peter Anderson



. . . And to all you guys who think we're over the top/Funkapolitan ain't no flop . . .

Pic: Bryn Jones

MOCK TUDOR POP

TEN POLE TUDOR MO-DETTES THE BARRACUDAS

Zig-Zag Club

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of many great gatecrashers I accepted the dare to slip into something big, to be precise the Mo-dettes third birthday party.

The local luminaries were out in force, falling foolishly into the fun and frolics. One of the guests was already up doing his turn . . . and a real stinker it turned out to be! Ex-band The Barracudas were more like a beached guppy than some scourge of the deep. They lacked something. — credibility. The embarrassing debacle they portrayed with such zest was the first in a long list of party poopers. It is indeed a shame to see a grown man kick a mike stand so many times under the delusion of notoriety. The Barracudas' feeble attempt at musical accomplishment was thwarted by their persistent efforts to cross the Small Faces with early Clash — an exhibition that most parties can do without.

Party fears two. With a quick stop for the essential musical chairs the fare continued with our hostesses the Mo-dettes. After the first turn they had probably thought of opening with "It's my party" but their music fell with a dying beat — the original impact, all gusto and guts grinding to an extended halt. The pyrotechnics from the roof were of more interest than the exotic but harmless indoor fireworks on stage. A lack of innovation was poorly covered by the dour dub pulse and the short skirts.

Maybe the effect of playing second fiddle at their own party had taken its toll. All I knew was that the feeble excuse for a party was wearing me down. The Mo-dettes need to think more of their guests' appetites. It looked like a beautiful cake but my fears that it had grown stale over three years were confirmed.

I thought that the parents might come back, the lights go on and the party come to its well deserved end. But no!

Tenpole Tudor are definitely in the mould of the men that won the War of the Roses. Eddie himself performed like a road runner on speed — a Buster Keaton of the eighties. The party took on a new light that rekindled the dormant spark in most of those in attendance. Opening with the hoorah henries favourite 'Swords' the Knights proceeded to joust with the audience — lancing this boil of an evening and crowning all at court with savage, boisterous sound. The music was second rate but their presence was all — Eddie covered more ground that the floorboards, jumping about like a demented jester.

It was plain to see that this was a loud, rash and utilmately futile sound — famous on other bands failures. But I took my leave numb and headless thanks to the block and axe that Tenpole calls pop.

David Dorrell

THE TORTOISE AND THE BUTTERFLY

Slow agony of an ancient rock animal. *Pic: David Corio*

FOREIGNER

Wembley Arena

Foreigner are a huge great tortoise nibbling dourly on the faded denim of life.
Give a tortoise a face lift and what would you end up with? Foreigner.
Give a tortoise one hundred billion dollars, one hundred billion followers, some guitars, some drums, and one hundred billion lights and what do you get? Foreigner.
If Foreigner were called 'Tortoise' — as they damned well should be — I would accept that they were a priceless pop/art statement about the ancient plodding art of rock and roll.

Foreigner on stage at Wembley, they go plod . . . plod . . . plod . . . and the sound is amplified one hundred billion times, until it sounds like a dead tortoise covered in maple syrup being smashed on its shell with a heavy hammer.

Can you tell one tortoise from another? Can you distinguish between a member of Foreigner and a member of REO Speedwagon? Do tortoises dream of being able to think quick?

At Wembley ten thousand apparently alert people pay around six pounds to watch a tortoise plod through a field of cliche. They are highly excited every time the tortoise lifts a leg or blinks an eye. The tortoise settles down under a hedge of excruciating banality, and the ten thousand people act as if they have been fed with fishes and loaves. Was Jesus a tortoise? You'd think so watching Foreigner play (tortoise).

Who am I — so to speak — to say that there is anything wrong in taking great pleasure in watching a tortoise fall asleep, and listening to it snore? When it comes to singing along with a tortoise snoring I may have something to say about it. And if it comes to making love to a tortoise, I may have to draw the line.

Can a tortoise ever be up-to-date?

If someone had slipped £5,000 into my pocket I would probably have given the tortoise a good review. As it was I left the tortoise to go and chase a butterfly.

Paul Morley

GENIUS PSYCHE OF SOUL

NINA SIMONE

Barbican

NINA SIMONE plays a very special kind of music because its heart has been beating restlessly — indignant and suppressed — for 5000 years, maybe longer. If the idea of showcasting her defiant, pungent protest as a cultural artefact for erudite musical anthropologists seemed like a contradiction, the reality more than bore it out. The polite, cossetted surrounds of the Barbican experienced a rude and angry awakening as the collision between the audience's expectations and the performer's yearning to unleash a howl of . . . life / rage / pain / sex / pence / love / joy / death / realisation *or something* became positively violent in places.

Nine Simone live is an almost embarassingly personal spectacle, not for her the common discourse between audience and performer, she naively and determindly sets about undressing the balance between passivity and acceptance, in so doing she reveals a weird, slightly mad and very complex psyche writhing from pride to vulnerability and from humour to frustration. You have to see it to get the full picture, although as far as understanding the whole process goes you'll probably be none the wiser — Nina remains inscrutable, illogical and unpredicable. But I'm sure of one thing — Nina Simone is a *healthy* thing, being the nearest most of these people will ever get to experiencing the shock and the wrath of early Sex Pistols.

She plays a grand piano and is accompanied only by a drummer. Her entrance is made with a regal wave, and understated bow but as her body went forward for the last time she went into a barely suppressed series of spasms — emotion, nerves, 'a sense of rhythm', or what? The first 15 minutes are spent running through the rudiments of ragtime and boogie-woogie piano. While there's an undeniable beauty in her keyboard playing, which will soar to incredible heights at the end of the evening, the exercise is undoubtably a way of sending up textbook and audience attitudes about the neat and tidy evolution of black music. The lucid, sweetly woven 'Backlash Blues' carried a message that underlined her pride and militancy while the ensuing African folk song showed the strangled melancholy and dark shadows that run through her work.

After the interval the show reached an excited pitch with 'Everything Must Change' as a weird, strangled revenge *"...just a coloured clown to them. / Just a stupid dog to them. / But now everything must change . . . "* It rode faster and faster, cantering, sliding and tearing rabidly at the leash as Nina, up and down from her seat and across the stage gets lost in a trance like maze of rhythms, as she moves away from suffocating fear and a terrifying kind of decay: *". . . but you better get together before 1984/Because by then it'll be too late."*

The soul tradition is expounded on as she goes into many free form raps — one minute she's a heavy feminist, the next moment she's playing the come-on with some guy in the front row, then she's vulnerable and fearful, changing and intercutting pieces of her songs *"... think everyday's gonna be my last/Think everyday's going to be my last..."*

It's erratic brilliance, she goes on and offstage, speaking in different languages, paying no attention to the repeated calls to "sing Nina." At one point she asks for an assistant who can speak Spanish, French and English and a guy comes onstage, is embraced and led behind the curtains. "His name's John," she explains, "y'know my daddy was called John as well and everytime I meet someone with that name I know somebody up there is looking after me. I think he's the one." Hmmph.

There was more than a little humour in the closing 'My Way', a superb version which said more about Nina Simone than a review or a book ever could. She began to sing 'Baltimore', got half way and refused to go any further — "Randy Newman gets the money." But the encore — a rejuvenating, uplifting gospel and a swirling rhapsodic finale sung in French showcased two of the musical ace cards Nina Simone had to play though there were many more that went unsung, savaged and strewn by the wayside.

Personally I thought she was great and I'd pay pounds and pounds to see her do it again, especially when she gets up so many snotty, executive-belt snouts. Sure she's a bit loopy, but that's a prerequisite for all geniuses.

Gavin Martin

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THE BLUE ORCHIDS

University of London

PETE WYLIE travelled the length of greater England to see them, so why weren't *you* there?

Well anyway, I've got *my* pretext to write something about one of the only worthwhile groups left in the world.

The gaunt Martin Bramah has always been warily aware of the seductive distance that lingers between stage and audience, and tends to promote a certain stand-offishness in his spectators. Despite this sense of formality, however, the Orchids are capable of bringing off astonishing sets. Their power lies within their contraction, in the tension between Una Baines' church-pipe Yamaha organ and Bramah's spiky, flinty guitar as they shift against the solid, enclosed beat of the rhythm section.

At their absolute best a formidable cross between early Talking Heads and The Fall at their most bitter and nerve-wrenching, the Blue Orchids can be gutterally electric and folkishly melancholy at the same time and within the same space. Tight with cynicism and edgy with cruel romance, these twilight adult dropouts stand out of any scene because they never exploit classic rock motifs without standing them on end, compressing them inside out.

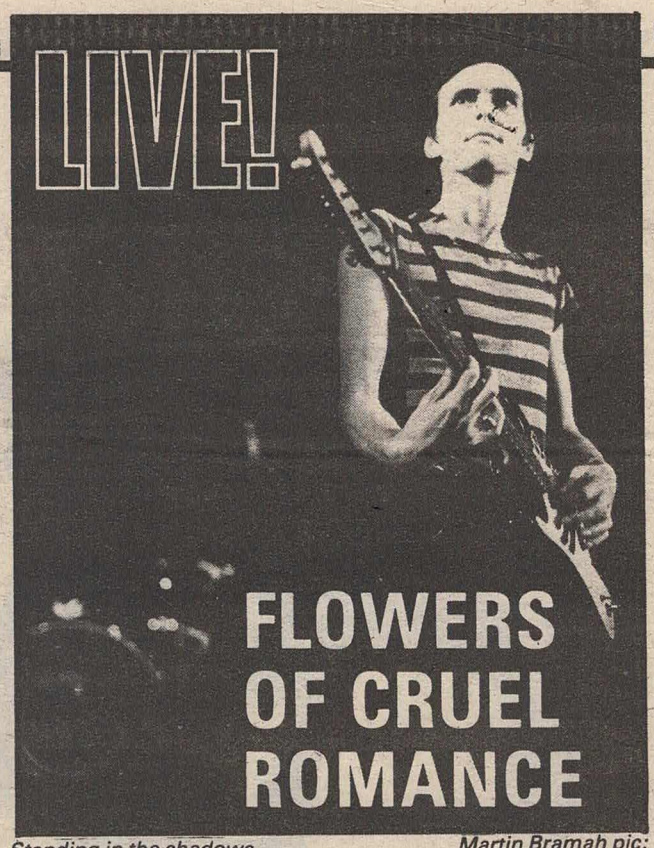
The deadpan instrumental opener 'Tighten My Belt' set an appropriately subdued, almost offhand atmosphere in which to push through the harder stuff of 'Hanging Man', 'Dumb Magician', and the new 'Agents of Change'. Bramah's lyrics drifted sombrely yet piercingly through the dense web of beat, re-opening the truest relation of desire to loss, in love and human concern, that an idealist could wish to hear. The other new number featured, 'The Long Night Out', was a quite mesmerising, distressingly downbeat ballad, the bereft loneliness of which can only be hinted at by lines like *"Please don't shout/On our long night out/We're here to drown sorrow/I'll leave again tomorrow..."*

In Bramah's hard and assured voice, there's both a pessimism and a calm despair. It's hard to imagine him now on a stage with The Fall's Smithy, for his songs speak depths of pity for our bewildered social sadness, depths that Smith shrugs off with . . is monotonous if inimitable snarl.

All the same, the spartan Bramah guitar picks and spits just as meticulously as Craig Scanlan's, especially in the explosive finish to 'Work', and Una's relentless and religious undertones can put the Velvets' '1969 Live' on amyl night-rate just as urgently as The Fall's live 'Deer Park'.

There is an economy of love and yearning in every chord, vocal or instrumental, that breaks from the aching heart of the Blue Orchids' sound, They may, like the Fall, outstare all temptations of youthful romanticism, they may starkly stomp and trash your brightest cans, but they simultaneously plumb the most discreetly hidden depths of love and tragedy. Finally, 'The Flood' and 'Work', simply two of the greatest songs ever written, would have surpassed even the wildest, most preciously coveted expectations. Both were carried off with a burning impatience, both without flinching.

Barney Hoskyns



Standing in the shadows . . . *Martin Bramah pic: Andrew Luckhurst.*

HOT FOOT

An occasional guide to climbing it

Northern Ireland

THIRTEEN YEARS of para-military feud for thought doesn't make for a particularly conducive clubby atmosphere. Steppin' out is a bit of a sick joke when your capital shuts down at 6pm. But street violence or riotous political upheaval don't feature predominantly as dissuading factors in the hedonist's search for some young soul rebellion so much as lack of incentive and a lugubrious inner city atmosphere.

Belfast's imposing thoroughfare security barriers, lack of street lighting and shop window display illumination make for a dour, discouraging despondency added to by the general lack of late night eateries or cinemas or *anything*.

Limited public transport is a further hinderance, compounded by building, insurance and Sunday Observance nuisances peculiar to the province which hinder punters and aspiring Andy Czezowski's alike. Consequently the fewer people actually wanting to get in and out of the city the less inclined the potential investor is to set up projects relying primarily on an air of mobile sociability. But . . . it can be done and here's how.

First stop has to be **Jules**, the only proper club in the country. Sitting in a third floor warehouse above Burtons clothiers it's pretty much in the centre of town and certainly the centre of youth sophistication. Fridays and Saturdays are the best bet, but always take the latter for a bigger, better crowd, greater noise and flashier poise. At £2.50 for non members and £1.50 for associates it's comfy though crushed, with great black and silver decor and big silver panthers set in the alcoves.

Take your own drink, watch the videos, try the hot snacks, check the excellent pitch black cellar disco and make use of the liberative unisex ablution facilities. Professional, stimulating and innovative, Jules is a friendly squeeze of jungle back-combed blondes (male and female), climbing thigh high skirts and empire state human trouser bands. Open from 10pm to 3am. Everyone you know, want to know and should know province-wide is bound to be here.

Next off is **Sams**. Twelve miles from the smog and set in mod bank holiday seaside haven Bangor, this feisty little hangout takes allcomers, from Jules spillovers to rugby club filthmongers. Some say it's a tedious upstart, parochialist disco, some it's Ulster's answer to Le Beat Route. But Fridays and Saturdays are a must and if you're anyway local (i.e. from the six counties) you'll be there. Sometimes free, sometimes with reduced admission before 9.30pm, it's got two reasonable bars, a more than fair disco (several lost dance floor gems, or so you thought, are played each night) but strictly his 'n' hers toilets if you're trying to converse away from the speaker scrunch. Nocturne's advice is to be early and head for the back bar where you can get away with anything, and may frequently have to. Closes 1pm Fridays, 12pm Saturdays.

Bangor's got a smidgeon more nite life due to its more extensive late evening facilities and there's a number of vaguely clubby institutions if you're of less adventurous sound system selecter stock, but **Club 19, Coachman** and **Lord Snooty's** can all be worth look ins on the occasional soul, '60s or alternative nights if the stag parties, plastic palm trees, training shoes and anoraks have been cleared out.

Back in the city the **Pound Music Club** and **Winkers** offer regular live clubbery. The Pound's a leaky, piss flooded puritan wooden bench affair, deprived but decorous, whilst Winkers is small scale parvenu plush. Both are cheap and accessible, nestling in the greyer areas of clubdom and offering various live/disco nights throughout the week to trade on whatever tribalism takes your fancy.

Way, way up North, Londonderry makes do with **The Venue** with bands on Thursday and disco on Friday, flash interior and miles from anywhere, and **New York, New York** which is mostly stage and a big mirror.

Like 'Derry, N. Ireland lacks a lot of things, not least a club scene, but if clubbing means a cabaret style laissez faire narcissistic decadence then perhaps there's some dance stances you're better off without. Then again Nocturne never thinks about Oscar Wilde and Brendan Behan, Sean O'Casey, George Bernard Shaw . . .

Nocturne

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POLO CLUB

Barracuda

Like Mint Juleps in Mississippi, mint tea in Manhattan, Mintoff in Malta, Polo Club take a conservative leaf of jazz and refresh it, roast the languid leg of lamb that is jazz-funk and create a dish of aural textures that stroke, poke and stoke this oven of a club into the high eighties.

A nine-piece outfit at ease with a sound where mixture meets melody, the Polo Club strain at the leash of modern jazz and jazz-funk by working within different networks of rhythm; reggae, rock and soul are all wholes around which the Club weave their own brand of music.

The group squeeze into the warmth of a guest listed Barracuda Club and formed, no, unformed into a one legion: hats and skirts and congos and TWO saxophones and . . . and . . . ENERGY . . . and . . .

Having a flutter on jazz-funk polo club pic: Lawrence Watson

Like Satchmo with sugar — the songs smoothed like sandpaper. Whispers of the past scurried about the audience — but on stage the blond Voice strong boy shouted out the way ahead. On tracks such as 'Breathing' some vintage shots of jazz rattled through the club. A dark, menacing, flood of musical emotion that was heavy with cloud banks of bass yet illuminated with shafts of brilliant brass.

Not all the songs are of this calibre — but on the whole they are fresh and tight: whether laced with Latin lines or dabbling with some well deployed dub Polo Club are fine exponents of the muse. As happily mad as hatters the girls gambol and frolic with the crowd and I wondered; if the Pop Group had been born at a Jazz Funk all-dayer Pigbag would be the Polo Club.

Jazz has sired few National winners in this country but the Polo Club are a tip for the top and the odds at the moment are good.

David Dorrell

FLYING A NEW FLAG

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE

Dingwalls

STEVE DIGGLE'S re-entry into post-Buzzcocks pop is assertive, gritty, youthfully inquisitive: Flag of Convenience has the anatomy of a soundly provocative enterprise.

It's not as if Diggle's absence has been the cause of much mourning, through Shelley's successful reactivation has added interest to how his former companion would fare. In reply Diggle is exploring sounds of adamantine density, observations of a sufficiently contradictory blend — a bruising warmth, rackety pop beats quickened by a sense of experiment — to require unflagging attention. Invigorating.

Diggle fronts the group and takes all the vocals, left leg snapping as if in permanent shock, with a self-effacing demeanour that (amusingly) recalls Shelley more than anyone. The focus flits between the guitarist and John Maher, whose effortless, exultant illumination of pop drumming is still perfectly intact. Maher could probably write his ticket for most any drum stool and that he elected to remain here lends further spirit to this activitiy.

'Shut Out The Light', 'The Accused' and 'Safety In The Home' are spare, hard-bitten songs that suggest an ascetic treatment would work best. Instead they get bullied and splintered by the punching guitar lines and the keyboard contributions — bitterly sepulchral sheets of electronics that acidify the intent. It's good: they come slamming out without sounding rattled, detailed without being cluttered, purposeful rather than embattled.

Steve Diggle looks pleased at the mild shout of recognition for 'Fifty Years Of Comparitive Wealth' from his EP last year. Flag Of Convenience roll their skills into one, even though it's Diggle's own character which gives the music its identity: a vulnerable hard man, ready to take a few knocks. His voice is raw and unmelodic, flexible enough to burrow into its subject.

A determined start. What's needed now is a rush of two or three singles in this vein — then we can all wave the flag.

Richard Cook

WEEKEND

The Rock Garden

ENTHUSIASM such as that which this venue generates is uncommon amongst London's pampered musical community of late. And for the sad, smooth water colours painted by the salubrious Weekend, the reception was especially sweet.

I can't yet say if Weekend mean any more than a most refreshing breeze through the cobwebs of a tired mind, but this alone suggests considerable talent at play. Weekend have a particular *penchant* for drawing out that very lazy and reflective part of a person's soul; the part that deems it preferable to suck slowly on bits of grass than chew with absent madness upon finger nails. With Weekend, there is no *worry* involved, no thrashing about in dark, dirty corners. It's all just perfectly soothing, moist and clean, a total restful treat with no recourse to fraud.

Since I'm no connoisseur, I can happily describe Weekend's hazy, dewy, musical tiptoe as simple, rippling jazz, with no respect for purist prejudice, and a million miles of scope for expansion and sensuous expression. Radical, its possibly not, but bliss it certainly is. Its lyrical topics seem borne on impressionistic waves, best imagined as ideal accompaniments to views from windows on urban summer mornings, when wistful minds drift off to grassier retreats; and hopefully with no 'wild' intrusions from the likes of Bow Wow Wow.

Weekend's sound is gently built from electric bass, tight twin guitars, percussion and taped drums. Each member is a personality of note; a gang providing greasy hair and grins, floppy hats and cigarettes. And then there's Alison, in printed dress, casual coat, the hair of Sandie Shaw, and a golden voice just the melting side of cold-as-ice; the voice of Young Marble Giants discs before.

Worth a special note is a number called 'Nostalgia', and renditions of the tunes on Weekend's Rough Trade 45. The result was bound to miss the peerless trumpet touches of that recorded work, and the guitars, though intended to be light, sometimes floundered in the mix. But their lush simplicity captured very well a svelte, rolling mobility; and with Alison's repertoire of white enamel looks, and calm, fresh inflexion, they could not fail to win the day. Or night. And surely there are many more victorious nights to come.

Dave Hill

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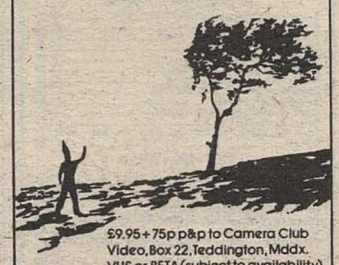

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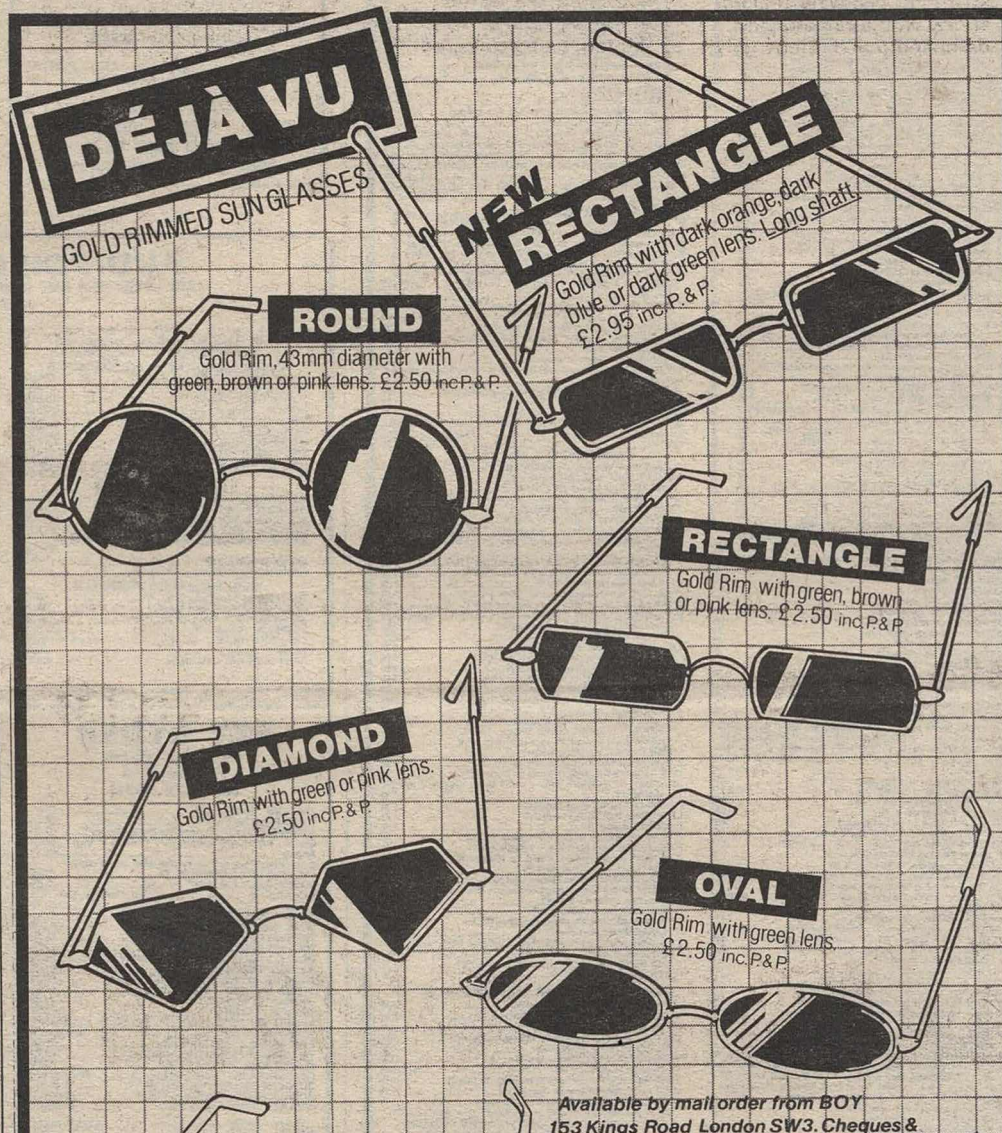

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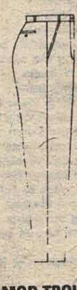

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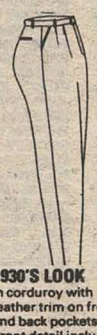

1930'S LOOK
In corduroy with leather trim on front and back pockets. Front detail includes two pleats under belt loop. Trouser comes complete with matching corduroy belt. Colours: Grey, brown, black. Sizes: Ladies 8-16. Gents 26"-36". **£16.00**
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1930s BAGS
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Sizes 26" to 36" (waist). £11.99. RW005

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Shirt — with sided button opening at neck, pirate styled sleeves with slit front opening, sizes: S, M, L. Colours: black, white, blue, yellow, in cotton. £11.99. RW0024
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1920's LOOK
DB jacket, 4 buttons, jetted pocket. Trousers high waisted, 4 pleats, front seam pocket, baggy on thighs, 14" bottoms. Colours: black & white pin stripe, brown, black, white, grey.
Size: 34 to 44 chest.
£55.95. RW0032

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UNISEX CORDUROY TROUSERS
with front pleat, side pockets & cuff, lace up detail with leather. Choice of colours: black, grey, wine. Size: 24"-34" (waist) **£13.00** RW0033

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TALAWAH Tottenham toast duo **Roy Ranking** and **Raymond Naptali** debut on LP via the CF imprint this week with 'Late Night Session' (CFLP 001). Recorded at Mark Angelo's studio with skeletal backing tracks laid by Mafia (bass), Fluxey (drums/percussion) and Roddox (Keyboards), the set was produced by brother 'Ribs' and contains nine titles, including a satire on the SDP-Liberal alliance entitled 'Social Democracy', excursions on 'Hip Rub', 'Jogging' and Johnny Osbourne's 'Sing Jay Style' plus the pair's current single release 'African Princess'.

Resident DJ team with the Fat Man Hi Fi sound system, Messrs Ranking and Naptali first appear on vinyl early last year with 'Go Dey In A Late Night Blues' — a version of the Don Carlos rhythm for Prince Jammy 'Late Night Blues' — and follow this with comment on the Deptford arson massacre for 'New Cross Fire'. Roy Ranking, formerly known as A Roy alias Richard Fearon, is a Fat Man toaster of long standing and brother to producer Robert "Ribs" Fearon, the sound controller. Raymond Naptali *Ne* McCook was formerly with Dalston sound Serge Hi Fi.

Also making their album debut is a new group The Rolands led by **Roland Burrel** who come forth on the Masai label with 'Johnny Dollar' (LH-M-LP 001). Produced by Lowel Hill at Channel One, the album is a seven track excursion and features the outfit's recent reggae chart topper 'Stormy Night' plus a new cut of the title track. Assisting Mr Burrel on back up vocals is Junior Moore, Earl Sixteen and Tony Tuff.

New 12" discomix releases include: **Vin Gordon,** 'Kojo Hoy' (Hugo Music — VEI 008) — produced by A Clarke; **Freddie McKay,** 'In Times Of Trouble' (Live & Love) — produced by Ossie Hibbert; **Jimmy London,** 'Let's Keep It That Way' (Grimm Ben) — produced by Alvin Ranglin; **Bobby Melody,** 'I'm Gonna Keep On Trying' c/w 'True True Loving' (Negus Roots — NERT 012) — produced by Robert Palmer; **Ranking Joe,** 'D J Connection' (Black Ovation — BOR 008); and **Black Slate,** 'Rasta Reggae' (Slate — 1).

Latest 7" pre-release from Jamaica: **George Colstock,** 'Stranger' (Acoustic); **Tony Tuff,** 'Do It To Me Baby' (Hit); **Lee Van Cliff,** 'Dancing Time' c/w **Karl & Gibby,** 'Flash It' (Black Solidarity); **Cornel Campbell,** 'Rasta Come From Jail' (Crazy Joe) and **Philip Fraser,** 'Sleepless Nights' (Joe Gibbs).

This Thursday (13) takes place a Memorial Concert for the Rt Hon (Bob) Nesta Marley at the Riverdale Centre, Rennel Street, Lewisham, SE6 featuring live on stage **Ras Michael and the Sons of Negus** with support from **Eli Immanuel,** DJ **Papa Tiny, Jah Children, Burning Bush, Mama Jah, Nyzinga Dotimjr** plus poets and surprise guests. Sounds by **Saxon.**

Finally, a night of live entertainment to be held at Hitchin College, Cambridge Road (off A505) on Saturday (15) — from 7pm till midnight — featuring three the hard way with **Barrington Levy, Ranking Toyan** and **Michael Prophet.** Sounds by **Newcom International.**

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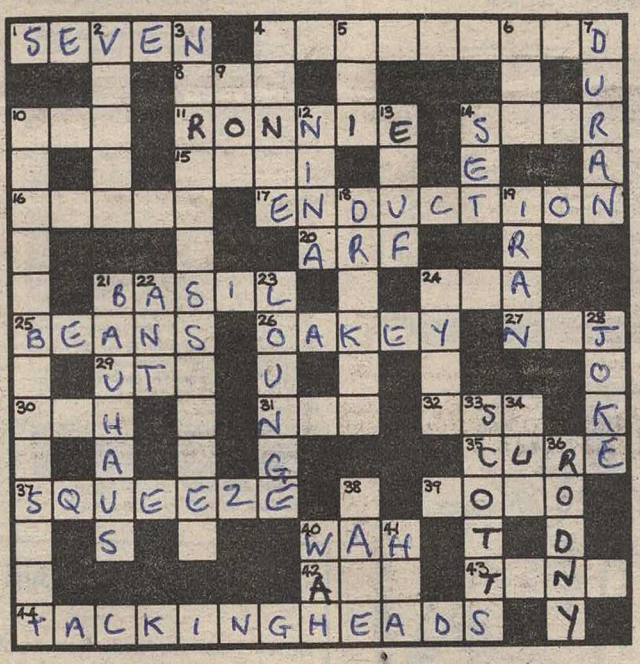

ACROSS

1 Skidoo's repertoire probably extends further than this number of songs. (5)
4 **and 10D** Hey! they're in love with the stamp of the vamp. (3,6,3,6,4)
8 Record Co. (1,1,1)
10 Ms. Nightingale misses an E, probably nicked by 43. (3)
11 **and 33D** Where Club Left has gone. (6,6,)
14 A member of this band leaves you marred for life. (4)
15 We came, we saw, we fell in love. Actually, we conquered, in Latin please. (4)
16 There was one song that actually spelt it out for you. (5)
17 The Fall's hour has come. (9)
20 Lorraine Chase was one of the other. (3)
21 Toni, who dances like her cocktails were laced with Vim. (5)
24 Also known as initials. (1,1,1)
25 Red ones go with rice. (5)
26 Oh Phil, we miss the hair. (5)
27 The physical girl gets her initials messed up or Anderson goes backward. (1,1,1)
29 Dep Dog's tail end f

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Don't Touch That Dial!

BY ADRIAN ORLOWSKI

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But amongst all the pseudo-technological innovations, real and important ones do occur — although how the equipment manufacturers expect you to distinguish between these I don't know. Perhaps they don't, and assume you will swallow hook line and sinker. That is a dangerous attitude.

Recent months have seen the arrival of a couple of new features on equipment (notably cassette decks) and innovations which will appear soon in the record and radio side of things. What all have in common is that they are directed to noise reduction. Background noise (tape and radio hiss, record rumble) is distracting in itself, and if it can be made inaudible there are further sonic gains which acrue from stopping noise interfering with the wanted musical information.

On the cassette front, more and more machines are including a Dolby C noise reduction option, which means a dramatic drop in tape hiss when the system is used for recording and replay. (It must be used for both, otherwise not only does it not reduce noise, but it will distort the program in a peculiar way). Many cassette recorders already have the Dolby B feature, and it's even starting to appear on portable and personal stereos. Dolby C is effectively Dolby B doubled up for twice the noise reduction, but despite this they are not compatible, so if your machine has both stick with Dolby B for playing commercial musicassettes.

Dolby C does work but . . . in the same way that it will double the noise reduction, it will also double any errors in tonal balance of your recorder. So it's important that anyone who's laid out quite a bit on a new cassette machine for their hi-fi should get their dealer to set it up for one particular brand of tape. Only in this way will you get the benefits of this feature without its drawbacks.

A competing noise reduction system has also recently started appearing on some cassette decks. Called dbx, it has been around for some years, but the latest version has impressed manufacturers so much that some are offering it as an alternative to Dolby C. (Both in fact are independent concerns who have come up with 'black box' technologies and then licenced them to domestic audio manufacturers among others).

It works in a different way from the Dolby Labs system. Dolby works from the fact that the noise in question is mainly high frequencies, and that it's subjectively most annoying when the music signal is quiet. It operates selectively on high frequencies, and boosts the music signal progressively as it gets quieter overall. The decoding process works in reverse, restoring the music signal to its correct loudness but eliminating the hiss.

Dbx takes the whole signal, and compresses it down evenly so it will fit easily into the limitations of the tape medium. This way the loudest sounds don't saturate the tape, and the quietest ones are still louder than the background tape noise. On replay the whole signal is expanded back in the same ratio, giving you the original dynamic range, and the noise present is pushed right down into inaudibility.

Dbx should be better — in theory it will reduce all the noise, not just the high frequency components — but paradoxically its application to cassette decks has drawn adverse comment from informed critical sources, unlikely Dolby C. These centre on breathing noises and pumping effects which can be heard on music as the electronics jack themselves up to a loud sound or passage of music, and then down again for a quiet bit. If you are considering a new cassette deck with dbx I advise you to listen critically before you buy.

Peculiarly though the dbx system when applied to records is sonically more successful. Surface noise becomes inaudible, and remains inaudible even at realistic replay volumes.

The problem with dbx on cassette machines is not the dbx system but the tape, and recent work by Bang and Olufsen could mean that the perceived adverse effects are soon overcome. But how's this for irony: B&O weren't working with dbx at all; they'd bought a licence to use another of Dolby Lab's systems — Dolby HX — and were working on problems with that. They managed to find a solution — Dolby HX Professional — but in the meantime Dolby were considering shelving their HX, being unable to find a solution themselves. B&O 'sold back' their version of HX to Dolby, which now has a new lease of life. But so might dbx too.

You will not it seems hear much more probably about dbx records. Although they are around, they need an add-on dbx unit for replay. ADC of cartridge fame do one for about £50 but the inventory of records is small.

Meanwhile the advantage looks as if it could run to a third party who are offering a technological innovation in records. CBS records in the US have developed a noise reduction system for discs called CX, and have persuaded Warners and a couple of others of its attractions. Indeed, CBS announced a while back that all their future records would be CX encoded. This would mean that to replay them to advantage you would need an add-on black box decoder, price, say, £50. They have claimed that CX-encoded discs provide an adequate standard of sound replayed without decoding, but critical reports suggest that their criterion of adequacy is more appropriate to replay through transistor radios than anything more technically sophisticated, which would clearly reveal something odd with the sound.

Perhaps because of this, CBS have been playing the whole thing rather low key — certainly none of the fuss or fancy lunches which accompany most announcements of a revolutionary innovation. In the UK CBS's silence on the whole business has been quite deafening, though admirable for a noise reduction system. We shall have to wait for further announcements of this most interesting development.

If it were not enough that noise reduction was being pursued with such vigour and zeal, there is news on the radio front too. It comes from New Acoustic Dimension, better known as NAD who have a reputation second to none for sound quality in their area of budget hi-fi equipment. They have waiting in the wings a radio circuit which can for its price discriminate between weak stations and signals dramatically better than anything which has been achieved so far. If applied to the ubiquitous transistor radio it will transform their reception capabilities as if a much higher powered and costly aerial were attached — not a commercial proposition where a high power aerial can cost ten times as much as the radio itself.

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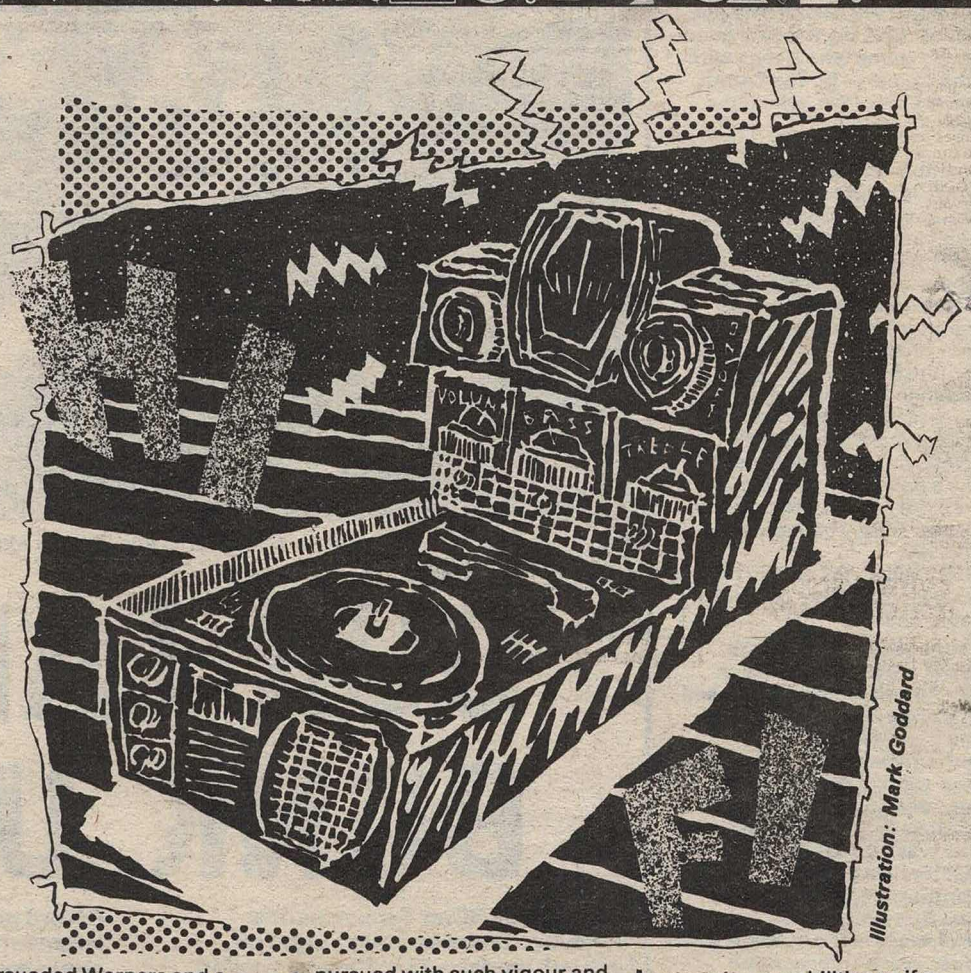

Illustration: Mark Goddard

CONTEST RESULTS

The Hi Fi Surplus/ Stiff Records Rhythm Machine Competition

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Thursday May 13th 1982
THE PAGE THAT SUPPORTS OUR BOYS

ONLY IN YOUR SUPERSONIC SINKAWAY BAG!!! PLAY NEW £50,000 POSTAL JINGO!!!

NME'S Silver Screen Crewmen Let Down Bunks and Watch a Movie in HMS Herpes' Well Forward Torpedo Room.

OUR LADS BUNK UP!

Normally the Silver Screen mariner works two hours and takes eight off. Each sub carries a 16 millimeter motion picture projector and latest-issue Hollywood films. When sub hours permit, sailors gather on deck or in quarters and enjoy a *real* good time!

Record playing is equally popular, and letter writing or answering correspondence from home whiles away lots of time.

I spoke to Ensign Montague Smythe, who told me blah de bla de small print. . .

● *Continues page two*

THAT NEW DANCE — IT'S SUCH FUN TO JUNTA!

DID 1,200 GASBAGGIES REALLY WRITE IN?

Maggie Thatcher! Lord Beaverbrook! Henry Cooper! Norman Hunter! Your boys took one hell of a beating! *Norwegian War Ministry, General Galtieri (no relation).*
General Galtieri! Jorge Lois Borges! Antonio Rattin! Ossie Ardilles! We here at *The Sun Never Sets* say the only good Argie is one who sleeps with the fishes! — IP, The Patriot Who Cares (Yes, who does care? — Ed.)

Another change needed at *NME* is a right of reply for letter-writers slagged off by staff journalists, jealous of others more enlightened than themselves. This especially refers to Ian (broad-based empiricist) Penman. Nobody as self-confessedly arrogant as him has any right to pretend rankledness in the face of us humble critic-critics. Either make *him* read the *NME*, or, if he maintains that he's done so in the past year, replace him with Nick Martin.
Steve Tope, Thames Ditton, Surrey.
P.S.: When do I get the first City Limits you so generously awarded me?

I suppose you *City Limits* types are all for landing on our besmirched Falklands soil in paddle boats waving placatory feather arrangements and offering a non-aligned barter of bully beef and gaucho-style camaraderie? All this whilst our brave British freedom fighters are gladly contributing arms, spleens and *Sun Never Sets* exclusives in the cause of a freer, more orderly, more democratic TV schedule? — IP, The Parrot Whose Cage Is Lined With Telex. *(Shurely shoma mishtska hernandes? Foreign Affairs Ed.)* And I have some late news just handed to me. Yes, it appears that Argentina have withdrawn from the World Cup due to lack of subs . . .

One would have thought that, following in the highest tradition of Wilfred Owen, Issac Rosenberg, Edward Thomas and others who died during the First World War, Smokin' Joe Strummer, the celebrated banjo player with The Clash, would have offered his services to the British Armed Forces as cannon-fodder for the more sharp-eyed Argentines in the Falkland Islands dispute. To date, however, he has not done so. It is possible, though unlikely, the saucy spiv has better things to do. It depends, I suppose, on what you think should take precedence: the blasting out of the ocean of a bunch of expatriate dagos, or the recording of your latest bosh for the Great Unwashed. I think the world has had enough of this man and his foolish tenets. Let Strummer eat lead!
Colonel Jack, Midwinter House, Nomansland, Wiltshire.

A Reuters dogsbody writes: "Reports reach us that Mr Strummer was last sighted wearing missionary style garments, down on one knee, outside the entrance to the Bide A While Prayer Assembly and Soup Kitchen, in a remote part of El Salvador. An as yet unconfirmed suggestion states that he has, in fact, joined an itinerant gospel troupe calling themselves the Sans of Salvation."

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT "THAT TROTTER BENN": YOU HAVE YOUR SAY.

I would like to congratulate Nick Martin for his interview with Tony Benn. How about one with Mrs Thatcher to balance the sides.
A M Wenham, Welwyn, Herts.

We requested such a tete-a-tete but, er, it seems she had taken a leave of absence and was participating in a tournament of that much-loved classroom/parlour game 'Warships'? Or was it chequers? — IP

Can I be the first to start the Tony Benn backlash? Let's have a witch-hunt on the loony left who want to print politics instead of punk'n'pop!
And will the real Tony Benn please stand up!
As for the "probing in the dark" piece (East your heart out IP) — I've seen deeper incisions cutting my toe-nails. The Interview sounded more like a little chat over tuck in Eton or Winchester, the conclusion of which being that Tony is now a hero. The same old things were beaten around for an hour; nothing new said, no questions answered, no stone left un sat on. Do you know any more about his pipe dream?
In my Labour Party Branch, Tony, you need to be a member for 20 years before they let you in. About as broad based as Cyril Smith, you know, all wooden legs, false eyes, foreign accents and "Back in the thirties, we didn't riot", assholes.
Why can't somebody already famous get up and say:
"Listen kids, we can stop these pillocks in power, tell them to sod off, and we'll get you a job, somewhere to sleep without selling your Sid Vicious 'My Way' French Import"; Nick Martin should have known better, he should have had guts enough to pin Benn down. Why was he agreeing to the interview? What Tony should have said was: "The Young Commies who meet in Bridlington can piss on any other group for ideas, and what's more, unlike Tony, we've got the guts to get them put into action". If he's a left-winger, christ, I think I'll read *Sounds.*
Goody Three Million, Scarborough LPYS (Sic).

So Tony Benn cares so much? He wants to give people jobs and "return to full employment". When have we *ever* had full employment? Of course he wants people in jobs, 'cos if they're not earning money, they're not paying taxes, and then where would he be?
Communism, Marxism, Socialism, whatever, is a good idea as far as it goes — good houses, health, good job, not working to make someone else's profits, etc. but what about working to pay for our leaders? Where's the difference? The answer's simple — and they nearly hit it in the interview. There are no socialist countries working in the world, says Nick Martin. Yes, says Tony, but no capitalist countries are working either. So that makes him right?
Tony Benn says it's offensive that the country is run "by people in pinstripe suits and bowler hats", so he tries to fight it through the parliamentary system, on their terms, on their ground. If he really cared, he'd have given that up years ago and tried some real fighting from the outside — but that'd mean losing his MP's salary, wouldn't it?
How much longer will it be before people realise we don't need these parasites? Why should we pay for them to tell us what to do? Hand over all responsibilities for our futures to them? *Real* change will only come about when we all stand up and refuse to be dictated to — Anarchy in the UK!
Paul Hinks, Tilehurst, Reading.

You idealists! Personally, I distrust any Anarchy malacky — most marginal uptopian sects it has been my experience to encounter (and I mean that in a most sincerely interpersonal encounter catharsis benefit ginseng hurdy gurdy mutt 'n' jeff way) are just blotting-paper hippes in wolverine (or Orange) clothing. '60s protest was one thing — let's hear it for the May '68 cocktails! — but the hope of personalised anarchism acceding to the public sphere is NAIVETY of the highest, pie-in-the-skiest, order. Miniature politics disrupts received wisdom, but I don't see leather jackets EVER controlling international power flow. Me? I'm a free-floating semantic terrorist. But only at a putsch. — IP

USA: WHAT DO YOU REALLY SAY? THE TIME HAS COME TO MAKE IT CLEAR.

AN OPEN LETTER TO ENGLAND IN REPLY TO THE OPEN LETTER TO AMERICA: Well, it's time to kill another myth. The US is not hollow. Many times I have read, even in a publication as enlightened as *NME* (for instance, the Blasters review) sentences like 'The East coast music sucks and the West coast music sucks so America cannot produce good music'. And now, to be declared a cultural wasteland! Well, in between those coasts are 4000 miles, and many good and exciting bands. Have you snobs even *heard* of the New Age Label? Did you know, that Strutz "first independent video" actually comes over a year and a half after Razor Penguins 'Live Without Reason' video, with 11 songs, was being shown on cable TV? That The Offense is in its third year of covering bands like The New Jive Bombers, Jetboys, Screaming Urge, and many other new, exciting, vital AMERICAN bands who are struggling against the two-coast/hollow country myth, on independent labels and usually at no profit?
I like *NME's* coverage of the English music scene, but I don't want to hear any criticism of the US music scene from those who only look at the bland commercial monsters. If I were to apply that logic to Britain, I could look at Toyah, Shakin' Stevens and Bucks Fizz and declare this island another cultural wasteland. So lay off the generalizations. Us midwesterners have enough to put up with already.
Michael Perry, An American in Canterbury.
I myself incline to the patriotic worldview which defends every Briton's right to both make utterly worthless popular music style recordings . . . and disparaging remarks about you Boston Tea Party bum-on-the-fence-intervenionis rednecks. Hey! With a few exceptions, Stevens! — IP

SEXY PAUL — THE POP VOICE THEY LOVE TO HATE TO HEAR!

Why the bloody Hell doesn't Morley review the Singles anymore?
Alex Haig Memorial Fund, London. Buenos Airies. Washington.
His reconaissance 'stand by' return ticket notwithstanding, our brave lad of Northern granite will be returning to said roost next week. And it will be awesome, simply awesome. — IP

I fancy Paul Morley. So can I please have his telephone number so I can "wring" him up and make physically impossible suggestions to him.
'My Guy' Reader, Polly.
O.K., where's the sneaky P.S. hiding — the one which wants to know what part Paul had to play in the "accident" my nose is currently recuperating from? — IP

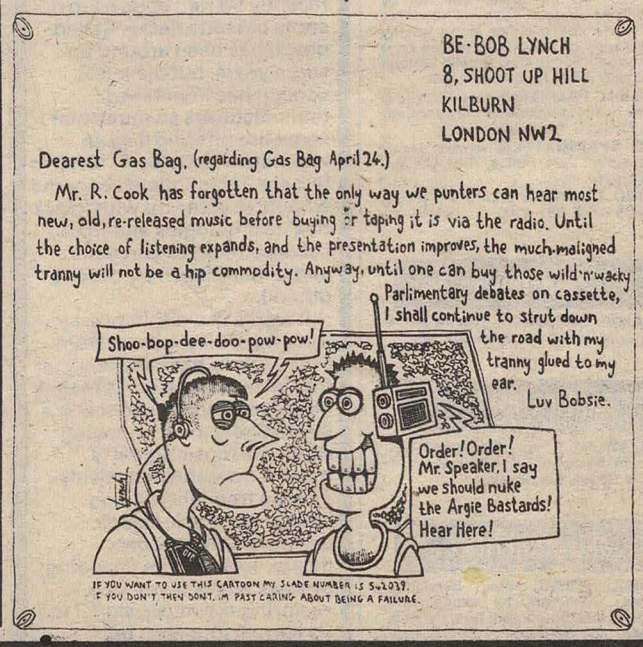
Who told Paul Morley that it was OK to sing the praises of Godd Tungsten the other week? The divine Ms Rodd has been persona non gratis at *NME* since Max Bell left — and he'd been vainly flying the flag since Ian Mac left, Nick Kent slowed down and CSM started to look for new heroes. How dare a young starlet like Paul Morley scale the heights of objective writing so marvellously practised by the above G.A.N. (GOLDEN AGE of Nme) triumverate and so arrogantly ignored by most of their successors. I'll be honest — I've never liked a 'Morley-piece' before the "IS TODD GODD?" article, his self-obsessed, 'writer-as-star' style being totally at odds with his chosen medium of expression. I still am not totally convinced that the 'IS TODD GODD' wasn't a fluke. Paul maybe thought that it was about time he endeared himself to a few acid freaks — but it did show that 'our Paul', when he gives his ego a rest, can 'create' interviews of depth, clarity and mutual respect (judging by other writers', attempts to talk to Todd, that was no mean achievement).
Paul gave the guy ample space to explain some of his unfashionable thoughts without resorting to any clever "Is this man a nut?" asides so beloved of most of Todd's critics in this country (since when could ridicule fail to disguise lack of comprehension?). The interview reminded me of when critics had no illusions of being on equal creative terms with the subjects of their praises/putdowns, such an illusion having recently become a reality with the general deterioration in artistic creativity (whether we refer to literature, music, art or the cinema etc) over the past few years. The rock critic, as much as any other, has been elevated to the role of 'artist' through the failure of the 'real McCoys' to deliver the goods.
It's funny how the 'enfant terribles' of the rock critic hierarchy are almost always the most cogent and objective — Kent, Bangs, Burchill, Allan Jones, Penman etc — once they've shed their 'hip' outer layer, that is. Morley's 'volte-face' did not, however, tell us much about Todd Rundgren's MUSIC (in case anyone was interested), his article's only failing. Then again, the best a confirmed Rundgren 'admirer' like myself can do is to describe it as 'synthesised pop/rock with ample helpings of soul and fun and that extra added ingredient so essential to the whole — HOPE', so perhaps such a task is more difficult than I thought. Maybe Paul should have a bash?
Todd Rundgren's "body of work" is just timeless, 'genre-less' music of beauty and if Paul's piece on him convinces just one more person to LISTEN, then I'm happy. It showed that aligning oneself with the thoughts of such an unfashionable figure can serve a purpose (apart from getting one a backstage pass at the Venue gigs in May). It also showed why you lot are still the best (as well as being the most literate) music rag, because, amongst all the 'dance while the world burns' posturings, there lurks a heart AND a soul. You know your audience and we know you — that's why we still (pathetically) try to outdo each other by assuming ridiculous pseudonyms.
Robert Steen, Belsize Grove, London NW3.

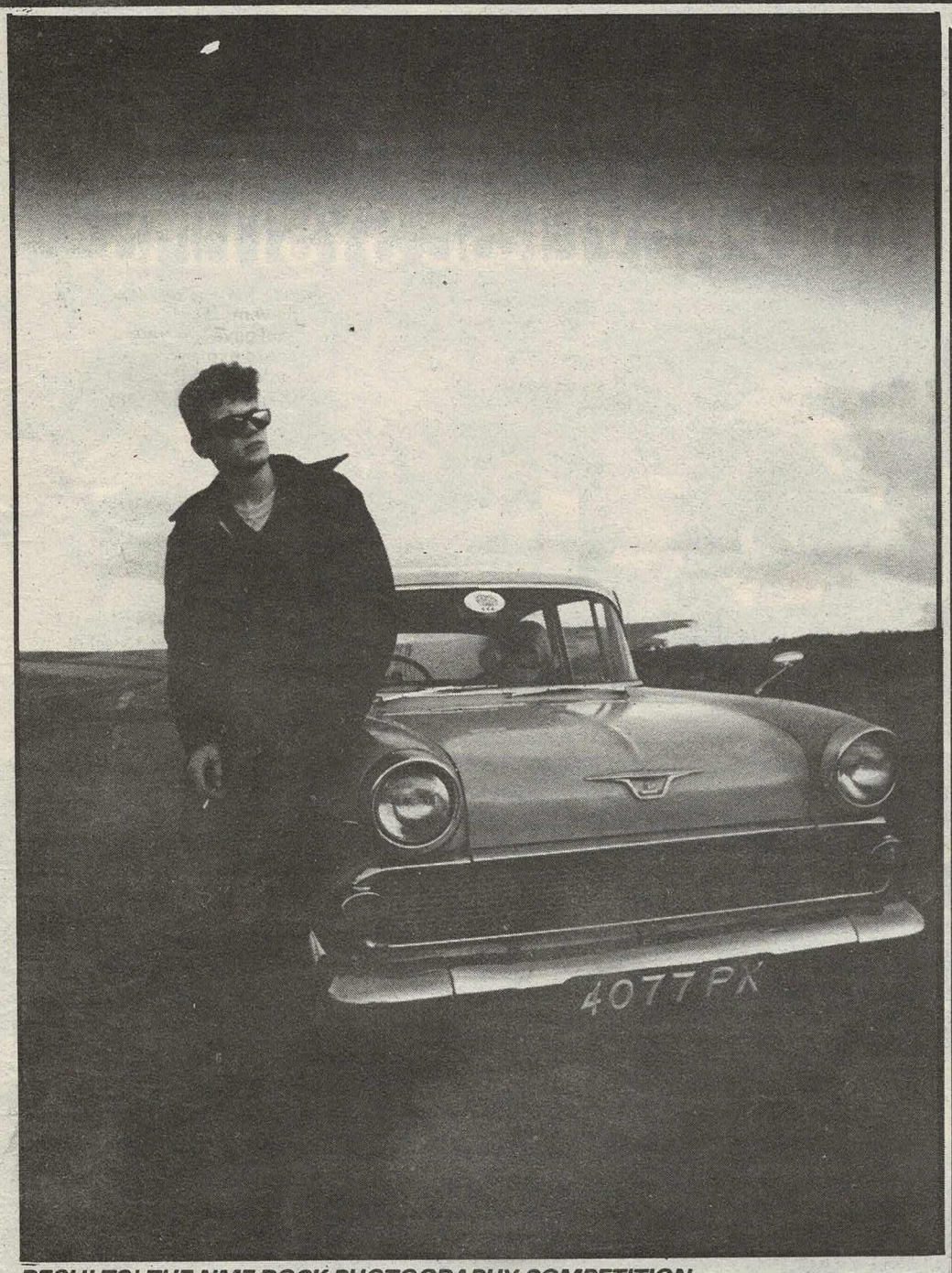
PRAISE INDEED

I'm 16, I live in Paris and I am a French reader of the NME. First of all I should like to congratulate you for your paper: I am a fan of New Order, Ideal, Squeeze etc. and

Ian Penman takes readers to the bridge

Launch yar missive to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG.


BE-BOB LYNCH
8, SHOOT UP HILL
KILBURN
LONDON NW2
Dearest Gas Bag, (regarding Gas Bag April 24.)
Mr. R. Cook has forgotten that the only way we punters can hear most new, old, re-released music before buying or taping it is via the radio. Until the choice of listening expands, and the presentation improves, the much-maligned tranny will not be a hip commodity. Anyway, until one can buy those wild-n-wacky Parlimentary debates on cassette, I shall continue to strut down the road with my tranny glued to my ear.
Luv Bobsie.
Shoo-bop-dee-doo-pow-pow!
Order! Order! Mr. Speaker, I say we should nuke the Argie Bastards! Hear Here!
IF YOU WANT TO USE THIS CARTOON MY SCADE NUMBER IS 5-42039. IF YOU DON'T, THEN DON'T. IM PAST CARING ABOUT BEING A FAILURE.



RESULTS! THE NME ROCK PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION

A tidal wave of photographs flooded our competitions desk when we declared the first NME Rock Photography competition open two months ago. The variety, quality and quantity of the entries made our lenscap quiver.

A team of highly esteemed and extremely clever people from El Mondo Photographic have since sifted through the entries and come up with a mere half dozen winners, all of whom will go away draped with a shiny new camera courtesy of our sponsors Olympus.

Next week NME scoops back the curtains on the winning pix. We'll also be printing as many of the amazing runners-up as we can squeeze into the super fabby-poo NME, the paper where the pics clicks.

Above we offer one of the many great photos that didn't win a camera but added up to hard day's judging. It comes from: Simon Lloyd, of Bexhill-On-Sea, Sussex.

about these groups in the French papers. I think *NME* is really the most interesting rock paper in Europe. But I should like to know one thing: Aren't you ashamed to have Julio Iglesias (singer for grandmothers and No.6 creep of the year) in your hit parade?
Laurent Dauchin, Paris.
Not *half* as ashamed as we are about Tottenham Hotspur F.C.'s "come on you magyars" 45. — IP

OBITUARY COLUMN

So farewell
Then Errol
Golddust.

Cocktail
Mixer
Of NME
Fame
I myself
Was never
Featured
There
But
Many singers
Were
So Keith's
Mum says.
E. J. Thribb, Gnome Castle.

The Press Agent of a Famous Hollywood Star writes: "Contrary to the reports of something in the region of a dozen reliable eye witnesses, my client was not, I repeat not, anywhere in the vicinity of the parking lot behind the club where our respected and much lamented colleague Mr Golddust spent his last —as was his custom — hours. These suggestions are erroneous and what's more, unfounded. My client has never mixed in the more ribald circles of the 'rock' fraternity and has a sworn affadivit to the effect that he is entirely without blame.

t-zers

THE SCENE IS the Defence Ministry (Back Page War Long Running Threads Division). Up steps a thin, pasty-faced man with a crumpled suit, bald head and glasses. He is obviously quite mad.

Man: "Hello everyone. My name is Ian 'Doomwatch' MacDonald and I am obviously quite mad. This morning, in the course of my duties, I was attacked by a Type F5 Gasbag Guided Missive. In turn, I retaliated by returning the letter without paying due postage but inflicted no lasting damage. I contacted His Majesty Herr Lassie 'Noil' Spensoserry with regard to this escalation in the conflict but he informed me that I am a cranky old twit with theories about the future that are, to say the least, risible. In reply, I fired off a 70,000 word article about the sinister aspects inherent in the London Marathon. This piece was not commissioned and certainly not used. Following this I sank without trace. Thank-you."

We mix to studio where our newscaster, **Sam Deskbound,** looks clearly-shaken. Deskbound: "Hmmm, well there you have it. The inconsequential loss of ex-*NME* madman **Lon McDermott**. And now the main points of the *T-Zers* again — this time for the hard of hearing." (Sam dips under desk emerging again with huge outsize bull-horn through which the rest of this, some say brilliant, column is bellowed) . . .

George Harrison, the 90-year-old ex Bootle **Beatle** and National Trust Point Of Interest, has been declaring his grizzled old thoughts on today's pop music. "Pop music in this day and age," he kind of began, "is just noisy and boring. There are no tunes and no words worth talking about." Surprise! The only person worthy of note, says Worzel, is vulgar buffoon **Julian** 'Big Creep' **Lennon,** illiterate punch drunk son of the very, very late **Ron**. "He happens to be a very talented young man," mumbles G. Mr Harrison once wrote a lyric that went *"Ooooh I, me, mine, I, me, mine, I, me, mine, I, me, mine."* Although never certified as 'quite mad' George has long been thought to be 'minus a wheel or two, on his truck'.

We do hope everyone has seen the Bodymist advert that uses the Newcastle band **Police's** 'Don't Stand So Bloody Close To Me' as it's backdrip. Isn't it good? NO! NO! NO! says Police lead singer **Adam 'Sting' Oakey**. "He's jolly incensed," stuttered his toady **Keith Altham,** "When he heard about it he was so angry he snapped his chair leg in two". (Factual quote). "He also feels the commercial is in bad taste". White-haired **Bing** was recently involved in an Anglo-Argentine style struggle with **Virgin Records,** over sums of money that most of us light the fire with every morning (ie about £60). This latest charade is thought to be a ploy by the hapless Altham to garner even more press space than his own ignominious sacking by **The Stones** received. Bing is 41, while Altham remains an attractive 60 . . .

Elvis Costello's very favourite person **George** 'Harrison-style' **Jones** was recently 'busted' for possession of cocaine plus two illegally dull **Altered Images** cassettes. To celebrate, George went out and sucked hard on a big bottle of gin. This sociable act resulted in him performing *'Dukes Of Hazzard'* — type aerobatics whilst in full receipt of a Dodge, or possibly, ERF lorry. And who should be on hand — why the proper police (that is, not the sort who allow any old hobbledy-hoy to use their songs as a gimmick to sell smell-disguisers) and they slapped yet more charges on the hapless Georgio. Minutes later the charges were exploded and Jones will be passing over Acton at two today. Good job too! . . .

ADAM ANT has been explaining in the lower XYZ scale of the marketable press as to why he broke up the **Ants.** Naturally none of these vacuous comments could possibly be of any use to this column so let's skip right over the former heart-throb. Also, with the release of 'Combat Rock', the reasons for **Joe** 'Long Hot' **Strummer's** lying low become apparent. The record is thought to be too humiliating for Joe — real name **Zwango Kneels** — to grin about in mixed company . . .

Elvis Presley's Graceland home is to be turned into a mausoleum. No, wait. That's a museum . . . like The Marquee. For a meagre $5 entrance ghouls can soak up the very room where Elvis himself would douse himself in all manner of drugs, where Elvis himself would thrash young puppies and doe-eyed kittens within an inch of their lives, where he would concoct his favourite dish of Ol' Bo Crackers Tasty Polecat'n'Pumpkin Spare Rib Assortment (Bottled by Penmoose & Co New York), the very shrine on which he would hold his favourite cheeseburger ceremony (in which he would arrange the buns into the shape of **Sam Phillips** studio and loudly chant "You are all my children") and, most coveted of all, the very spot on which the 78 stone singer first recorded 'Rock Around The Clock'. Presley's **Aunt Delta** and **Uncle 'Swan' Vesta** who live in the place these days will also put themselves on view. Elvis however, who is buried outside in a wee cemetery, will limit his appearances. "I spend most of mah tahm decomposing I guess," muttered the shy sex-symbol . . .

Smuggest hoot: The *Daily Mirror* reviewed the terrible *Let It Be* — aired Saturday — in this way: *"The Beatles . . . are seen relaxing, rehearsing and performing. 22 songs are banged out in their inimitable style."* Let It Be! That one stunk even before **Phil** 'Promoted To In' **Spector** got his sticky palms all over it . . .

Jock MacDonald — grand uncle of the Minister Of Defence — has quit his disturbing new group **Red Lipstique** (giggle). Jock feels his reputation of scamp, drunkard and collector of thrupenny bits in Dimple bottles will hold back the band's overall chances of getting a big fat hit. In his cute Welsh lilt he told us, "The thrupenny bit caper is just press talk actually. I do have four bottles full . . . but, let's face it **Windsor,** who doesn't in this day and war-style age. Scotland, football and **J Lydon** — there I've said it" . . .

Frank Sinatra is reported to be falling in love with train sets. He goes around the planet snapping up any old tin-plated steamer he claps is ailing blue eyes on. "I know it's crazy," the 43-year-old rascal quipped, "but even at my age a guy gets Hornby." Obligatory Wig Reference coming up: Sources within six miles of Frank say he's melting down all these puffers in order to create a vintage 1924 Tin Rivetted 'Scots Flyer' Hairpiece — the wig that, rain provided, will turn you from platinum to redhead overnight . . .

THERE IS a fantastic item in US black-orientated magazine *Ebony* about how all these gaudy, glazed, goop pedalling US funk bands chose their respective names. Most are so humble and cloying that we were forced to wear protective gloves when turning the pages. (All that ooogy-googy baby pap can rot skin fibres we have been advised). Stuff like: "(our name) reflects ambition not just in the sense of having hits but in being a group that sustains trends in music . . . achieving longevity in the entertainment world" **(Dynasty)** or **Atlantic Starr** saying "we want to convey the radiance and brilliance of the positive message in our music" (See? Atlantic Starr — Positive Message. Tch, whackos). **Brick** wanted something 'solid, durable and strong'. Overall it's the littler groups who wax pretentious leaving megastars like The **Commodores** to reveal the agonies that *really* go into choosing the right, beautiful, positively vibrating, warm and wonderful name. Trumpeter **William King** says he stuck his finger into the dictionary and landed on the word Commodore. (This being an apparently popular method we're surprised there aren't more bands called **Sandwich** or **Cake** around).

Winner though of our *T-Zers* You Funkin Bastards Award goes to obscure grunters **Zapp**. They are named after one of the four brothers in the group, who's REAL NAME is **Zapp Troutman!** Fact! Really! Arrgh believe us this time! (Cont page 42 of The Boy Who Cried Wolf Just Once Too God-damned Often, Bub) . . .

The War Rages: Those of you with long memories and even longer sexual organs will remember that two groups, **Ultravox** and Tiny Wee **Simple Minds,** are of the firm opinion that the other group should patronize the same airline as made famous by the **Lynyrd Skynyrd** pop extravaganza. Latest exchange in this publicity-hogging feud comes from Tiny Wee Simple Minds who have recorded a video in Scotland affectionately lampooning 'Fat' **Midge Ure** singing his distressing creation 'Vienna'. It features TWSM's bass player **Derek Forbes** in false sideburns and wispy moustache (Subtle, clever stuff) as the vocalist. Yuk. Can you picture all these greasy mouthed rock hacks flooding round to Virgin on the flimsiest of pretexts and then saying, "Oh yeah **Ross** . . . what's all this about a Minds video thing?" And then smugly walking around some club safe in the knowledge *they've seen it.* God, this column loathes its subject! . . .
This feels so good . . .

Shy sherbert-eating **Sheena Easton** on her ex-husband: "He wants alimony — well he's not gonna get any. He didn't have any effect on my life. He's basically just a hassle from a technical point of view. It's like an unpaid bill or curtains you keep meaning to change. It's like tidying up some loose ends that's all." Hassle? You mean like the famous **Sven,** Sheena? And don't be so hard on the lad. Ugly Scotsmen have it hard. (See **Ure, Midge**: Is It Safe To Come Out From Under The Bed Yet, Mother?) No it's not and yes that's it . . .

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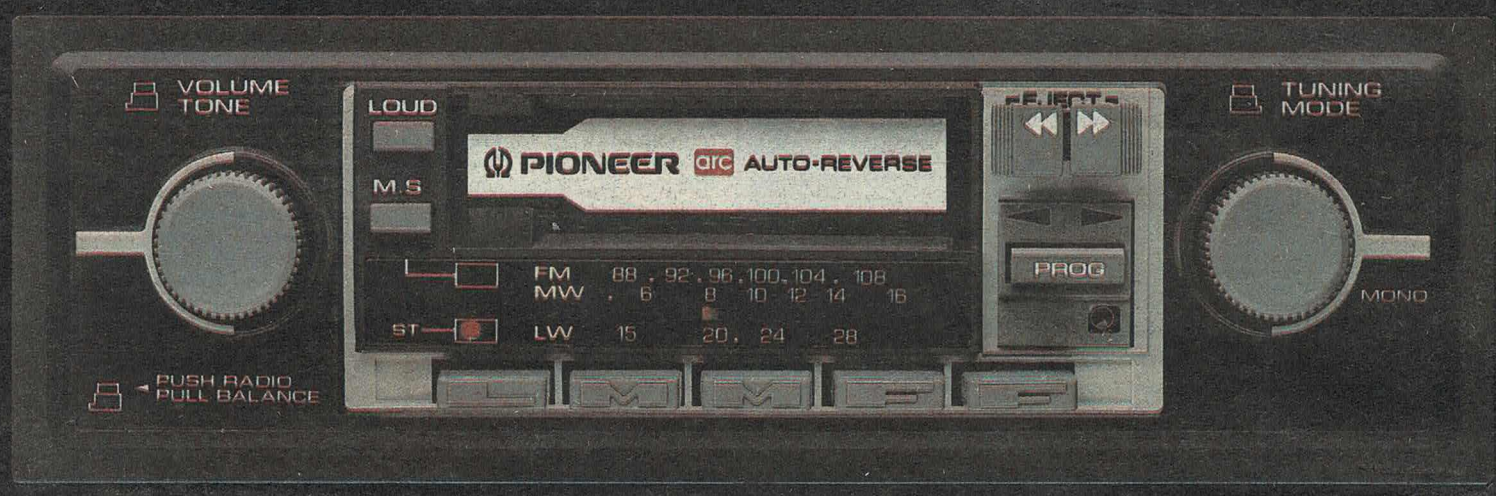
THE HIGH COST OF SOME AUTO-REVERSE SYSTEMS.

AGAINST THE LOW COST OF PIONEERS' NEW KP-7800.

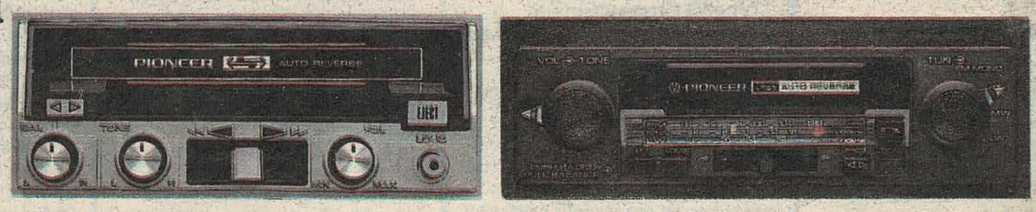


Pioneer cut the cost of high performance in-car. The NEW KP-7800. More advanced Pioneer features than you've ever seen at the price.

AUTO-REVERSE stereo cassette deck. With AUTOMATIC TAPE SLACK CANCELLER (ATSC)-overcomes tape slack and reduces the risk of jamming. SWITCHABLE MUSIC SEARCH-finds the start of the next track (forward) or the previous track (reverse). SAFETY KEY-OFF - disengages the pinch roller if the ignition is switched off during play. PRE-SELECT RADIO-LW, MW with stereo FM. Built-in NOISE SUPPRESSOR (PNS). AUTOMATIC RECEPTION CONTROL (ARC)-for optimum FM performance. SWITCHABLE LOUDNESS CONTOUR-enhances bass and treble at low playing levels. IMPRESSIVE SPECIFICATIONS-frequency response 50-12,000 Hz (±3dB), wow and flutter less than 0.13% (WRMS).

It all adds up to improved reliability, easier operation, superior sound reproduction.

The new KP-7800. Its cut the cost of high performance in-car.



Outstanding tape playback within an even lower budget. The KP-4800 cassette/radio with stereo FM or the KP-575 tape player. Both feature auto-reverse with Pioneers' exclusive ATSC.

PIONEER®

Nobody does it better

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